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BY
W. H. MAXWELL,
AUTHOR OF "THE BIVOUAC," "HECTOR O'HALLORAN," ETC.

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What bright careers 'twas thine to close!"
SCOTT.

The Sixteenth Thousand.



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STORIES OF WATERLOO.

MY OWN ADVENTURE.

"You don't mean marriage, I hope?"—*The Inconstant.*

I HAVE been eccentric from my cradle. At Eton I was called an odd boy, and at Oxford was considered a character.

At twenty-one I came into possession of my property: it was a moderate inheritance, and exempt from every embarrassment. I settled in the family mansion, and fell in love with the daughter of my next neighbour.

My overtures were favourably received, and I was assured the lady's heart was mine. Every preliminary for my marriage was nearly completed, when another suitor, unexpectedly, addressed my mistress. In age, he was my senior by twenty years; in fortune, he exceeded me by one hundred thousand pounds. I despised him; he was ugly—I was handsome. At the next ball, however, my mistress cut me dead, and on the second morning after it she married my ill-looking rival. I left England in disgust, and became a woman-hater and a wanderer.

I had passed three weeks miserably enough in a French fishing town. How I managed to consume so much time there, was to me a subject of surprise. All my resources were at length exhausted, and to remain, even for another day, was impossible; but where to go, whither to bend my course—there lay the puzzle.

While quite undetermined whether I should head towards Corinth or Carniola, one time ruminating on a journey to the Morea, at another weighing the probable results of a voyage to Madras, I opportunely received a letter from a gentleman whom I had known at Florence, pressing me to fulfil a promise I had once made of visiting him at his place in Ireland. He told me that he had been lately married, that his wife was all a poet fancies; and here his letter became a perfect rhapsody on the virtues of the sex.

To me all this was anything but an inducement to visit him—I, who eschewed love, as I would the Pontine Marshes. In a simple case, I might look on without an agony; but the mawkish tenderness of a married pair is not endurable. "I shall refuse point blank." I looked coldly through the letter. I passed over "soft blue eye—brown

hair in natural ringlets—sweet smile—musical voice—small foot—round arm,” all being a faithful description of “the lady of his love,” when the postscript produced a change of sentiment I could not have foreseen. “The country is in an extraordinary ferment. Lord B—— has started; and this new candidate is about to overturn a long and uninterrupted order of representative arrangement. We shall have a desperate contest, and God grant some valuable lives be not lost! As to myself, I have given my interest to ———; but, blest as I am with Emily——” “Pish!” I ejaculated, “hang ‘Emily’;—but for her I should have seen an election even at the expense of a fractured bone.”

I had already been over the greater part of the habitable globe. I had been following nature into her wildest retreats—and where should I be more likely to find her perfectly at home than in Connemara? I had also read a speech of Daniel O’Connell, Esq., in which that learned gentleman averred that his countrymen were the finest people on the surface of the globe. The authority being undoubted, one would naturally wish to become acquainted with these accomplished and interesting islanders.

Was it not, then, a melancholy circumstance that my friend had chosen this particular time to become a Benedict? I dread a newly-married pair. Billing and cooing to me is worse to witness than an execution. The stolen glances, that, like the fingering of an unpractised pickpocket, can only escape the observation of a dolt or a drunkard, the significant smiles, the silly terms of endearment, the mingling of hands, and other little approaches to dalliance—in short, all the nausea of hymeneal tenderness are detestable.

But an election, and that too beyond the Shannon, with its full accompaniments of assaults and accidents, duels and inquests, battle, murder, and sudden death, and broken promises and broken windows!—there was no resisting this; and forthwith I transported myself and baggage to the next post, caught the Diligence, reached Dieppe, embarked for Margate, on to London, thence to Liverpool, and crossed the Channel in the United Company’s steamer, the *St. Patrick*, commanded by Captain Mac Conky, a short navigator, delighting in long stories and whisky punch.

I landed safely in the capital of the Emerald Isle, established myself at Bilton’s, and proceeded, as travellers generally do, to eat, drink, and look out at the window. I counted in one evening three private carriages, and thirteen hackneys; observed that the young women went to the Bethesda, and the old ones to the play;—read in the *Warder*, that Father Maguire and Mr. Pope would have “a set-to” at the Rotunda, and that the Chinese jugglers would exhibit in somebody’s “great room.” I hate argument—what then should bring me to the Rotunda? I detest juggling, and accordingly avoided “the great room.” Other circumstances combined to hurry my departure. Abroad, I met nothing but empty shops and idle tradesmen;—at home, an eternal controversy between a country curate, desperately orthodox, and a fat gentleman who obstinately believed in

transubstantiation. I determined to quit the city instantly—demanded a bill—satisfied the house-maid—left *Boots* sulky—started for the coach-office, and booked myself for Ballinasloe.

It was a wet night, and wanted a quarter to eight o'clock, when the Galway mail-coach rolled out from under the archway in Dawson-street. We were full inside—my companions of the coarser sex—men of formidable dimensions, and “each and every” well encompassed in camlet cloak or trustier fearnought. “What shall I do with my legs?” thought I; for I stand six feet, and, Heaven knows, the Galway mail was never constructed for corporators, or gentlemen who wear shovel hats.

Jolt—jolt—jolt—we whirled into the post-office yard—interchanged legs by mutual agreement—compared watches with Crosthwaite's clock—and rattled off for that portion of the land of saints *where bating's chape, and poteen plinty*.

Irishmen are not reserved, and the company appeared dying to be intimately acquainted. Some cunning speculations on the state of the weather, the state of the nation, and the state of the crops, and we were bosom friends in a twinkling. My opposite neighbour was arrayed in a shag wrap-rascal; his hat covered with oiled silk; he sighed heavily while speaking of corn-laws, and falling cattle. “Here's a farmer,” said I, “there's no mistaking him.”

Beside him sat an upright figure, “with his martial cloak around him.” His evident anxiety to ascertain the number of that portion of his Majesty's forces to whom the safety of the ancient town of Galway was intrusted, superadded to a lamp-light glimpse I got of huge black whiskers, and braided frock with Prussian collar, left me no reason to doubt that he belonged to that most honourable community, whose “trade is war.”

A short, corpulent gentleman, who wore spectacles, and indulged in the use of that plain but pungent snuff, known to the fancier by the appellation of “Irish blackguard,” completed the *parti quarré*.

The conversation flagged: I am naturally taciturn, and became a silent and attentive listener. The gentleman in the oil-skin hat was drowsy before we cleared the Quays; and his heavy breathing proved that whisky punch is no bad preparation for sleeping in the royal mail.

But the soldier and the man in spectacles betrayed no indication of somnolency. They plunged at once into a fierce and furious argument upon the claims and merits of the rival candidates for Galway; and, in the course of the discussion, I learned that the short man was a *polisher* for James Daly, and the tall one, a fighting friend of Dick Martin.

Never were two people more opposite in sentiment than my companions. On *one* subject they did agree; and that was, in refreshing themselves comfortably whenever a change of horses afforded the opportunity. Often and earnestly was I appealed to by both, and invariably I decided against the *polisher*. The man in spectacles was a dead hand at polling a freeholder twice over, or patching up a

defective registry; but Dick Martin's supporter was no subject for contradiction. He might be inclined to take offence at a difference of opinion; and, by the way of practice, amuse himself with my person, at the imminent risk of doing me a mortal injury. I determined to agree with him, therefore, on every disputed point; and when he left us at Ballinasloe next morning, and I saw him remove his luggage, comprising three pistol-cases, and a portmanteau of the dimensions of a dressmaker's reticule, I offered a short prayer for my deliverance, while I received from Dick's aide-de-camp an assurance of eternal regard.

The town of Ballinasloe was a scene of desperate commotion; the bustle little inferior to that witnessed at the period of its cattle fair:—freeholders and fighting-men, polishers and poll-clerks, every specimen of the human race were being forwarded to the scene of action. No wonder I found immense difficulty in procuring a scrambling breakfast in a back bed-room. In the large parlour were assembled a score of Dick Martin's committee; in the small one, a number of James Lambert's friends. The front drawing-room was occupied by certain adherents of Lord Bingham, and the back one by divers supporters of James Brown.

Now I, being a stranger to all concerned, was naturally considered on every side an interloper. I opened the right-hand parlour—"Fat the divil di ye want?" roared a little man with a nose of portentous crimson. I tried the opposite apartment, and was ordered out by a long gentleman, who swore as they formerly did in Flanders. For an attempt upon the front drawing-room, I narrowly escaped being kicked down-stairs; and a flying peep I hazarded at the back one, was terminated by overhearing a rough voice request his opposite friend at the fire to "shy the poker at that rascally bagman." I would have given a quarterly dividend of my three per cents. to have been safe at my friend's place. I often heard "hell and Connaught" assimilated by the profane; but, in my judgment, no places can be so different. The approach to one, if Virgil speaks truth, is easy enough;* but an entrance into the realms beyond the Shannon was, in my case, a perilous exploit.

I had no inducement to remain longer in the town of Ballinasloe, and having luckily procured a carriage, I set off for Glantane. Here I arrived in safety, but had the mortification to find that no post-horses could be had. This was, indeed, a melancholy discovery. What was to be done? I sallied into the yard, bribed the ostler, and implored him by every tender epithet to get me forward.

Money works miracles. The ostler scratched his head—thought for a moment:—"There was a *shay* at home, but the horses and driver were off with a gentleman's carriage—Lanty White was all but well—and Breedein Rua as fresh as a daisy;—but, bad luck to them for a pair, there was no *depindin* on *ather*, and *Crit*† Corcoran was no match for two such *contrarey bastes*. Sure, my honour could

* "*Facilis descensus Averni.*"

† The Irish term for a humpback.

thry—Crith, the *cratur*, was handy enough. Once they started, there was no fear—that is, *if Crith* could get them over the hill of Mullagh More, and across the bridge of Carnegat.*

I had no alternative, and consented to trust life and limb to *Crith* Corcoran. Accordingly my luggage was tied on, and after a considerable delay the horses were put to. Half a score of labourers were called from the potato-field by a warning whistle. I was duly deposited in the carriage, and an extraordinary-looking cripple, with long legs and no body, grappled the reins with his fleshless fingers, clambered up by the fore-wheel, and perched himself upon the driving bar.

These preparations being made, we started, or rather attempted to start. Then came the tug of war. Breedein lashed out like a fury, and Lanty White was obstinate in being stationary. In vain the cripple objurgated, "Red, Biddy," and encouraged Lanty White. In vain the ostler chirruped and cursed alternately; the struggle was in favour of the cattle, till *the boys*, by sheer strength spoked the wheels on. Breedein finding her tail invaded, after discharging a succession of kicks at the cripple, which he most ingeniously avoided, dashed forward; and Lanty, furiously assaulted on every side by *Crith*, the ostler, and as many of *the boys* as could manage to get a blow at him, laid his shoulders to the collar, and away we went.

A wild *hurra* from the potato diggers announced their victory: and the ostler, shouted a "God speed ye!" accompanied with "Padreein avournein, for the sake of the blissid Mother, mind yourself at the hill of Mullagh More!"

The road was level, and we got on gallantly. I concluded our danger was at an end, and so did *Crith*, for he sang merrily—

"Ogh! I wish I was in Manchester,
And sated on my bench;
In my right hand a pint of beer?—

"Whoop, Breedein!—G'long, Lanty White!—

And at my side my wench."

What a chapter of accidents is the story of a life! Mine, at least its most important event, was influenced by *Crith* Corcoran. Human foresight is a farce. Could I have suspected that my destiny hinged upon the driving of a dwarf—a thing no larger than a leprighawn?† The result will prove it.

While the road continued level we got on gallantly; but we were now approaching the dangerous pass, and the bridge of Carnegat appeared in view. It was narrow and ruinous, the battlements having been swept away by a winter flood. A sudden hill met its extremity, and it required some skill and quiet horses to effect a passage with tolerable security. I would have left the carriage, but *Crith*, elated with previous success, warranted me against any

* A being of the fairy tribe.

danger, and before I could enforce an order to stop, a whoop and flourish of the throng rendered it impossible.

We passed the bridge, and ascended the hill for a few yards, when at once the infernal quadrupeds relaxed their efforts, stopped, backed, and the carriage began to descend. In vain I endeavoured to undo the fastening of the door—it resisted. *Crith* whipped, chirruped, shouted, cursed—I made a desperate effort—the door yielded—I sprang into the ditch, and next moment the carriage, horses, and driver vanished over the broken battlement.

I did not escape without considerable injury. My wrist was sprained, and my foot severely lacerated. With difficulty I crawled to the place over which the carriage had been precipitated. The vehicle was sadly shattered, and the horses struggling in the brook. *Crith* Corcoran was sitting on the bank, clapping his hands, and making a terrible lament, in a sort of Irish monologue.

A few peasants came promptly to our assistance—the carriage and horses were extricated from the river, and I was carried to the lodge of a gentleman's domain, which happened to be at no great distance from the scene of my misfortune.

The owners of the cottage were anxious to convey me to the mansion-house, but I determined to get on, and requested that a messenger might be despatched to the next market town for a conveyance. Some delay occurred before a person could be procured, and I was giving the necessary orders, when an elderly gentleman entered the lodge, saluted me with all the courtesy of the old school, introduced himself as General Mervyn, and insisted on my accompanying him to the Hall.

The general's carriage was sent for, and we entered it. In the course of conversation I mentioned my name, and, to my great surprise, found that my companion was father-in-law to my friend's bride—that very "Emily" whom I had so often and piously consigned to the bottom of the Red Sea!

It was nearly dinner-hour when I entered Mervyn Hall. My wounds were examined and dressed, and with the assistance of a servant, I managed to reach the drawing-room before the dinner-bell rang. There the general was waiting for me. He was a striking-looking old man—his hair white as snow, but his person still erect and unbroken. He presented me to a stranger some ten years younger than himself, whose air and dress bespoke him to be a member of the military profession; and I further learned that Colonel Mac Dermott was the brother-in-law of my host.

"We may order dinner—ring the bell, Dennis." The order was delightful; there was no gang of men to worry me; no flock of females to make one miserable. I was indulging in this agreeable anticipation, when the drawing-room door opened. Was it the servant to announce dinner? Alas! no—it was a girl of nineteen!

I shall pass over the first evening of my *séjour* at the general's. I spent that night in considerable pain, and with difficulty reached the breakfast-room, where I found Lucy Mervyn was already waiting

for me. Her father and Colonel Mac Dermott immediately joined us: and after many apologies for deserting their guest, I learned that the general was obliged to start for Galway, and the colonel for Castlebar.

And what was to become of me? Was I, in this defenceless and crippled state, to be exposed to the peril of a *tête-à-tête*, and left at the mercy of a girl of nineteen? Heaven forbid! I determined to follow the general's example, and abscond. Accordingly, I overruled every friendly objection to this proceeding, and arranged for leaving Mervyn Hall on the morrow.

"Sed dis aliter visum;" or, in plain English, the "Fates forbade it." During the day my foot inflamed, and the agony of my wrist became intolerable. If life depended on the exertion, I could not stir a yard. I was carried to my room in the evening, and lay for several days unable to leave my bed. But never was a patient so kindly nursed—an old woman, not a crone, but one sufficiently active to use all necessary liniments and embrocations, attended to my wrist and ankle—every light restorative that the nearest doctor prescribed was anxiously prepared—Miss Lucy sent this jelly, and Miss Lucy recommended that cream. There was a gentle and lady-like attention throughout: no approximation towards familiarity; nothing indelicate or unfeminine. I left my chamber half-reconciled to woman, and on the fourth morning presented myself at the breakfast-table of Lucy Mervyn.

I took her by surprise; it was believed that I should not quit my room for another day, and when I hobbled down supported by a servant, the apparition of a departed acquaintance could not have created a more striking sensation. There sat Lucy—so neat, so becomingly dressed,—all her kindness was instantly remembered, and for the first time I examined her with critical attention.

Lucy was not a beauty. Her features were everything but regular: no sculptor would select her nose—no craniologist adopt her forehead;—but there was a joyous expression in her countenance,—an eternal sunshine in the flashes of her hazel eye, that were bewitching. Her smile disclosed a row of beautiful teeth; her figure was middle-sized; she had a waist of excellent proportion; and a foot that a man might swear by.

Reader! I am not writing a confession; therefore, on certain points, you must excuse my brevity. For ten days I lounged upon the sofa. Lucy was my constant companion, and entertained me, as she best could,—settled the cushion for my foot, made silk cases for my wounded finger, listened patiently to my stories, and amused me with her own. I was just beginning to discover that at times I had an odd kind of nondescript sensation, when, one fine morning, a tandem,—a bright bay in the shafts, a thorough-bred grey one leading, passed the window at a sporting pace, and pulled up at the door—Captain Hardyman, of the —th Lancers, was announced.

In driving, dressing, drinking, and a multitude of military accomplishments, no man exceeded the bold dragoon. He really was a

pleasant fellow, told us the news, foreign and domestic, and brought intelligence that the Mayo election had ended in smoke. It was to all parties, save the members, a dead disappointment. One candidate did not come to the post, and to the other two the thing was a *walk-over*. Ah! shame upon you, Mayo! Not a duel or a decent death, after all the turmoil of a two years' preparation!

The lancer rattled on—gave us a return of the casualties at Castlebar—how two carriage-horses were stoned by the mob, and how two men were killed in effecting it; how one gentleman was surfeited with bad beer, and how another had died from dancing at a bonfire. What a shabby list! What a change from the good old days, when the coroner had not time to bless himself!

So far this gallant captain was particularly pleasant; but my horror was inconceivable, when, after a prolonged visit, he entreated, with evident embarrassment, to be permitted "to speak a few words to Miss Mervyn in the next room." I instantly started on my feet, grasped the general's cane, and in a sort of frenzy left the drawing-room, hastened to the shrubbery, and there threw myself on a bench.

What the devil did the fellow want with Lucy? What else, but to make her an unconnected speech, and an offer of his hand and fortune? Was ever man so miserable as I? Lucy, the only woman that for ten years I could look upon without aversion, that she should be selected by this infernal lancer! In another week I might have come to the desperate resolution of asking her to marry, and have succeeded; but this whiskered swordsman would be my ruin. Again I forswore the sex—determined to be off for Galway—rose to order post-horses—sat down again, and passed a miserable half-hour, till I heard the wheels of that execrable tandem crossing the gravel like a whirlwind.

Suspense was not endurable. I approached the house, and entered the drawing-room—Lucy was not there. I tried the library—equally unfortunate. I examined the green-house—no Lucy. The dressing-bell rang—the dinner peal succeeded—and Lucy entered the apartment by one door, as the servant announced dinner at another.

A burning blush dyed her cheek as her eyes encountered mine. "All is over!" I mentally ejaculated; and none but the damned need envy the feelings that that conviction carried with it.

Would I have soup? No.—Fish? No.—Fowl? Same reply. Dinner passed—neither ate. She was confused,—I miserable; the dessert was laid, and the servants left us.

A pause, a painful pause of several minutes succeeded. I coughed:—"Captain Hardyman"—and the name came forth as reluctantly as a miser's donative. "Captain Hardyman is a pleasant kind of—hem—sort of—" Lucy bowed assent:—"agreeable conversation,—hem—I mean—that before I left the room." Lucy blushed:—"suppose, in *tête-à-tête*, the captain equally entertaining:—"—a deeper blush—"Beg pardon—don't wish to be inquisitive."

Poor Lucy appeared struggling to get words. "Captain Hardyman's request must have appeared so very odd; but—" and another

blush, and more confusion. At length she managed to inform me that Captain Hardyman had offered his hand, and that she had declined the honour. Reader! the sequel shall be short; I forgot wrist, foot, and finger, and found myself muttering something about "unspeakable misery, and eternal love!"

In three weeks after that day I married Lucy. I have since resided chiefly at Mervyn Hall, and made all necessary arrangements for passing the remainder of my life west of the Shannon. I have obtained all that can make me happy; a woman I love, and a course of life that I delight in.

Colonel Mac Dermott resides mostly with the general. We have a good pack of hounds, and the best shooting in the country. When the weather permits it we enjoy our field sports together: we talk of other scenes and other days at the cover-side, or while away the evening with recollections of past adventures over old port and a bog-deal fire.

The following stories were communicated to me by my friend the colonel, and relate, generally, to his former companions in arms.

Gentle reader! in arranging these military tales for your perusal, I have found employment for leisure hours, and an agreeable refuge from "winter and bad weather." Of *me* you know enough—and of my friends, should the present stories amuse you, I promise that you shall know more hereafter. Courteous reader, adieu!

Mervyn Hall, Sept. 1, 1829.

THE DETACHMENT.

IN a county south of the Shannon, and in one of the wildest districts of a disturbed barony, the village of Woodford is situated.

To a person interested in mountain scenery, I know no part of Ireland more attractive than this secluded place. From the time you leave the mail-coach road the face of the country gradually assumes a wilder appearance. The small stony fields become more barren and less frequent; the hamlets disappear altogether; and now and then, perhaps at the distance of a mile, you come unexpectedly on two or three loosely-built huts in some sheltered hollow, or a herd's hovel erected under a precipitous bank, or in a ravine formed by the sudden alteration in the course of a mountain stream.

All signs of cultivation are now at an end. Around is a continuous heath as far as the eye can penetrate. The surface of the ground becomes more difficult and broken; bogs, apparently interminable, are interspersed with stony hills covered with strong heather, or small patches of drier ground, clothed with fern and bent; while a deep and narrow stream, rising in the chain of dark mountains which bound the view, moves sluggishly through the morass, and adds to

the difficulties offered to a stranger who may be obliged to pass over this desolate district.

In a deep glen, sheltered on every side by hills, and where several mountain streams unite and form a considerable river, the small town of Woodford stands. The situation chosen by the founder for this infant settlement is undoubtedly both convenient and picturesque. The sides of the rocky hills which environ it are capable of being planted; and the larch and firs which had been put down some years ago are now healthy and promising. The river abounds with salmon and trout, and affords a never-failing supply of water to the corn and flax-mills. The bogs around produce fuel with little labour: timber applicable for most domestic purposes may be raised with trifling difficulty; the moors generally have been ascertained to be reclaimable, and already a considerable portion of excellent land has been brought into cultivation.

If the situation of Woodford is in many points favourable, it is not, however, without its moral and natural disadvantages. The difficult, and in many places, impassable morasses, which surround and separate it from the opener and more civilised country, have for years been a favourite retreat for the peasantry employed in illicit distillation. The nature of the ground makes a military approach laborious in the extreme, and renders a surprise by rapid movements impossible. Thus the great security of this wilderness has encouraged this demoralising traffic to a fearful extent; and, consequently, the people of this district have been always a desperate semi-barbarous community, leagued together against the laws by a bond of common interest, which in many instances they have observed with fatal fidelity to each other.

Nor were the injurious effects of this system confined to a mere diminution of the revenue, and a destruction of habits of domestic industry in those only engaged in this illegal manufacture. The mountains afforded concealment to men of desperate character from remoter counties; and persons, whose lives would have been forfeited for crimes of the deepest dye, found shelter in the fastnesses of Woodford, and there lived in comparative security.

For a considerable time, associations of a treasonable nature had existed in the south and west of Ireland; and it may be readily conceived that the neighbourhood we have described would have been a chosen haunt of the disaffected. Such was the case. The country round Woodford had been in a state of unusual disturbance. The defective police of that day were found unable to make head against the increasing power of the *Ribbon-men*. The gentry deserted their houses—the landlords were necessitated to have their lands partitioned, and let in obedience to the mandates of those midnight legislators, or submit to see their estates wasted and untenanted. At length the government was called upon to interfere—a military force was, as usual, called in; and, in the winter of 1814, the soldiery in Woodford, generally confined to a subaltern's party stationed there for revenue duty, were relieved by the flank companies of the 28th regiment

detached from head-quarters, who, with a small party of dragoons, took possession of a temporary barrack.

The effects of quartering this effective military force in Woodford were soon apparent. Captain Kennedy, the young and active commander of the detachment, was indefatigable in harassing the insurgents. At first, trusting to the imaginary security of their fastnesses, they ventured a show of opposition to the army; but the bold and active movements of the young soldier, himself a mountaineer, disconcerted the outlaws; and, after losing several of their leaders, they gradually retired into the remoter mountains, where the military could not follow them, and left the country immediately about Woodford in a state of comparative tranquillity.

The system was suppressed, but not exterminated. The revenue-men could not act without being protected by the army. A gauger had been assassinated recently under circumstances of peculiar atrocity; and a small military party, while escorting a revenue seizure, were waylaid in a defile, and several of the soldiers wounded before they could effect their retreat.

In the spring of 1815 our story opens. It was one of those uncertain days in April, when showers and sunshine succeed each other rapidly: a brisk wind from the west ruffled the deep pools in the river, and, eddying over its surface, offered every inducement to the fisher to venture out. The morning parade of the little garrison of Woodford was ended, when the commander, sallying forth with his fishing-rod, and attended by a huge Newfoundland dog, was seen winding up the narrow glen, where one of the river's tributary streams rushed from the higher moors into the hollow where the village stood. Without stopping to fish this rivulet, the angler pressed quickly on, and crossing the brow of the hill, was soon shut out from view.

During his progress over the rising ground the fisher had been observed by three persons who were leaning over the battlements of the bridge, amusing themselves in throwing small pebbles and detached portions of the rough-cast into the stream below. They paused occasionally to make passing remarks upon certain pieces of intelligence, which a short man in a close-buttoned blue frock-coat was detailing, in very broad Scotch, from the columns of the Dublin Correspondent. The landing of Buonaparte at Cannes had been known for a few days, and his rapid and unopposed advance on Paris formed a subject of surprise and conversation to the idle group.

"God defend us!" said the little man in blue: "what a deevil incarnate that Boney is! We thought we had done with him for ever, and heh, sirs, here he is pushing right for the capital, without the snapping of a flint, and all the folk, from corporal to colonel, flying from the Bourbons like rats from a wreck!"

"Ay, ay, Mac Splint," rejoined a sturdy lieutenant of grenadiers, whose broad shoulders, and broader dialect, bespoke him at once, as being an indigenous production of the Emerald Isle, "we'll be at the old work again. Some comfort, however, in having a row of blue-boys before one, compared to our present rascally employment, of

scampering for a winter's night after an exciseman, to ferret out contraband malt and capture drunken distillers. Zounds! since the Ribbon-men have retired, New Holland would be a paradise to this. A brush of a moonlight night with them was something creditable—smart active fellows—and passable shots, as you know, doctor; but now a man is knocked out of bed twice a week to scramble after a cowardly gauger, who won't go the length of himself without half a company at his back; and if one escapes dislocated bones, or suffocation in some cursed quagh, he comes home half dead with fatigue, in the honourable charge of a tin still and a drunken soldier. But, blessings on Napoleon! our banishment here will soon terminate, and the good folks of Woodford may follow their honest calling, and brew poteen to their heart's content, without being harried by spies and soldiers."

"Egad," rejoined the third, whose uniform—the wings being ornamented with a bugle-horn, and a silver whistle hanging at the breast—announced him to be an officer of light infantry, "when we march, the revenue gentry will be rather ceremonious in their rural visits. The mountain people have a happy knack of disposing of a supernumerary exciseman."

"Morton's murder was a bold and barbarous act," replied the first speaker; "and what strange fealty exists among these wild people! for although a number of persons must have been concerned in, or cognisant of that outrage, an immense reward and promise of free pardon has as yet failed in procuring any clue to unravel the mystery of that murder. But where has Kennedy gone?"

"He is off to fish the lake in the mountains; it abounds, they say, with fine gilleroes."

"The lake in the mountains!" exclaimed he in blue. "By St. Andrew, all the gilleroe trouts in the empire would not induce me to venture half the way! Why, is it not the favourite haunt of Johnny Gibbons and Captain Mac Greal, and half the other infernal captains, whose handiwork brought me here from head-quarters to attend the wounded men? Who has he with him?"

"His dog Sailor," replied the other. "Young Mansell promised to meet him at the Priest's Cairn."

"Ay, that's a cheil after Kennedy's own heart, and like enough to come to a short end, unless Auld Nick has a sharp eye to his ain."

"Faith, Mac Splint," said the grenadier, "you forgot the danger in the delicacy yesterday, for you played a man's part at the fish."

"Hoot, Charley, the trouts are gude trouts; but deil have me but they might swim in their loughs to eternity before I would gang up yon black hills to pull them out. But it's time for me to look in at the hospital."

"How are they getting on with you there?" inquired the lieutenant of light infantry.

"Oh, pretty well. I'll save Sergeant Morrison's leg, and that's more than I expected when I first saw him.—Trouts!" he continued, as he leisurely moved away from his companions, "deil tak the fule

who would risk getting a lump of lead in his carcass for all the fish that ever wore a fin!"

While the military group who were lounging on the bridge of Woodford had been thus engaged, the subject of their last remarks was traversing the moors which lay between his barracks and the hills. He was a tall, active man, apparently about four or five and twenty. His step, as he crossed the heath, was firm and free; and when the ground became unsound and dangerous, the lightness of his spring, as he bounded across the tammocks, showed him to be well accustomed to severe and perilous exertion. His plain dress was well adapted for mountain exercise. He was habited in a short fustian jacket, his loose trowsers and woollen stockings allowing ample play to the muscles of his legs; a silk kerchief was knotted round his neck, and a green foraging cap completed his simple costume.

If the light bearing of the sportsman did not sufficiently bespeak his careless, reckless character, one glance at his face would have readily determined his disposition. The features were far from regular, and his complexion, naturally dark, had been exposed to sun and storm; but there was an expression of elastic spirit and cheerful temper in the merry glance of his hazel eye—and more too than simple good-humour might be traced in his marked countenance. The forehead was open—the brow arched boldly—and beneath his light smile, Kennedy concealed a daring heart and prompt determination.

Following the course of the river he entered a deep and narrow glen: distant objects were shut out from view, and the only sounds which broke the silence of the mountain pass were caused by the springing of the grouse from her nest, and the plashing of his large black dog, who cooled himself now and then in the deeper eddies of the rivulet.

In the centre of this solitary dell was the Priest's Cairn. It was a huge pile of stones irregularly heaped together. A Catholic clergyman of a singular and romantic character had, many years ago, perished there in a snow-storm; and as the winter was unusually severe, and the snow remained for a long time thawed, the body of the ill-fated man, notwithstanding every research possible with the united exertions of the peasantry, remained undiscovered for several weeks. On the spot where the corpse was found, an immense heap of stones had been accumulated; for no one passed without adding to the pile. Here Kennedy halted, awaiting the arrival of his companion; and soon after, as Mansell did not appear, he set out for the lough, which was situated at the head of the glen, and from which the river whose banks he traversed took its rise.

There could not be a more lone and desolate place than the site of the mountain lake. On every side the ground rose abruptly, and encompassed it in a circle of heath and rock. One narrow gorge at its extremity marked the egress of its waters, and the source of the rivulet it fed. Nearly in the middle was an island; but it seemed merely a mass of loose stones ejected from the bed of the lough by a volcano. There

was no herbage on its surface; but a few blasted shrubs clung to the fissures of the rock, and a rifted oak, with one or two wild hollies, had contrived to embed themselves in the cliffs which formed it.

With all a sportsman's keenness Kennedy persevered in his angling. The fish rose freely, and in a few hours his basket was full. He now prepared for his return: and as the barracks were distant fully seven miles, by the shortest route he could take across the moors, he tied up his fishing-rod, and turned his face to Woodford.

The day was nearly closing, and with all his exertions he would hardly reach the barracks in time for dinner. It struck him that by altering his course, and crossing a deep ravine, which lay to the left, he could shorten his road considerably. The way was steep and difficult, but to one so strong and active that was a matter of trivial consequence.

While Kennedy was mentally arranging his new route the shades of evening fell fast, and the first dinner-bugle was sounded in the barracks at Woodford. Doctor Mac Splint, who, like the lamented Kitchener, united the rare talents of gastronomy with medicine, had that day been at unusual pains in overseeing the construction of a curry, and now that "the hour of projection" was at hand, looked with much anxiety at the clock, and made a frequent *reconnaissance* from the window.

In out-quarters, where extensive accommodation cannot be had, there is always a community of property in the apartments; and one of Kennedy's, being more convenient than the rest, was selected as the mess-room for the party. Here the anxious doctor paced, soliloquising, to the great amusement of the lieutenants, who insinuated the possibility of the protracted absence of the commander, and accordingly urged the propriety of putting back dinner for another hour.

"Put back dinner!" said Mac Splint, peevishly, "the thing's clean impossible: the curry would be overdone, and the rice ruined. God preserve us!—such folly—men wandering like outlaws over glens and muirs—and all for catching as much fish as could be bought for a shilling! forby the great likelihood of being shot or hamstrung by the savage renegades, that are as thick in this accursed country as broom-bushes:—but is not that a horse's feet I hear? Charley, boy, look out."

While he spoke, two men rode up at a rapid pace, and Lieutenant Dennison at once pronounced them to be young Mansell, who was in charge of the dragoons, and Captain Mac Carthy, of the same corps.

"God help us!" ejaculated the doctor, "it will be a severe night. Mac Carthy never goes to bed under four bottles, and many an aching head will be among us to-morrow—but, mess waiter—Phil Burke—run to Mr. Mansell's room—tell him to hurry—need not mind dressing—out-quarters—no ceremony—*bouillé* beef will be in ribands—tell them to sound the second bugle—Ah! here they come;"

—and Mansell and Mac Carthy entered as he spoke, and were welcomed in due form.

To an inquiry about Kennedy, Mansell could give no satisfactory answer. He had been detained unexpectedly at head-quarters till too late to keep his appointment, and he persuaded his friend Mac Carthy, who was always ready for a ramble, to ride over with him on chance, and try the mountain mutton and mountain dew of Woodford. Half an hour elapsed, and still Kennedy did not appear—and Mac Splint having declared that waiting dinner a moment longer was utterly subversive of military discipline, and, moreover, certain destruction to divers dishes which he duly enumerated, the meal was served, and the absent fisher for a time forgotten.

Dinner ended, and still there was no appearance of Captain Kennedy. Tattoo-time came—and the cavalry trumpet was answered by the bugles of the light infantry. Another hour passed, and the party became exceedingly alarmed by the unaccountable absence of the captain of grenadiers. The conjectures respecting him were numerous, vague, and unsatisfactory.

"He could hardly be drowned in the lough," observed Doctor Mac Splint, the president of the mess for the day. "He swims like a water-fowl, and his dog Sailor would drag out anything lighter than an alderman."

"He may have fallen lame, or met with an accident," remarked a second; and casting a side glance at the doctor, continued, "and therefore, I propose that medical assistance be promptly despatched, under the protection of a couple of dragoons."

"He has more likely lost his way," said the third, "or followed a will o' the wisp."

"Or the waft of a petticoat, like Nora Crina's," rejoined Captain Mac Carthy, as he sang,—

"Oh, my Nora's gown for me !
Floating loose as mountain breezes."

"But, seriously," said young Mansell, "Kennedy's absence is both unaccountable and alarming, and I'll take out a party."

"And so shall I," rejoined the infantry officer on duty. But before the young men could leave the room, steps were heard crossing the little court hastily; the door was thrown open, and the object of the intended search, accompanied by a tall man, wrapped closely in the frieze coat peculiar to the country, stood before them.

It was evident from a momentary glance at Kennedy and the mountaineer who attended him, that the former had been engaged in some troublesome adventure. His look expressed fatigue and exhaustion—his clothes were torn, and covered with mud—his jacket was scorched and bloody, and his countenance bespoke anxiety and thought. Had any additional proof been requisite that his master had been in recent peril, Sailor's appearance would have been conclusive. He limped on three legs, evidently in considerable pain; his head and neck were scarred with a deep cut; in some places his

back was totally stripped of hair, and in others he was singed or scalded. Without stopping to answer the numerous interrogatories of his comrades, Kennedy filled a goblet of wine, and desiring the mess-waiter to summon the serjeant of the guard, he finished it at a draught.

While waiting the soldier's arrival, the military group round the table were scrutinising the appearance of the peasant who had accompanied the captain of grenadiers. He was a powerful and athletic countryman, plainly but decently dressed, so far as the rough coat, which nearly concealed him, would admit their examination. There was something bold and martial in his bearing; and when he approached the table, and took the wine filled for him by direction of Kennedy, he raised, as soldiers do, his hand to his hat, without removing it.

This motion, however simple in itself, caused a desperate alarm to the president of the mess, who happened to be unluckily next him. The opening of the peasant's coat, as he raised his arm, disclosed a belt beneath it, in which were a dirk and case of pistols; and Mac Splint testified his apprehension, by inquiring of Mansell softly,—“if he could guess who the stranger was?”

“To a certainty,” replied the mischievous dragoon, “Johnny Gibbons, the outlaw.”

“God preserve us!” ejaculated the doctor, springing in desperate affright from the chair. “Why, he has shot two men already;—what the devil possessed you, Kennedy, to bring a savage in upon us, and he loaded with weapons of destruction?”

But vain was Mac Splint's attempt at an escape. As he endeavoured to pass Mac Carthy, who was unfortunately sitting in the line of his retreat, the latter seized him in his iron grasp, and all he effected by the movement was bringing himself within two paces of the formidable stranger.

At this moment the serjeant appeared. “Reynolds,” said the commander, “conduct this man to the inner guard-house. Nobody must question him, and let him have every comfort he requires. I will visit you myself to-night,” he added, addressing the stranger.

The peasant bowed. “Had I not better,” he said with a half-smile, “leave these here?” as he unclosed his coat and took the fire-arms from his belt.

“No—no!” roared Doctor Mac Splint. “Damn it, Kennedy, leave them alone. Gie them to the guard, man—gie them to the guard. They're charged, no doubt, and may go off in the hanlin. Leave them down, for God's sake!” as one of the lieutenants received them from the stranger. “Charley, Charley! if you will take them, point them at the wall, man.”

In the midst of the doctor's alarm and advice, the prisoner retired with the serjeant. The cold dinner was brought back for Kennedy, who sat down at a side-table, to satisfy a sportsman's appetite, leaving Doctor Mac Splint and the other gentlemen of the sword full leisure to amuse themselves with any speculations they might please to make on the strange occurrence of the evening.

Having despatched a hasty meal, and sent refreshments to the prisoner in the guard-room, and while Mac Splint, whose curiosity was unbounded, had flattered himself that he was on the eve of receiving an ample explanation, Kennedy abruptly retired, followed by his wounded dog.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE CAPTAIN OF GRENADIERS.

WHEN Kennedy decided on taking the shortest apparent route from the mountain lough to his quarters, he was little aware of the difficulty of the ground he had determined on traversing. Scarcely had he lost sight of the lake, by crossing the steep rising ground above it, before he found his further progress interrupted by the course of one of the many mountain streams tributary to the river of Woodford. The valley where he now stood was a natural amphitheatre formed by the curving of the rivulet; and the banks rising precipitously from the water, and in many places beetling over their base, forbade all approach to human footsteps.

The soldier paused disconcerted; he must either retrace his steps, and pursue the path he had taken in the morning, or by a tedious *détour* through a marsh which terminated the valley, and which his quick eye at once detected as a perilous mode of egress, endeavour to recover the track from which the unexpected obstruction of this mountain barrier had so unfortunately diverted him. Evening was coming on fast; the night mists were already rising from the low grounds, and the sportsman decided on making an attempt higher up the valley, and there endeavour to surmount the obstacle which lay between him and his destination.

Nor were his efforts unsuccessful. Farther on a small spring trickled over the ridge of the precipice, and an irregular channel had been gradually formed by its waters in the cliff; a few bushes of wild myrtle were growing on its verge, and the heath there was strong and well rooted. Kennedy, without hesitation attempted an ascent, and in a few minutes, with powerful exertion, the dangerous effort was successful, and he stood safely on the brow of the precipice.

To his dumb companion, however, the cliff was impracticable. After several efforts, he found that he could not succeed, and, with the astonishing instinct which distinguishes that species of the canine race, having surveyed the valley for an instant, Sailor started at full speed to cross the morass which formed its termination.

While Kennedy paused to recover his breath, and observe the course his dog would pursue to rejoin him, he remarked a small cut made in the turf, from the place where the spring was gushing from the rock, and easily discerned that this little canal was not the work of nature. Where it led to was not visible; and he determined to

follow its course, as offering the easiest mode of egress from the intricate spot where he stood. The water ran in crystal brightness for a short distance, and then winding round the base of a huge rock, disappeared. Kennedy was turning it abruptly, but started; for before him, and within a step or two, a woman stood, her finger placed upon her lip, and her arm extended to bar his farther progress. For a few moments he gazed on her with surprise. She was young and strikingly handsome: her dress was that of a peasant, but arranged with perfect neatness: her hair was partially screened by a broad riband across the forehead, and partly fell in luxuriant tresses down her back and shoulders: her eyes were particularly dark and intelligent; and her red lips, half apart, indicative of anxiety and attention, revealed within a row of even teeth as white as ivory itself.

The fisher's surprise was momentary: struck with the uncommon loveliness of the mountain nymph, he seized her extended hand and began to offer the customary tribute of admiration; but a speaking look and a gesture of peculiar meaning restrained him. After gazing for a moment round her, she inquired in an emphatic whisper the object of his present journey.

"Faith, astore,"* replied the soldier, "nothing but the simple one of endeavouring to reach home before night overtakes me in these bleak hills, or the bleaker moors beneath us; and now, you shall be my guide, and I will be your protector."

Again he would have taken her hand, but her impressive action prevented him. She sprang upon the brow of the rock, looked anxiously around, and then placing herself beside Kennedy, pointed to the marriage ring upon her finger, and in a low and earnest whisper, continued,—

"Captain Kennedy—for God's sake, return—move as silently as a ghost; your safety—your life depend upon a feather. I have watched you, and saw you like a doomed man hurry to the very spot where destruction was inevitable: return promptly, quickly, silently;—steal back, cautious as a midnight robber; for if one awakes (and he is fearfully near you), your life, if a kingdom rested on it, would not be worth the purchase of a farthing."

While she still spoke, the noise of a slight rustling in the heath was heard; her glance rested quickly on the brow of the hillock opposite; by an expressive turn of her eye she directed Kennedy's observation to the spot; and, nearly concealed by the thick heather, a man's head was visible.

"Attend," she said in a deep whisper. "We must now follow a different course to what I had intended, or you are lost: go on boldly; enter the hovel beyond the hill, and ask for refreshment and a guide: conceal who and what you are: be bold, be prudent: for a stout heart and a ready wit alone can save you. I will be with you as soon as I can find one who will protect you with his life; but,

* My darling.

till I come, leave not the cabin; show neither alarm nor uneasiness, but trust to no one; and now to deceive yonder spy, who watches us——”

In a moment she assumed an air of rustic coquetry: the soldier perceived her object, and seizing her hand, attempted to snatch a kiss—while apparently struggling in his arms, she muttered—“Go on—cross the hill without hesitation—be collected, for your life depends upon your acting;”—and springing from his hold, she struck him playfully on the face with her open hand, and then bounding from him with a loud laugh, and the speed of a hunted deer, she turned the rock and was out of sight in an instant.

There was no braver man than Captain Kennedy; but, as his eye followed the last flutter of the female's dress as she vanished from his sight, he sensibly felt his own forlorn and destitute situation. He was unarmed and alone, in the depth of a solitude, where human aid was hopeless, and his wild monitress had but too clearly intimated that danger, nay death, awaited him. Bitterly he cursed his imprudence for thus unnecessarily exposing himself; for none knew better than he did the ferocious character of the desperate men who infested these wilds. But while his heart beat fast! while, in rapid succession, those bitter thoughts crowded thick upon each other, Kennedy did not forget the line of conduct pointed out for him to pursue. After a moment's hesitation, he resolutely prepared to cross the hill. Danger, imminent and deadly, lay in his path; but if he did not seek it, it would undoubtedly find him. Endeavouring to master his agitation, and assuming a composure in his looks far foreign from his heart, he boldly ascended the rising ground before him; and as he cast an apparently careless glance across the hillock, he remarked the person who had been watching him crawl cautiously away among the heath, and disappear in the irregularities of the mountain's broken surface.

When Kennedy gained the summit of the ridge he found himself above a little dell, situated in the bosom of the hill he had surmounted. It was a spot of singular loneliness; a stranger might pass near it repeatedly, and yet nothing but accident reveal to him its existence. It had been evidently used for what the peasantry call a *bonillie*, or temporary residence in the summer for the young persons of the lowland villages, who annually frequent these mountains with their cattle, which at stated times are driven up to be depastured. The roofless walls of several huts were still remaining, and one long hovel was covered with a rude thatch of *bent-grass*, which grew abundantly in the numerous swamps with which these wilds abounded.

This hovel was inhabited: a clear blue smoke eddied from the imperfect roof, and through the fissures of its loosely-constructed walls; and the small canal, which led from the spring which we have before described, was artfully conveyed by many an ingenious winding, until it discharged its water into a rude trough which rested on the walls of the hovel. This, and the flashing of a large fire from the

open doorway, at once showed Kennedy that this wild spot had been prepared for illicit distillation.

Nor could a better situation have been selected than this lonely dell for carrying on this hazardous work extensively, and, at the same time, avoiding the chances of a discovery. The succession of fresh water, which is indispensable for the process, fell in icy coldness from the spring into the vessel where it was required; and the heated fluid it replaced with the refuse of the potale—as the liquor is termed from which the spirit is extracted—after it became exhausted in the still, was conveyed by concealed sewers to a distance, and mixing with the stream, became speedily lost in the rush of its waters.

While Kennedy was examining this lone retreat he felt himself rudely touched upon the shoulder, and on turning round, his eye met the same wild face which he had before indistinctly observed watching him when talking to the young female. There could not be a more savage-looking being than the man who now stood beside him. He was a low-sized person, of gaunt and bony proportions; his limbs thin and sinewy, and, like his face and bosom, covered with red hair; his eye was wild and unsettled, and his air indicated a mixture of ferocity and cunning. Except a tattered shirt and short woollen drawers, he was perfectly naked. He roughly demanded, in Irish, from the soldier, what business brought him there, and pointing to the hovel, signed that he must go there before him. To resist the mandate of the mountaineer would have been equally idle and impolitic; and, remembering the directions given him by his fair mistress, Kennedy, although he understood his native language well, at once affected ignorance, and signing to the stranger to that effect, he preceded him in silence to the hut.

The interior of the hovel displayed a melancholy and revolting picture of savage life: a still was at full work, attended by an old man and a lad. The former was one of those persons who, in the remote districts, where private distillation cannot be prevented, travel through the mountains, preparing the vessels used in the process, and either working them, or instructing those who may engage them in the mysteries of this wretched trade. The lad was employed under the directions of the old man, and appeared as anxious to receive his precepts in this art, as if he had been acquiring a safe and reputable calling. At the farther end of the cabin a quantity of dry fern was spread. A torn blanket, and two or three frieze coats were lying on the heap, and formed the covering of the occupants of the hut both by night and day. A cleve or pannier, filled with potatoes, with a metal pot, were standing in the corner, and a couple of *loys* (narrow spades) and a rusty musket, comprised all the articles which the hovel contained. In a recess in the wall were a few earthen vessels and a glass; these were for the customary uses of drinking, or ascertaining the strength and flavour of the spirit as it fell from the worm.

Kennedy's eye, while traversing the hut, rested suspiciously on the

old fire-lock ; but he quickly remarked that it was without a flint, and consequently useless. The men had withdrawn to a corner, and were conversing in a low whisper. From their frequently turning an inquisitive look to the farther end of the cabin, which was wrapped in darkness, the soldier concluded there were more in the hut than he had yet discovered. Nor was he wrong : the still fire suddenly threw out a strong flash of light ; and although the blaze was momentary, he observed a human figure stretched in a dark recess beyond the still ; but whether it was male or female, living or dead, the partial light prevented him from determining.

While pondering on the course he should adopt, whether to address the inmates of the hut at once, or await patiently the result of their deliberation, a fourth person entered. He was very different in his dress and appearance from the persons within. He was a stout, powerful middle-aged man, wearing excellent clothes, and carrying a clean carbine in his hand, with a case of pistols in a belt beneath his large coat, which thus answered the double purpose of concealing his arms when necessary, or in rain protecting them from the weather. He measured Kennedy from head to foot with his eye, and beckoning to the two elder peasants, while he threw a malignant glance at the soldier, he retired from the hut, accompanied by the mountaineers.

At a little distance from the door they stopped, and a deep and earnest consultation was carried on in a low tone of voice, which prevented Kennedy from hearing a syllable of their conversation ; but he well knew that it boded him no good. For an instant he determined to attempt an escape ; but a moment's consideration told him that the thing was hopeless. The chances of success were desperate. It was nearly dark ; he had four persons to contend with besides the sleeper ; and, for aught he could tell, others whom he had not seen were near him. Even could he free himself from these men, he was bewildered in a labyrinth of rocks and morasses, from which, even in safety and daylight, he would find it nearly impossible to extricate himself : an escape would, then, be little short of miraculous.

While thus deliberating the outlaws re-entered ; and lifting a sort of wicker door from the wall, placed it across the entrance, and secured it with a spade ; and the armed man addressing Kennedy in excellent English, demanded his name, residence, and the object which brought him to the mountains. With assumed calmness, the soldier replied that he was a sportsman and stranger, and allured by the report he had heard of the mountain lough, he had been induced to visit it.

The robber shook his head, and turning to his companions, whispered in Irish, "It is as I told you—we are *set* ; and if he had a thousand lives, he dies."

Kennedy started : he knew the language intimately ; he heard his doom pronounced ; and that too by an idiomatic phrase in Irish, which conveyed the certainty of his murder in terms for which the English has no words sufficiently expressive.

Kennedy's agitation did not escape the outlaw, who rapidly ex-

claimed, "Does he understand as?" The old man answered in the negative, but added, "Try him yourself."

In this moment of mental anguish, Kennedy's natural *hardiesse* saved him. The robber, confronting him, addressed him in his native tongue; and while he eyed him with a searching look, Kennedy, with astonishing composure, requested him to speak to him in English, "for unfortunately he was an Englishman, and of course ignorant of the Irish language."

Apparently satisfied, the outlaw turned to his companions:—"You're right," he said, "the spy's a Sassenach;" and, advancing to the fire, lighted a small torch composed of split bog-deal, and went to the corner of the hut, where, on a heap of fern, the human figure already remarked by the soldier was extended.

During the momentary action of applying the torch to the fire, the old man, by emphatic gestures, would have prevented him; and when he saw him advance to the fern where the sleeper lay, he muttered as he crossed himself, and threw a look of pity on the victim,—“Mary, mother of God, be good to him! for Johnny Gibbons never yet showed mercy.”

Every nerve in Kennedy's frame jarred; the blood rushed back to his heart as the dreaded name of Gibbons was pronounced; the old outlaw indeed spoke truly—for that ruffian never had shown mercy! Kennedy knew him well by character; he had been an outcast from society since the rebellion of ninety-eight; and while the other delinquents had generally received pardon, the ear of mercy was justly closed to him. He was the only one of the western rebels who had been guilty of deliberate bloodshed; and his truculent disposition had not only been displayed to those whom he looked upon as his enemies, but also, and not unfrequently, to his misguided companions. For many years he had infested the wilds of Connemara; but the wanton murder of a comrade, and his repeated aggressions on the peasantry, whom he plundered and illused, removed all that mistaken sympathy which the lower Irish, in the remoter parts of the kingdom, cherish for malefactors; and the ruffian became an object of such general detestation, that he was forced to abandon the mountains which for fifteen years had sheltered him. The party disturbances which prevailed in the neighbourhood of Woodford induced him to seek this wilderness as a suitable retreat; and in consequence of the disaffection of some, and the wild character of the peasantry, who, even when unconnected with treasonable associations, were generally, from the nature of their pursuits, opposed to the operations of the law, the outcast from Connemara here found protection and support.

Gibbons had been latterly joined by another ruffian named Garland, who had also been obliged to screen himself from justice. This desperado had been a sort of agent employed by the mountain people to dispose of their whisky in the adjacent counties. In an affray with the revenue-men, an officer had lost his life by Garland's hand; he became of course a refugee; and now rendered desperate, he had planned and executed Morton's murder, which has been already

alluded to; and a fit associate for Gibbons, their names became formidable to the country around.

No wonder the soldier's heart sank when he saw the sleeping ruffian roused by his companion, and heard him angrily demand, "why he was awakened?" The low dialogue was quickly terminated; for with an execration he bounded on his feet, and lifting a blunderbuss from beside him, staggered forward where Kennedy was leaning against the wall of the hovel. His look and air were indescribably savage; his features inflamed by inebriety, alarm, and revenge; and as he steadied himself within a few paces of his victim, he shot a glance of malignant exultation from beneath his shaggy eyebrows which seemed to preclude all hope.

The peasants appeared alarmed at the expectation of a scene of cold-blooded butchery, and murmured prayers mingled with entreaties, which seemed unregarded by the ruthless being to whom they were addressed; for after eyeing Kennedy deliberately, he suddenly raised and snapped the blunderbuss. It did not discharge; and Gibbons, pouring out execrations, proceeded to reprime it from an immense flask of gunpowder, which he took from his pocket.

Kennedy desperately sprang in and seized him; but the struggle would have been a short one, as Garland drew a pistol and advanced to the relief of his comrade, when suddenly the wicker door was driven in with violence; a huge dog rushed into the hut, and leaping at the ruffian's throat, pulled him in an instant to the ground, and a terrible struggle, in which the robber's pistol went off without effect, ensued.

If Kennedy's impending fate had excited a momentary feeling of remorse in the other savages, his desperate resistance, and the unexpected appearance of his faithfully ally, removed it; for the red mountaineer seized a *loy** and endeavoured to strike the dog from his hold, while the young savage struck fiercely at the soldier, as he rolled upon the floor locked in the deadly grasp of Gibbons.

The scene of murder was hurrying to its close: Kennedy was suffering from the heavy blows of the lad, and Sailor was cut down by the edge of the spade; but, at the moment, a pistol was discharged from the door, a man fell dead across the prostrate soldier, and the powder-flask rolled from Gibbons, and, falling on the red embers of the still fire, exploded with tremendous violence. The roof was blown off the hut, the walls rent asunder, and a scene of horrible confusion followed. The still being overturned, the boiling liquor fell upon the young savage and Gibbons, who, already scorched by the explosion, testified their pain by howls and terrific execrations.

Kennedy, nearly suffocated, was with difficulty dragged from under the fallen roof: he looked round in astonishment; he was supported by a tall and powerful man; and the young female he had encountered before he entered this murderous den bathed his temples in cold water, which she had carried in a hat from the spring. The stunned

* A narrow spade peculiar to Connaught.

soldier had scarcely time to recollect himself, when his protector inquired if he could stand without assistance: he made the exertion, and found himself able to move with tolerable freedom. "Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the stranger—"If ever you exerted your strength, use it now." As he spoke he put a light fowling-piece into his hand, and while the female led the way, he seized Kennedy's arm, and turning round the angle of the rock, plunged into a ravine beyond it.

There was no time for delay: the fire had already seized the thatch and timbers of the cabin, and, dried almost to tinder by the constant heat, it was instantly in a blaze. By the lurid light of the burning hut several men were distinctly seen dragging the wounded ruffians from beneath the ruins. No excitement was requisite to urge Kennedy to rapid movement. The explosion had long since alarmed the mountaineers, and an immediate pursuit would probably take place.

Without, however, encountering any fresh danger, the little party reached the crest of the hill which overlooked the town of Woodford. The guide stopped. "I must leave you now," he said; "but fear nothing; your safety is certain. I would have conducted you into the barracks, but——" He paused, and the soldier added,—

"You fear something there?"

"I do," said the peasant, frankly.

"That I owe my life to you, I need hardly say," resumed the soldier; "and now, how can I best repay it? Will money?"

The outlaw waved his hand contemptuously. "Or if, in return, I can afford you protection; if you have committed any offence within the pale of pardon, speak—speak freely; and should I be obliged to kneel at the foot of the king's throne, I will faithfully endeavour to obtain it. Have you trespassed beyond mercy? Is there blood upon your hands?"

"None," said the outlaw, calmly, "but what was spilled to-night."

"Are you a robber?"

"No!" and he drew himself up proudly.

"Then come with me," said Kennedy, as he took the wanderer's sinewy hand.

There was a momentary silence. "Pat," said the female, imploringly, "for my sake—for the sake of Him who died for us,"—and she crossed herself—"refuse not. Is it not better to meet the worst, when innocent, than keep the mountains till these savage men lead you into a life as wild and wicked as their own? Oh, Pat!—for my sake—for the sake of what is yet unborn—leave the hills and come in—Captain Kennedy and your own innocence will protect you—and what have you to fear?"

When she paused, the soldier united his entreaties to hers; but still the outlaw hesitated. The young woman seemed hurt and mortified, and in a voice betokening disappointment and wounded pride—"He won't, sir," she continued, addressing Kennedy, "and we must seek some other haunt, for Garland's faction are too numerous here for our lives to be safe an hour. Come, Pat, let us

go. I left all for you—father, mother, friends. I took you when all else frowned on you; when the world slandered and threw you off, I clung to you, alone, and faithfully. In danger and distress when did I leave your side? And now I am ready to follow, go where and when you will!”

“No, no!—by Heaven, Alice, for me you shall never more be exposed to injury and insult. Captain Kennedy, *Captain Dwyer* is your prisoner!”

As he spoke, he caught the female to his breast, and wept over her like a child. Then, as if ashamed that his weakness was witnessed, he dashed the tears aside, and taking the pistols from his belt would have given them to Kennedy; but he declined them, and with a smile added, “No, no, brother captain, I am under *your* protection to my barrack, and then comes *my* turn.”

As he spoke the soldier led the way, and the outlaw and his mistress followed. The latter left them at the entrance of the village to seek a relative, in whose house she purposed remaining for the night. Kennedy and the outlaw directed their steps to the barracks, where, from the lights which flashed from the windows of the mess-room, the soldier calculated on finding his comrades over their wine.

THE ROUTE.

WHEN the captain-commandant of the garrison of Woodford retired from the mess-table, the worthy president, Doctor Mac Splint, and the other gentlemen of the sword, evinced no intention of imitating the example. Their curiosity was unsatisfied, but that was no reason why their thirst should be left in a similar predicament. Accordingly the chairman's mandate for uncorking a fresh *cooper* was received without a dissentient voice; and Phil Burke, the master of the revels, being summoned to the presence, orders for the immediate preparation of a broiled bone were issued, as also for the production of “mountain dew,” it being deemed a proper concomitant for the same.

After exchanging his dress, which bore evident marks of the evening fray, Kennedy sought the prison of the outlaw. His orders had been strictly obeyed, and Dwyer comfortably lodged inside the guard-room. On opening the door, the wanderer was discovered lying on the bed undressed, buried in profound repose. Without disturbing him Kennedy left the guard-house, and knowing from past experience that going to bed for the purpose of sleeping would be perfectly useless, with Doctor Mac Splint president, and Captain Mac Carthy his guest, he determined to join the revellers and resume his seat at the table.

Short as his absence had been, the worthy group he had deserted

own wards! Such a set of deevils and desperados!—why, I shake like an aspen when I'm called to examine a recruit:—all rapparees and Ribbon-men through other!"

"Why, thou slanderous Skeyman! thou true descendant of Celtic robber and northern pirate! how durst you libel 'the land that gave Patrick his birth?' and five of his progeny present! Hallo, Maurice! what does he deserve?"

"Hanging at least!" roared the dragoon.

"Oh! hang him, certainly," hiccupped the vice-president, awaking from a sound sleep.

"Hang him, certainly!" shouted the lieutenant of light infantry, springing from the chair, and seizing a sash from the wall. In vain Mac Splint, who often suffered from the mad pranks of his drunken comrades, remonstrated—the loop was already over his neck, and Mac Carthy selecting a peg for the suspension, when a noise was heard in the street: the sentinel's challenge was answered, the guard turned out, and the gate unbarred.

"Stop!" said Kennedy. "Who the deuce is come?"

"'Tis a horseman," said Mansell.

"One of our own," cried Mac Carthy, looking from the window.

The dragoon had now dismounted, and ushered in by the sergeant of the guard, advanced and delivered his despatch to "the officer commanding at Woodford."

Kennedy broke the seal. "The route, by Heaven!"

"The route!" was responded by all; "where? when?"

"Here is a note for you, Maurice."

"Hurrah! orders of readiness for us too!" exclaimed the dragoon.

"This looks like business. Mansell, send for your servant. I must be off to head-quarters; get your squad ready; you'll be called in to-morrow."

"Won't you stay till morning, Maurice?"

"Is it not morning already, boy?" replied the dragoon. "A cool ride of three hours at cock-crow, is just the thing after a warm night, Ned. Kennedy, you'll march through Old Bridge, and dine with us, of course. Execution is respited for the present on Duncan; but we'll finish it there."

"Ay; and so you may if ye catch me. Na, na, Mac; ye'll not send me home agen on a door, carried by sax dragoons, and the bugles blowin afore me."

"But," said the dragoon, "does not Napoleon deserve to be canonised? Here we might have remained till doomsday, had not 'le petit caporal,' as the French fellows call him, given his watch the slip from Elba, and taken off our embargo. Hurrah!—service for ever!"

"Via! rouse thee, man," roared the captain of grenadiers. "Out with a couple of corks—Burke, fresh glasses. Come, lads, a round to the old trade. Service for ever! and damn still-hunting!"

Again the revelry was renewed; "fast and furious," the drinking recommenced. Mansell fell off his chair, and was carried to bed.

Mac Splint staggered out with apparent difficulty, muttering his intention of "takin an hoor's sleep before he would move the hospital."—"The lads," as he called the lieutenants, crawled off after him, endeavouring, with the assistance of their servants, to find their way to their rooms; while Mac Carthy, having given orders to have his horse brought to the door in an hour, sat down with Kennedy *tête-à-tête*.

"By the way, Frank, what's to be done with the mountain man you were so kind as to introduce last night?"

"By Jove, Maurice, this route puzzles me, and I hardly know what to do with him. I am ignorant of his crimes, or what other cause it might be which sent him wandering through the hills."

"What, suppose we send for him?"

"With all my heart. Duucan is gone, and we can now hear his story without risking the loss of our accomplished doctor through fear and terror. Ring; the bell is at your elbow."

The sergeant of the guard being sent for, was directed to bring in the prisoner; and in a few minutes returned accompanied by the peasant. The large coat which had concealed him was laid aside, and a fine handsome young man presented himself. His countenance was open and intelligent; his figure tall and admirably proportioned; and his whole appearance bespoke him to be above the common description of the Irish peasantry.

"Dwyer," said Kennedy, addressing him, when the sergeant had left the room, "we have unexpectedly got the route, and march in a day or two, when relieved by the veterans. I am anxious to discharge my debt to you; how can I best do it?"

The peasant bowed gratefully.

"If I knew the particulars of your story," resumed Kennedy, "I might probably be more serviceable; but if there is anything connected with your case which it may be imprudent to make public, conceal it; for I only generally inquire to find the way in which I can befriend you."

Dwyer was silent for a time. "Captain Kennedy," said he, "there is no act of my humble life for which I have cause to be ashamed. My fate has been as unfortunate as my birth was lowly. If the detail of events connected with a peasant's life would not tire you and the other gentleman, I would tell you my humble history as truly as if I knelt at the confessional."

While the soldiers, struck with the stranger's manner, listened with attention, the latter thus commenced:—

THE OUTLAW'S STORY.

"My father was a soldier. He was a tall and handsome fellow; frequented fairs and wakes, and hurling-matches; and by all accounts was handier with the cudgel than the spade. From his wild unsettled habits, a dragoon officer, who accidentally met with him while grouse-shooting on the moors, easily persuaded him to enlist. He did so, and left his native mountains; and while on detachment in an English village, married the daughter of a wealthy yeoman, who discarded her for the match. She followed her husband to Flanders: he fell in battle; and my mother having conveyed me to my uncle's house, died there soon after, leaving me in his care.

"My uncle was the parish priest, a kind-hearted simple man. Having no near relative but myself, he became much attached to me, and formed the resolution of educating me to the church, that I might assist him when old, and eventually succeed him in the parish. Poor man! his stock of learning was not extensive; but such as it was he did his best to impart it to his nephew.

"From my infancy I felt averse to the idea of becoming a priest. I suppose my father's habits had descended to me. I would follow a grouse-shooter all day; or employ myself in digging for foxes in the hills, and spearing otters in the river. If an eagle's aerie was to be robbed, I must be present at the perpetration. I fished with skill; and for my opportunities none shot better. I was sent for to all hurling-matches; and at foot-ball was considered to be unrivalled. All this was but a poor preparation for divinity; but I was unsuited for the cowl; and had I ever thought of a life of celibacy, circumstances occurred which made me abandon the church for ever.

"My uncle's parish was one of the remotest in Erris; it was separated by a chain of mountains from the more open parts of the county; and, besides the peasantry and fishermen, there was but one family of the better order within the limits of his spiritual charge.

"This was a gentleman's of ruined fortune. He had been in early life extravagant; and having utterly destroyed a property which came to him overloaded with debts, he had been forced in his declining years to retire to the miserable remnant of his patrimony, a large mountain farm, situated by the side of my uncle's house.

"Mr. Percival had an only daughter. Like her parent, she had seen happier days; but she had cheerfully followed him to his retirement, and every exertion of hers was used to make their humble home comfortable, and render his declining years as happy as their limited means would permit. There was naturally an intimacy between the priest and his principal parishioner. They were every day together, and Agnes Percival and I became inseparable companions. She was an artless interesting girl, and, before I even

suspected danger, I found that I loved her passionately. I never once considered that a barrier was placed between us which could never be removed by me. I was an orphan—a dependent. My uncle had not saved, as I believed, a shilling from his small income; for he was hospitable and humane, and consequently his parish was scarcely able to support him. I was destined for a churchman—for I had no other hope in life. My uncle was well advanced in years—and if he could defray the expenses attending my education at Maynooth college, it was the utmost I could expect from him.

"Yet I madly persevered in loving. 'The Fathers,' and the few dull tomes of dogmatic theology which formed my uncle's library, were abandoned for Shakspeare and some lighter books which Percival had brought with him. My time was spent in killing game and fish, for presents to my mistress, or in wandering on the sea-shore, or reading by the side of a mountain stream the magic pages of the bard of Avon; and when twilight fell I mused on imaginary days of happiness, which, in all probability I am never fated to realise.

"But this dream was soon to be dissolved. I had spent the evening with Agnes; our conversation had been free and unreserved, as we sat on the heathy bank of her little garden, which with my assistance she had formed. Insensibly I became excited, till, throwing off all restraint, I confessed my secret attachment, and implored her to return my love. Her face was crimsoned; her eyes were filled with tears; she trembling and agitated, and I kneeling at her feet, when Percival stood before us! His countenance flashed with rage, he shook with violent passion, he indignantly cursed my presumption, upbraided me with my poverty, and scornfully contrasted his daughter's family with mine; and then, ordering me to quit his presence, took Agnes harshly by the arm, and hurried her from my sight, leaving me rooted to the spot.

"When I recovered my recollection, I hurried to the shore, and for some hours wandered among the rocks. It was dark when I returned to my uncle's—Percival had been already there, and from the priest's manner I could easily guess that he had received from the father of Agnes no favourable account of the evening scene in his garden. The old man reproached me bitterly with duplicity—I had deceived him—he had educated me carefully for the priesthood—and was I about to throw away an opportunity of settling myself for life?

"I was silent, and he marked my irresolution. 'Pat,' said he, with much emotion, 'I have hitherto been a father to you, and out of my small income saved this purse for your college expenses.' He took from his bureau an old glove filled with silver coins and a few bank-notes. 'I have promised Mr. Percival that you shall leave this place to-morrow. Enter Maynooth forthwith, and this will defray your charges there—come back to me a student, or never come again!' So saying he rose abruptly, entered his little sleeping-room, bolted the door, and left me standing in the kitchen, with the old glove filled with 'dues and offerings' in my hand.

"Left to myself, I quickly formed my determination. I collected

my small stock of linen, wrote a tender epistle to Agnes, bidding her adieu, and telling her that for her I had left home and kindred; intrusted my letter to an idiot boy who lived with my uncle, and with my bundle over my shoulders, and the priest's purse in my pocket, I crossed the mountains by moonlight, and ere morning dawned had reached the town of Ballina, and finding a recruiting-party there, enlisted, and entered the dragoon guards.

"A year passed away, while my squadron was quartered in Ballinrobe. My fate was unknown to my friends; and my poor uncle little thought that the youth he had destined for theology had abandoned the church for the riding-house. I was already made a corporal, and was a general favourite with the regiment.

"One evening I was cleaning my appointments at the stable door, when I perceived a wild-looking lad wandering through the barrack-yard, and staring at every dragoon he passed. His appearance was familiar to me—I approached him, and discovered the well-known features of *Mortecin beg* (little Martin), my uncle's fool. The poor creature uttered a cry of delight, and with strange grimaces and great caution gave me a sealed letter. I broke it open, and my heart beat, my cheek burned as I read it. It was from Agnes—told me that I had been recognised by a herd, while driving cattle from the mountains to an inland fair—implored me, if I still loved her, to come home without a moment's delay. Percival, she said, had determined to marry her to a wealthy trader from Galway, who, though old, ugly, dissipated, and disagreeable, was immensely rich, and offered settlements which her father had accepted. The suitor was now absent completing arrangements for the marriage and her removal to Galway; and on the third evening, unless I found means to prevent it, she would be a bride.

"I had a comrade, who since I joined the regiment had been my bosom friend, and I showed him Agnes's letter. By his advice I applied to the commanding officer for a few days' leave of absence. Unfortunately the colonel was absent, and the major, who was cross and gouty, refused me. I attempted to expostulate and plead my cause, but he cut matters short by throwing a boot-jack at my head, and swearing he would send me to drill for my impertinence. My blood, already in a fever, now boiled with rage, and I determined to desert that night. Accordingly I conveyed by *Mortecin* a suit of coloured clothes, which I had fortunately preserved, to a public-house in the town, told my friend of my desperate resolution, and unmoved by his remonstrances, once more put the priest's purse in my pocket, and waiting till all was quiet, scaled the wall, changed my dress, and, accompanied by *Mortecin*, left the dragoon guards as I had my uncle's house—by moonlight.

"We walked all night, and to avoid pursuit rested during the day. On the third morning, the morning of that night which would see Agnes united to another, I gained the mountain pass above my uncle's house. I stopped to rest myself, and contrive some plan for seeing my mistress privately, when suddenly one of my former

companions appeared below, and waving his hand hurried up the hill to meet me.

"The news of my desertion had already reached the mountains; for on the same night an officer's room had been plundered of a considerable sum; and as I had been observed counting money in the public-house where I had changed my dress, I was suspected to be the thief, and a military party had been despatched after me. Heavens and earth! accused of theft! and how strongly would circumstances tell against me! I had unfortunately been remarked by the publican reckoning my uncle's purse, and from my flight no wonder I was denounced as the robber of the barrack-room.

"What was to be done? I dared not approach the village, lest I should be seen and apprehended, and in a few hours Agnes would be lost to me for ever. I told my friend my situation—showed him the priest's purse, with my uncle's name on the notes, and at once removed any suspicion which might be attached to me for the felony. My companion took a warm interest in my affairs, and leaving me concealed in a ravine, hastened to collect my young friends, and consult with them what was the best course to pursue in this desperate emergency.

"I remained in my retreat till evening, when Austin Malley returned. He brought me refreshments, and also the welcome news that he had seen my mistress, and removed from her mind the disgraceful charge of robbery which had been insinuated against me. He told me that Percival was uneasy at my desertion, and was determined that the Galway trader, who had just arrived, should be married that night to Agnes, and set off next morning for his own residence with the bride. Austin had sounded my old comrades, and found them ardent to evince their affection by assisting me in this my hour of need. We held a council of war, and it was resolved that Agnes should be carried off that evening. To effect this would be somewhat perilous, for Connolly, having come by sea, had filled his hooker* with friends to assist at his bridal.

"Late in the evening I left my place of concealment, and by the light of a full harvest moon approached the dwelling of my mistress. About a dozen fine able young fellows were waiting for me, well mounted and armed. We left our horses in a hollow, and with Austin and half a dozen of his friends advanced to Percival's house. All within was noise, and joy, and revelry; the servants were dancing in the kitchen; the guests were drinking in the parlour; and this being the room where the principal company assembled, it was literally crowded with people.

"Connolly had brought a strange priest with him; for my uncle, being apprised of Agnes's aversion to the marriage, had refused to perform the ceremony. Suddenly there was a bustle among the company; the priest put on his vestment, and the missal was open in his

* The large fishing-smacks are so called generally upon the southern and western coasts.

hand; the doughty bridegroom was vainly endeavouring to bring my handsome mistress forward, when I burst into the apartment. The women uttered a tremendous yell—the men pressed on to see what had caused this unexpected interruption. I threw them right and left aside, until I gained the place where the bride was standing. Connolly interposed, but I hurled him to the end of the chamber, and lifting Agnes in my arms, carried her fainting to the door. In vain Percival and Connolly's friends would have torn her from my grasp—my comrades seconded me gallantly, and covered my retreat until we reached our horses, when, mounting with the bride, we spurred them to a gallop, and left pursuit behind us.

"Next day I made Agnes my wife:—we were obliged to leave the county and conceal ourselves in the mountains here; and through the winter have had a perilous and wretched life. I need not conceal from you that necessity obliged me to head a lawless band; but, except in prosecuting contraband adventures, I have never commanded or joined them. I have restrained them from robbery, and I have prevented the commission of any act of violence.

"Gibbons and Garland were my deadly enemies. The former attempted to deprive me of the command; but, in a personal contest, I defeated and disarmed him. The other ruffian, who fell by my hand last night, waylaid and fired at me a few days since. But I had devoted him to death—I overheard him with Gibbons plotting my murder, and, what sealed his fate with me, the violation of my wife." The outlaw's face flashed as he alluded to the intended injury of Agnes.

"But, Dwyer, why did you interest yourself for me? I was a stranger to you, and you owed me no favour."

"Pardon me, captain," said the outlaw, "I did, and a heavy obligation it was. Last winter, on a desperate snowy night, you surprised the cabin where I was sleeping, and I had hardly a moment to conceal myself. There was a hollow in the wall beside the pallet where my wife and I lay, into which I crept. Agnes, as if from alarm, shrank to that side, and effectually hid me. You entered; the soldiers searched the cabin; their information of my being there was positive; and, irritated at not finding me, they attempted to remove the bed-coverings from my wife, and even threatened to pull down the roof. Poor Agnes was nearly dead with terror, when you approached the humble pallet where she lay—" Fear not, my girl; I would rather a dozen Ribbon-men escaped than one unprotected female should be injured; yourself and your poor hut shall be respected. Turn out, lads!" and, bidding my wife "Good night!" you took the men away and left the hovel. I then swore that I would repay the life you unintentionally saved, and when I saw you this morning heading to the lake, I stopped the spy who was hastening to apprise Gibbons and Garland of your being in their power. Both had vowed to be revenged of you, for you had often exposed them to imminent danger, by following them in dark and stormy nights, when they did not believe that the soldiery would leave their quarters."

"And now, Dwyer, what can be done for you?" said Kennedy.

"Let me go with you," said the outlaw. "Let me, by loyal and honest service, prove that necessity and not choice led me to oppose the laws."

"Your wish shall be granted; you shall be enrolled in my own company."

The outlaw bowed in grateful acknowledgment; and on arriving at head-quarters, the commanding officer received Dwyer into the 28th, and promised him his protection.

THE MARCH.

EARLY on a sweet spring morning, the detached companies of the 28th marched from Woodford for head-quarters. Than this distinguished regiment no finer body of men could be found. Some corps might boast larger grenadiers, or a more compact light infantry; but a military eye would dwell with pleasure on the ranks of this gallant regiment. The termination of the war had enabled Colonel Hilson, the commanding officer, to invalid all whose best days had gone by; and while a large proportion of veteran soldiers remained, the vacancies were filled with the *élite* of the western peasantry, who, from their naturally martial disposition, and the absence of useful or manufacturing employment, are ever ready to adopt a military life, and leave a home, which, from neglected advantages, and the abandonment of the heartless landlords, can promise no permanent advantage to the tenant, beyond that acquired by labour barely required by procuring the common necessities of existence.

On the third evening the flank companies rejoined the regiment—and the route being for a northern sea-port, it moved the following morning in two divisions, directing its march on Newry.

Ireland, the great military depot of Britain, was in agitation from one extremity to the other. A simultaneous movement of the soldiery had taken place; the effective regiments were ordered to the coast for embarkation; the field artillery left the forts where they had been cantoned; and the corresponding marches of militia and veteran companies to replace the garrisons vacated by the corps ordered on service, crowded the leading roads, and filled the towns lying in the line of march to an overflow. On the fourth day the Enniskillen dragoons and the 28th regiment, which had been moving by parallel routes, crossed each other at Longford. The barracks being occupied by English militia, the inns and private houses were assigned to the soldiers on their march; and, from the smallness of the town, they could afford but indifferent accommodation to both dragoons and infantry. Colonel Hilson and Kennedy were billeted in the same house where Captain Mac Carthy, with Cornet Mansell, had been already quartered; and, as the three former had been well acquainted,

and served together during the Peninsular war, the accidental meeting on the march was a subject of satisfaction to all.

Colonel Hilson commenced his military career in the Royal Irish Artillery. He served in that corps till its reduction after the rebellion of 1798, and rejoining the army after the short peace, entered into the line, and distinguished himself in the Peninsula. He had been on the personal staff of the lamented Picton, and, on the termination of the war, obtained the command of a regiment for his past services. Hilson held a proud place in the annals of British bravery. Admired by his officers and beloved by his men, he had, by a system peculiar to himself, brought his regiment to a state of efficiency and discipline which justly ranked it among the finest in the service; and yet severity of drill, and that disgrace to the British army, corporal punishment inflicted for trivial offences, were unknown in the 28th.

Hilson was in the prime of life; his figure tall and slight, with a burnt brow and faded cheek, which told of fatigue endured, and a residence in unhealthy climates; his eye, like Napoleon's, was dark, quick, and searching; and in the character of his face there was something so manly and intelligent, that one preferred it far to fresher beauty and a more regular cast of features. Mac Carthy had been for a time attached to the same staff with Hilson; and although no two men on earth were more dissimilar in their habits, they entertained for each other a sincere regard.

As the evening advanced, the lowering of the clouds and a rising wind gave token of an approaching tempest. Young Mansell complained of fatigue and retired early, leaving his companions to talk over their wine of past campaigns and military adventure, and speculate on those scenes of martial life which were now in perspective. Time flew unheeded—Hilson, though proverbially moderate in his cups, exhibiting no wish to abridge the conviviality of his friends; while Mac Carthy, whose spirits rose as the hours advanced to midnight, amused his companions with curious anecdotes of himself, given in that *naïve* manner which, when he pleased, made his stories irresistible.

Kennedy alone seemed thoughtful.—“Frank,” said the dragoon, “art thou arranging thy affairs, man? Come rouse thee, boy; for ‘when shall we three meet again?’ What, ho! some wine, here. Hang it, the bell is broken. Kennedy, thou art some ten years younger than Hilson and myself; thou hast, moreover, a happy share of effrontery, with a swagger in thy gait which no barmaid can withstand—the host’s daughter is pert and pretty—go down, use thy winning ways, and get us a cooper of sounder port than the last the young jade sent us.”

Kennedy rose with a smile, and left the room to do his comrade’s bidding.

“Frank is but dull to-night,” said the colonel. “Is he in love, Maurice?”

“Probably enough,” answered Mac Carthy. “It would be a pity he made a fool of himself—he’s a kind lad.”

"And a brave one," said Hilson. "We should be proud of him, Maurice, for he's a favourable specimen of Ireland—he has a lion's spirit, with a woman's heart."

"A woman's heart! Fish;—a woman has no heart," said the dragoon, scornfully.

"Come, Maurice, leave the sex alone. I mention Kennedy, to prove that a sensitive heart may inhabit the same breast which holds a daring spirit. When we retired from Burgos his was one of the covering regiments, and consequently its losses were severe. A sergeant who was accompanied by his wife with an infant in her arms, was killed early in the retreat, and she soon after died from fatigue. At the close of a hot skirmish Kennedy was retreating, having driven back the French advance, when the body of a young and beautiful female lying on the road-side attracted his attention. He stooped to look at it, and the men recognised the wife of their deceased comrade. A child was folded in the arms of the corpse. Kennedy gazed on the infant—it was alive and sleeping—and his eyes filled as he looked on this singular picture of human destitution—a sleeping infant—a dead mother—and all around bespeaking war, and want, and desolation. 'I could not leave it,' he said; and raising the slumbering child, he folded it carefully in his cloak, while the soldiers turned a few sods with their bayonets, and threw them lightly over the body of the ill-starred mother. With the assistance of his servant he conveyed the poor orphan safely to the lines, and afterwards had it sent to England, and placed in one of our military asylums for soldiers' children.

"I saw Kennedy at the storming of Badajoz; the company lost its captain, and he led it to the assault. I saw him place the first ladder: he mounted it, and it was thrown from the walls by the French. He mounted it again and again; and though bleeding from bayonet thrusts and sword cuts, he made good at last his desperate footing, and followed by his daring comrades, carried in succession the different defences of the castle, and as they drove the French from work to work, above the infernal din of that tremendous night, the roar of cannon and the roll of musketry, the hissing of rockets and the bursting of shells, the wild and terror-striking cheer of the 88th was audible, mingled with their well-known cry of '*Faugh-a-ballagh*.'"

"Frank is a gallant fellow," said the dragoon. "But what a night it is!—how it blows—and lightning too!—it is a regular tempest."

"A tremendous night to be in the Channel. Ha! that squall! it shakes the very table."

"It was such a night last autumn," said Mac Carthy, "when the American vessel went ashore on the northern coast, where I was then

* "*Faugh a ballagh*" is the charging word of the 87th and 88th Irish regiments. Its literal meaning is, "Clear the way." A French officer, speaking of the Peninsular war, says, "that nothing shook the steadiness of the French infantry but the wild cheer of the Irish regiments, as they came up to their bayonet charge."

quartered. We were brought out early next morning by the next magistrate, to preserve from plunder any property which might come ashore. At a short distance from the vessel, which was now lying high and dry upon the sands, I observed something drift in with the tide. Some of the peasantry had watched it, and descending from the cliffs were examining what it was, when I rode off to ascertain if it was anything worth saving. On coming up, the country people left it and retired hastily. It was the body of a man, apparently a foreigner. No clothes except a sailor's trousers were on the corpse; but the shirt appeared too fine to be the property of a common mariner. The peasants who had been before me had plundered the pockets, and no clue remained to assist me in determining who the stranger had been. I was retiring slowly, when at the distance of a few paces, my horse struck with his foot a small tin case which the plunderers had dropped in their hurry. I dismounted, picked it up, and finding that it contained a roll of written paper, brought it with me. The water had not penetrated the case, and the writing remained uninjured."

"What was the manuscript?" inquired Colonel Hilson.

"I have but partially looked over it," replied Mac Carthy. "Are you, Hilson, an adept at deciphering a cramp handwriting? The scroll is in my writing-box."

"Bring it hither, Maurice," said the commander. "A tale, a story, or even a sailor's will, will be some relief from the tedium of a dull night in dreary quarters."

The dragoon produced the case; and on opening it, the papers were found in perfect preservation. Kennedy having returned with the handsome barmaid, on the opening of a fresh bottle, was pronounced by Mac Carthy to have executed his commission successfully; and while the storm roared fearfully without, the bog-deal fire was replenished, and Hilson finding the manuscript sufficiently legible, read the following narrative to his comrades.

SARSFIELD.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanche?
If zealous love should go in quest of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanche?

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is not a sweeter spot on earth than the village of M—. To view it to advantage, go to the little hill which rises near the river; and, seated beneath one of the splendid lime-trees which grow upon the mount, turn your eyes down the valley, and follow the many windings of the gentle stream. The large and venerable park

of the ancient family of De Warre bounds the hamlet with its ivy-clustered walls; and the mansion, unaltered for ages, displays its shafted chimneys through the dark oak wood, which screens it from the village. Farther off, and in fine relief, the church appears; the old tower in lone and isolated majesty rearing its mouldering battlement above the sombre yews, which have been its companions for a century.

The hillock from which this fair scene is best viewed is a favourite haunt of mine. When the summer's day is closing, it is refreshing to visit this quiet spot—following the wooded banks of the sparkling rivulet. And yet this retreat is seldom sought by others: some wild story of a long-forgotten murder is prevalent in the neighbourhood: the peasant returning from his labour hurries hastily on; the milk-maid ceases in her carol; and the schoolboy winds up his fishing-line, and passes quickly down the brook, although a sullen pool eddies around the base of the acclivity here, and offers a likely retreat for the larger fish to rest in.

But *here* I love to wander: here I love to see the evening sun descend behind the distant high grounds; and here my full heart can often find relief, undisturbed by the mockery of human sympathy, and spared from the insulting pity of a heartless world.

O God!—my boys!—and thou, too, my youngest, and my last!

* * * * *

I spent the best portion of my life beneath the glowing skies of India. Ambition taught me to submit to all the inconveniences and dangers of a torrid clime. I grew opulent, and looked impatiently to the hour when my labours should be crowned with success, and I should return to my native land, with wealth not only sufficient for my wants, but for my wishes. That time came, and I returned to England safely. My name was but a lowly one, my family obscure—I would raise it up by a proud alliance; and I succeeded. My ambition was nearly satisfied, for I had children and I had wealth. I was allied to a family old as the Conquest—had become purchaser of their ancient place; and under a well-concerted plea, assumed the proud name and arms of my wife, who was a descendant of the house of De Warre.

My wife died suddenly; and with that event a consequent course of misery opened, which has seldom been surpassed in the detail of private suffering:—mark how quickly my calamities succeeded each other.

I had purchased a West-India property, and it was necessary, absolutely necessary, that a master's eye should be placed over it for a time. I went, and, as a companion, took my eldest boy with me, and my voyage out was prosperous as my earlier career in life. I visited my estates, arranged their economy, and re-embarked for Europe. The wind was fair as I could wish; the sea which divided me from home was cleft rapidly;—distance decreased, and I retired on the tenth evening of my voyage to my cabin, to calculate the day on which I should be again in my native England.

Midnight came: the bell was struck, and the watch changed; the lamp burned dimly, and I listened to the light slumbers of my boy, who was sleeping in a berth beside me. I quietly sank to repose—deep unbroken repose. Suddenly I heard a fearful rushing noise—I was thrown violently from my cot—the lamp fell and was extinguished: all was confused—indefinite—horrible! The water poured down the hatchway—I rushed madly on, and gained the deck; and in another moment the ship settled and sank! a squall had struck her when under a press of sail: she upset instantly; and every soul except myself, went down with her!

* * * * *

Time brought its cure, and I partially succeeded in forgetting my lost child. My second, a girl, grew up with promises of mental endowments, well calculated to encourage brilliant hopes in the ardent breast of a parent. Nor was this precocious talent evanescent: her mind was developed with her years, and nature had formed her in her fairest mould. One circumstance alone alloyed my happiness: there was a delicacy of constitution perceptible from the cradle, which rendered every care requisite; but I hoped the best, and trusted that she would strengthen as she advanced to womanhood.

The unruffled sweetness of her temper, the innocence of her artless disposition, wound round my heart, and I adored—nay, worshipped Emily. Alas! how fugitive were the pleasing hopes I indulged in! Her looks underwent an alarming change, and my suspicions were fearfully awakened. I hurried to London for advice; and the appalling intelligence was conveyed to me that my girl's case was a consumptive one. I took her instantly to Lisbon. I spent three years in torturing suspense; but change of climate was unsuccessful—human aid was inefficient—the decree had gone forth, and at Nice the darling of my soul resigned her gentle spirit, and, calm as a dying infant, breathed her last sigh, invoking a blessing upon her father; and sinking on my agonized bosom, her eye dim in death was turned upon mine, to give me its last lingering look of earthly love.

I brought her corpse to England, and yonder marble in the village church stands over all that remains of the child whom I idolized.

* * * * *

Evening has closed a sultry day. The sun is sinking slowly, and the dew, rising in fleecing wreaths from the meadows beneath, eddies round the mount I stand upon. Was ever scene so quiet and so fair? It would afford a goodly subject of repose to the magic pencil of Lorraine. All is peaceful, heavenly rest. *All*, did I say? O God! not *all*. My breast, my tortured self-accusing breast, forbids me to share that calm which pervades all beside. My boy—my youngest—and my last!

* * * * *

I hear a sound distant and indistinct. The dust rises, where the thick hedges of holly interrupt my view of the road. The tread of horses' feet is audible, and now lances appear, and pennons float gaily on the evening breeze. It is cavalry on their march—how beautiful!

how imposing! The horse-hair dances on their caps—the rays of fading sunshine flash from bit and lance-blade—they issue from the thick-fenced road, and sweep gracefully round the hillock where I stand.

Merciful Heaven! what bitter recollections are mine, when I view the horsemen's foreign air and dark uniform! Edward, my lost one, such were thy companions: thy laugh was once as light as theirs, thy seat was once as firm. They shared thy hours of military idleness, and they rushed with thee to that fatal charge, that last desperate encounter, which closed the day of Leipsic, and dyed its fatal river in the best blood of France's proudest chivalry. They have survived—and where art thou?—lying with the countless thousands who fell there, unnoticed and forgotten!

* * * * *

I am hurrying to the painful period of my history:—would I could for ever erase it from my memory! I was in a moment reft of my eldest son: it was the visitation of Providence, and I submitted. I saw the fairest child which Heaven could gift a father with, fade gradually on my bosom, and hasten to that pure existence which more than human innocence and beauty were best adapted for, and yet I did not sink beneath the blow. But—Edward—bitter recollection!—insane pride and heartless ambition robbed me of thee!

To connect my story, I must return to that time when I came back from Jamaica. While absent, a stranger arrived and settled in the village. He resided in a neat ornamented cottage surrounded by a garden and shrubbery, and separated from the hamlet by a paddock and pleasure-ground. He called himself General Sarsfield; but minute particulars of what were his means or his objects in selecting the village for his residence, had not yet transpired to the most industrious gossips, as the stranger's cold and haughty bearing had hitherto cut short every effort at inquiry. His family comprised an only daughter, and a few male and female domestics.

I visited him. He was training flowers in his garden; a lovely girl of about fourteen years old beside him, and a middle-aged man, his servant, attending him with some necessary implements.

He received me haughtily, but like a gentleman, easy and unembarrassed. He conducted me to his house, and the interior surprised me; the furniture was handsome, the rooms beautifully clean, while the more elegant articles of domestic use, the harp, the piano, and the well-filled bookcase, bespoke the owner as belonging to the higher grade of society.

And yet he and I were never intimate. There was something in the lofty bearing of this singular man which claimed a tacit superiority over me. I felt it was so, and I disliked him. Other circumstances also excited those feelings deeply. He was avowedly an Irishman and a Romanist—I was prejudiced against the one—I was bigoted against the other; and my aversion towards General Sarsfield became uncontrollable and unbounded.

It was possible that time, or a more intimate acquaintance with

his character, might have induced me to alter the feelings which unfavourable first impressions had given birth to; but an incident occurred which fatally confirmed our enmity.

I was proud and tenacious of my manorial rights. A pheasant having wandered from my preserve, was inadvertently shot by the general's favourite servant in his shrubbery. I had the man summoned before the next magistrate. The village attorney, a vindictive troublesome wretch, incited my angry feelings. I pressed the charge on—he was convicted accordingly, and the fine recorded: the general paid the penalty on the spot: we separated, and from that time ceased to visit or to speak.

It was shortly after my quarrel with General Sarsfield that my daughter's indisposition commenced. I left the country immediately, first intrusting the education of my son to the clergyman of the parish, who had lately left a fellowship in Oxford for the living of which I had the presentation. His character and acquirements were such as to relieve me in a great degree from any anxiety in leaving Edward behind; and I could now turn my undivided attention to my declining daughter. The village, and all its lighter concerns were soon forgotten, and I ceased to remember that such a person as General Sarsfield was in existence.

It was evening when I struck off the great London road which passes within two miles of M—. The spring was well advanced, the hedges in full leaf, and the birds singing merrily from the surrounding coppices. I had now entered on my own estate, and a proud feeling rose in my breast, while my eyes wandered widely round, and only rested on what was "mine own." But it was soon checked. I thought on Emily: she had been beside me when I last travelled this road, and the carriage now held but me, its solitary occupant. This chain of bitter thought was interrupted by the postilions coming to a sudden stop. The narrow road was undergoing some repairs, and a pony phaeton was passing the broken way, and obliged me to pull up and wait its egress. I looked at the travellers, and felt my cheek redden. It was my old acquaintance, General Sarsfield. Time had made some changes in his appearance, but one look showed that the proud spirit of the man was unbroken. His figure was still erect and dignified, his eye retained its former fire, and his hair, silvered by age, was turned back and hung down his shoulders in a military cue. A young female of exquisite beauty was beside him;—never had I seen a lovelier creature. He bowed coldly as he drove slowly by, but his daughter saluted me with glowing cheeks and evident emotion.

And did she feel for me? I looked upon my mourning dress and the sable liveries of my servants. My recent loss rushed back upon my memory—I hid my face in my handkerchief, nor removed it until the carriage stopped at the Hall.

I sat alone in the gloomy oak-panelled dining-room. The walls were crowded with heavy ill-designed portraits of the De Warres. The armed knight and stately dame, the crosiered prelate and the

ermined judge were there. What were they to me? I would have given up all the heraldic glories from the Heptarchy for one radiant smile of a daughter like Sarsfield's; and I had such another—*had*—but she was gone. What a strangely constituted mind was mine! That innocent, heavenly girl should have smoothed the asperity of my temper, and softened my animosity to her parent; but the reverse was the consequence. I felt that he possessed a blessing which had been refused to me;—I envied him his treasure, and I hated him anew.

On the morrow, Edward arrived from Oxford with his tutor. He entered my dressing-room, and I held my sole surviving child to my heart. I had left him a boy; but a handsome, well-formed man now called me father. All my pride returned as I gazed on his fine, intelligent countenance, for there the spirit and the beauty of the De Warrens were blended. Sorrow for my former loss abated; my mind was now directed to plans for Edward's aggrandisement; it became a leading principle, and engrossed my thoughts—my dreams; and once more I indulged in my darling vice—boundless, unrestricted ambition.

Not very distant from the Hall was the mansion of the Earl of Eustonby, and his property joined mine. For many years the Earl had held a leading situation in the cabinet; but owing to causes not relevant to this story, he had failed in a diplomatic mission, fallen into disgrace, and been obliged to retire from office. Like myself, he had been the founder of his own fortunes, and raised himself, by political intrigue, to the peerage. He had an only daughter, and it mutually occurred to us that we might ally our children and unite the properties.

The lawyer whom I cursorily mentioned before was employed, and in a few weeks we had arranged preliminaries, and laid the foundation of a towering superstructure. With my wealth, and his peculiar talent for aggrandisement, what was it not possible to effect? The union of our estates would leave my son the wealthiest individual in the county, and Lord Eustonby had been too long conversant with state intrigue to feel any difficulty in attaining the primary object of my ambition—the earldom in remainder to Edward and his heirs.

Our negotiation was so privately carried on that we had completed the arrangements without a suspicion being entertained of our designs. All was in train. I advanced £50,000 to Lord Eustonby to pay off the last instalment of the purchase-money of his acquired property, and he had taken preliminary steps in the important design of securing to my son the reversion of the title of Eustonby.

The material points of this important affair being now, as his lordship and I supposed, finally arranged, all that remained to be done was to introduce the parties to each other, and permit them to go through the ceremonial of a formal courtship. Edward, who had been graduating at Oxford, was accordingly sent for, and I carried him with me on a visit to Eustonby Castle.

The Earl's daughter was young, tolerably well-looking, showily

accomplished, and fashionably brought up. She assented to her father's project when it was mentioned, as a matter-of-course transaction of life, and seemed agreeably disappointed when, as her intended husband, a handsome, noble-looking youth was presented. The day passed heavily over—the dinner was grand, tedious, and dull—wines and plate and servants were all arranged to produce effect. I watched Edward narrowly, to see how his mind was affected by this pomp; but his demeanour did not by any means satisfy me. Throughout the evening he was abstracted and reserved, and when the hour for retiring came, I beckoned him to follow me to my chamber.

I closed the door, and drew my chair near his. I commenced with due deliberation an *exposé* of my plans, while I generally recommended an early marriage, as likely to conduce to his happiness, and as being accordant to my own wishes. He heard me calmly and without interruption; but when I wound up my speech by acquainting him that his future wife was already selected, and all matters arranged for his being speedily united to Lady Caroline Singleton, he started as if from a reverie, and declared that such an event was utterly impossible! In vain I pressed him to state any reasonable objection; in vain I pointed out the proud prospects that this alliance would open up. I used every argument; I resorted to every artifice; I tried to play upon his filial affection; I attempted to strike the chord of his ambition. Peerage, and wealth, and power were placed before him. He was immoveable, and my temper gradually gave way. I, who had never experienced aught from a child but implicit obedience, became passionate—violent—delirious—ordered him from my presence, giving him one night's time for reflection, with the alternative of obedience to my wishes, or ceasing to consider me a parent.

I passed a sleepless night. A few hours ago I imagined my wishes on the point of being realized; but suddenly a gigantic obstacle had arisen, and my darling scheme was threatened with total shipwreck ere it was well launched. Early next morning I sent to my son's chamber: it was unoccupied, and the servant presented me with a letter which had been just brought by a peasant.

The letter was from Edward: it simply stated that "any further discussion on the subject of our recent conversation would be at once unpleasant and unnecessary; and therefore he had gone to the Hall, there to abide my determination."

I found too late that I had committed a great error in calculating on passive obedience from Edward. The tone of his letter was firm, respectful, and decisive. I had a bold and resolute spirit to subdue, or my ambition-built edifice would crumble to the earth.

I sent for Lord Eustonby. He was surprised—thunderstruck; but his habitual self-possession soon returned. "We must," he said, "be prudent and politic. Had he formed any attachment?" I could not tell; I never dreamed of such a thing occurring. Our consultation ended by my starting for the Hall accompanied by the Earl.

But where was Edward? He had retired to his room half distracted; for that interview with me had destroyed the love-dream on which for months he had existed. Yes, he loved passionately—devotedly. He met General Sarsfield by accident; they became acquainted, and Edward visited at the Cottage; and what young heart could be near Blanche Sarsfield and unmoved? Nor was his love unblessed; she returned it faithfully.

They loved imprudently, for they loved in secret; but my return was anxiously expected, and when the poignancy of my domestic affliction should be abated, Edward would ask me to sanction his addresses, and demand Blanche from her father. But this sudden blow! how could he break it to her—her, whose high honour had recoiled from listening to his vows, unhallowed by a father's approbation? how would that proud one feel, when told that he was already affianced to another, and if she dared to follow him to the altar, a parent's curse would mingle with the nuptial benison? He left the fatal house which threatened ruin to his peace, and before a domestic was awake had concealed himself in the general's shrubbery.

Nor was young Blanche a late sleeper that morning: she knew her lover had returned, and that he would not be dilatory in seeking her. Her heart beat, her cheek flushed, as she crossed the garden:—pride would have restrained her; but would she give pain to one so devoted to her as she believed Edward was, and when the time had almost come when concealment would be at an end?

Who could blame her? she was scarce seventeen. And, oh! at that age, did ever pride contend with passion, that the latter gained not the mastery? She came: Edward was standing in the well-known arbour; his head rested on his hand as if lost in bitter thought; and leaned against the broad beech which sheltered him: the light step had not been heard, when Blanche—his own loved Blanche—was beside him. A cry of delight burst from him, as he caught her in his arms—pressed her to his heart—called her by every endearing name, and covered her cheek and neck with kisses. Blanche started back, and gently withdrew from his embrace. He was much agitated: they had been separated, and probably his feelings overpowered him. She gazed on his face: there was wildness in his look—unwonted and excited ardour in his manner. He took her hand in his—the touch was hot and tremulous.

"Edward, you are disturbed—unhappy." He smiled sadly.

"I am agitated, dearest Blanche: you came unexpectedly, and your appearance hurried me for a moment."

"Yes, dear Edward, such must be the consequence of acting as you and I have done: we have suffered ourselves, by degrees, to be surprised into a forgetfulness of our duty; but, thank God, the hour is come, and I shall no longer reproach myself with duplicity. Nay, Edward, your cheek colours! think not I meant to pain you; think not, because I prize your honour and my own above any other feeling, that my affection for you is or can be abated. No: con-

science has reproached me with want of candour to one who has so entirely confided in me; and I rejoice that I can now throw myself upon a father's bosom, confess my error, and hear him say that he forgives me."

There was a momentary silence. "Blanche, a few hours have made me the most miserable wretch existing; and it rests with you, whether life shall be endurable much longer."

The blood deserted her pale cheek; her eye was fixed upon his speaking countenance. He continued in faltering accents, "You have told me I was dear to you. Wilt thou, Blanche, be mine,—*mine only*, and for ever?"

"Edward, why doubt me? I have confessed more than maiden ought. I have owned for you a woman's love—do you want proof?"

"Yes."

"Be it so—come with me to my father; I will kneel at his feet, and ask him, for *my* sake, to forget unkindness to your parent, and—"

"Stop, stop, Blanche;—poor girl! little dost thou imagine what misery a few hours have wrought." She trembled violently. "I cannot proceed:—hast thou courage, my loved one?" A struggle was visible in her face; but it was momentary: she was a woman, but a proud one; her eyes were elevated, her lips compressed, and she paused to collect her resolution.

"Courage!" she said,—"yes; go on: I am the daughter of Sarsfield—prove me."

"Blanche, I am wretched!—miserable beyond idea! I have heard the ruin of my hopes from him, on whose breath my happiness depended. I am debarred from wedding *thee*—and I am destined for *another*!"

A shriek burst from her lips: and the next moment she was insensible in his arms. He placed her on the rustic bench—called her by every dear name:—he prayed—he raved—he cried aloud for help:—some one approached rapidly, and General Sarsfield stood before him.

* * * * *

Lord Eustonby and I were seated in deep consultation in the library. Simmonds, the village lawyer, had been with us—he had discovered the secret of my son's attachment; and the mystery of his aversion to our arrangements was now cleared up. I felt enraged and mortified—my plans interrupted—probably overturned; and I owed my defeat to my ancient enemy. Edward was not to be found; and we despatched Simmonds to place spies upon his movements, and ascertain whether he had visited the Cottage since his return. My mind was a perfect chaos, and Lord Eustonby appeared unhappy and chagrined. Suddenly, we heard a noise: steps paced the corridor hastily; the folding doors flew open; and Edward, in great disorder, entered.

A stranger was with him—he advanced deliberately to the centre of the apartment—and one glance at his commanding figure assured me it was General Sarsfield.

For a considerable time we looked on this unexpected visitor in breathless astonishment. Sarsfield alone was cool and collected, and the first to break this ominous silence. "I come here, Mr. De Warre," he said, in a deep, solemn voice, "to discharge a double duty. I owe it to you, sir, as a gentleman; and it is due to me as a father. I have a daughter; and circumstances which have occurred within this hour make this interview unavoidable. Your son, sir, has professed an attachment for my child; and his declaration has been, I fear, too favourably received for the happiness of either."

I had gradually recovered my composure, and felt piqued at the cold manner in which the General alluded to the event which had marred my projects.

"I thank you," said I proudly; "but for this unwelcome news I am already debtor to another."

Sarsfield coloured at my observation; but proceeded with wonderful composure—"Your remarks, sir, are neither flattering nor gentlemanly; but let them pass. I have promised one who is very dear to me, to learn your sentiments from your own lips. I beg to ask distinctly, have you, sir, been aware, which I was not, of the existence of the attachment I have hinted at; and whether your son would have your full approbation for prosecuting further his addresses to Miss Sarsfield?"

I was burning with rage;—Lord Eustonby seemed lost in amazement, and Edward hung upon my words as if his life was included in my reply. "General Sarsfield, if such title in reality be yours, allow me to answer you briefly and definitively. Till this morning I scarcely recollected that such a person as Miss Sarsfield existed; and the boundless disparity in rank and fortune between the parties precluded all thought of my son's wise intention of marrying the daughter of a papist, and, for aught I know to the reverse, an Irish refugee and adventurer. I have but to add, for your and for his information, that the moment he unites himself to her I cast him from me for ever, and my curse—a father's deep desperate curse, shall attend him to his dying hour."

With ominous calmness Sarsfield listened until my malediction was pronounced. "You have answered me," he said, "in full. You have done more; you have wantonly insulted me, my religion, and my country. For myself, I fling your false and slanderous insinuations back, with the contempt that the offspring of Sarsfield and the descendant of a line of princes bestows upon a peasant-born wretch, who strives to veil his lowly origin under a borrowed name. Your insult to my faith, I leave you to settle with your God—but for my country, you have my mortal defiance." So saying, he pulled his glove from his hand and hurled it in my face. "And if craven and coward are not the inheritance of your menial cradle, I shall expect you an hour hence at the three large elm trees, a mile east of the village."

With the utmost dignity he strode from the room—I attempted to follow, but Edward fell in a fit upon the carpet. We carried him to

his room—while Lord Eustonby endeavoured to calm my passion, and persuaded me to abandon every intention I might have of meeting Sarsfield. Soon afterwards he left me, with an assurance that he would return on the morrow.

The day dragged heavily on. My dinner was removed untasted. I sat, in melancholy solitude, brooding over the failure of my schemes, when Simmonds was introduced. His spies had been on the alert, and brought him intelligence that there was unusual bustle among the inmates of the cottage. Trunks were packing, and preparations making for an instant journey; and it was the attorney's opinion that an elopement would take place that night, and that Edward's movements should be closely watched. The information brought by Simmonds was further confirmed, by finding that my son's chamber was deserted, and neither he nor his servant could be found.

I determined to counteract their plans. I ordered horses to be saddled, and despatched messengers to watch the northern road, which I deemed the route most likely to be taken by the fugitives; and, muffling myself in a cloak, I set out with Simmonds to observe the movements of my enemy.

It was now quite dark, and by a private door in the park wall we came out close to Sarsfield's cottage. Leaving the attorney to watch the road, I crossed into the shrubbery which surrounded the General's house, and, favoured by the darkness, stationed myself before a lower window. Within, much confusion was apparent; the furniture was disordered, and, the floor covered with trunks and boxes. I was anxiously waiting for the demonstration of what was going forward in the cottage, when suddenly a powerful hand was laid upon my collar, and a pistol presented to my head. I turned round alarmed, and found myself in the grasp of my enemy.

"So!" he said, as the cloak fell, "is Mr. De Warre, as he chooses to call himself, come to visit General Sarsfield, not as a manly foe, with his weapon in his hand, and the blessed light of day to witness the result, but in the dark, as best becomes an eave's-dropper and a coward?"

I was unable to articulate a word—I felt abased, degraded. Contempt, ineffable contempt, was on the General's lip as he addressed me in bitter scorn. I at last found words to mention the object which had brought me within his premises. "And you feared that the heir of—I really forget your proper appellation—would be trepanned into matrimony with the daughter of the Irish adventurer? Come in, I will relieve your doubts. Nay, fear nothing. I will not harm thee, man; for, God's sooth! thou art utterly beneath my vengeance."

I felt, as it were, paralysed in his presence, and mechanically followed him. He took a lamp from the hall-table, and ushered me into a back apartment in which I had never been before.

The room was evidently intended for study or private devotion. The shelves were filled with books—the table strewn with papers. Beneath a fine oil painting of the Virgin there was a small altar and crucifix. On the former an illuminated missal was lying open, and a

small casket beside it. Sarsfield reverently approached, and crossing himself, took up the casket, and returned to where I was standing lost in astonishment. "I visited you this morning, sir. I put a simple question to you, and you answered it with mockery and insult. I am known as General Sarsfield, and you as Mr. De Warre; and now let us see which has the better claim to the title he has assumed."

He paused, and unclosed the casket; it appeared filled with jewels and other articles of value. He pointed with his finger to a cross of the order of Maria Theresa, and continued—"That was on my breast when, on the morning of the 14th of June, I carried by assault the village of Marengo; and, but for the unexpected arrival of Dessaix, might have changed that proud day for France into one of mourning and defeat. That medal I wore at Hohenlinden; and this at Bardinetto." He took out a small miniature, richly set with diamonds—"There is a memorial of my youth; it is the likeness of a lovely woman, and a queen. She came to a stranger's court—and she was coldly, cruelly welcomed. She was neglected, despised, and slandered. I was but a nameless hussar, but accident made me her champion. I fought Count N——, her deadliest enemy—her implacable and unwearyed persecutor. He fell beneath my sword; and that ill-used lady bestowed this portrait on me, and continued my friend, and patroness until her death. These," and he uncovered his scarred bosom—"these are memorials of Rivoli and Bassano; and those sabre-cuts"—he turned back his long grey tresses—"I received in the passage of the Mincio; and now, sir, are *these* the tokens of imposture?"

I was silent, and he continued—"You called me traitor, too; and now to the proof." He raised the lamp, and turned its light upon two pictures—"These were my sons—my only sons. That was the elder." I looked, as he pointed to a portrait of a young man in a naval uniform. "He commanded an English frigate, and was conveying troop-ships. Two French vessels of superior force chased him; and one choice was left him—to lose the convoy or himself. He chose the latter, dared the unequal conflict, and never was England's flag more desperately defended. His masts went over the side, but the thunder of his cannon was unabated. His assailants boarded him together: he drove them back with slaughter. They told him his ship was sinking: he collected the remnant of his men, 'feeble and few, but fearless still,' sprang upon the Frenchman's deck, *and died there*, while his shattered frigate went down with the English colours flying to the last, for no enemy's hand had touched them!

"And this," continued he, after a pause, "is the likeness of my other boy. He would be a soldier, and, like his brother's, his career was but a short one. He died at Ciudad Rodrigo. His foot was on the breach, his sword was in his hand—he fell—his last breath was a cheer—his last word was—'Forward!' They are gone. I gave them to my country—they sealed their loyalty with their lives. Were *these* the gifts of a *traitor*?"

"And now, sir, return to your home. You have wrought me much mischief and misery. Before to-morrow's sun sets I shall be far from

this spot; and to avoid you and yours, I leave what was to me a quiet and a happy resting place. Let not your son presume to follow me: if he does, his blood be on his head. Tell him he knows not the daughter of Sarsfield. Though his portion was a kingdom, Blanche would not wed him, if that union was unhallowed by her parent's blessing. One word, and we part. I recommend you *clarity*; and when you next speak of my poor insulted country, remember she has lavishly given England her treasure and her blood; and if you cannot be generous—be just!”

He pointed to the door, led the way with haughty courtesy, and left me at his gate.

Two days elapsed. Sarsfield, faithful to his word, had removed with all his family, leaving a servant in charge of the cottage, with directions to forward his baggage to a distant seaport, where he should receive further orders. I was in dreadful alarm for my son: we had heard no tidings of him since he left the Hall, when late in the evening an express arrived from his servant, to say that his master was dangerously ill in a neighbouring town. I instantly set off, and found him in a brain fever. He raved incessantly of his “lost Blanche;” and my name and Sarsfield’s were often mentioned in his delirium. I learned from his servant that he had followed and attempted to interrupt General Sarsfield’s journey; but the attempt failed. A distressing interview between him and his mistress had taken place, and they parted in a state bordering on distraction.

Edward recovered slowly—youth prevailed—his strength returned, but his spirits had totally forsaken him. I thought society would dispel his melancholy, and invited Lord Eustonby and a numerous party to the Hall.

On the day when my guests were expected, my son, at a late hour, had not appeared. I felt alarmed, and went in person to ascertain the cause. He was gone; the chamber was deserted, and the bed had not been occupied the preceding night. A note addressed to me was left upon the table; with trembling anxiety I broke the seal;—it informed me that “he had left the kingdom.” Every thing about the Hall recalled unhappy recollections; he revolted at the idea of meeting Lord Eustonby, as he attached much of the misery he suffered to him—assured me that all inquiry after him would be fruitless, for he had changed his name, and adopted other measures to prevent discovery.

And so the result proved; every exertion to gain any information of himself, or Mervyn, the servant who accompanied him, was abortive.

A year—a miserable year passed, and still no tidings of my absent boy. Europe was convulsed and in arms; the disastrous campaign in Russia robbed France of half her glory, and Napoleon was hurled from his throne. There was joy and exultation throughout Britain. But what were victories and events to one so bereaved as I? Could I have found Edward, I would have gone with him, and humbled myself at the feet of that proud man whom I had once scorned and insulted. I would have sacrificed ambition, and power, and fortune, could they have restored to me a son, a happy son, as mine once was, and would

have been but for my false notions of aggrandisement. I determined to use fresh exertions to learn his fate, and prepared to set out for Ireland, where I imagined he might have gone, under the supposition that SARSFIELD would naturally settle in his native country.

Full of this idea, I issued orders to prepare for my departure, when a person from the village inn arrived to tell me that a dying man was there, and anxious to speak to me without a moment's delay; but he had declined to tell the messenger either his name or business. I obeyed the summons, and was conducted to the sick man's chamber. In a feeble voice he requested the others to withdraw, and beckoned me to approach the bed. I came forward and looked at him: he was a young soldier, dressed in the uniform of a Saxon lancer, and apparently in the last stage of life. He asked me if I remembered him. I viewed him more attentively: the face was pale and much disfigured by a sword-cut: slowly memory returned—it was Edward's servant.

With evident exertion he succeeded in telling me his disastrous tale. My son assumed another name, and repairing to the theatre of war, entered the Austrian service. Mervyn loved him too well to separate from him, and he enrolled himself in the same corps. They served that sanguinary campaign together, and Edward perished in the streets of Leipsic, in the last furious charge which decided that fearful day. Mervyn lay beside him badly wounded, and received from his dying master a small packet, which with his last breath he entreated him to convey to me. The attached servant faithfully obeyed the wishes of my boy, and used the feeble remnant of departing life to reach the village. Slowly, and with painful exertions, Mervyn communicated his fatal message. The people of the inn, surprised at the silence of the apartment, at last ventured to enter it. They found me stretched across the bed insensible, and Mervyn a corpse beside me!

* * * * *

Months rolled on unmarked and unregarded. The world was a blank to me—I retired from it, and refused any intercourse with mankind. Since the day I heard of Edward's death I never left the Hall but in the gloom of evening, to wander in some secluded part of the domain, and commune with my own sad thoughts in secret. One evening I ventured earlier than usual on my melancholy walk. I was passing an opening in the thick plantations, where a turn of the high road was for a moment visible. I threw a glance suspiciously forward, to satisfy myself that nothing human would disturb my solitude. I became rooted to the spot;—a funeral was passing. There were tall white plumes waving above the hearse, and one dark carriage, carefully closed up, followed it. I felt a creeping at my heart as I looked at that lone funeral, and hastened home to brood in silence over my own destitution.

Night came; the library was wrapped in deepest gloom, where, by the sickly light of an untrimmed lamp, I was sitting in melancholy abstraction. I heard the door open, and supposed it to be one of the domestics coming to perform some necessary duty with their accustomed silence. I felt my shoulder gently touched. I raised my

eyes; a tall figure in deep mourning stood beside me. Merciful Heaven! it was Sarsfield—but, oh! how altered!—the ruin only of my once haughty enemy was now before me; the cheek was sunken and colourless as a marble statue; the fire of that once proud eye was totally extinguished; the silver hair fell in neglected ringlets down his shoulders—the step was humble as a penitent's—the figure bent and emaciated. And was this broken-hearted old man he who had ridden through the red fields of Hohenlinden and Rivoli and Marengo? God! what is man—his pride—his pomp—his glory!

There was a long and harrowing silence: the deep tones of the mourner at last broke it. "De Warre," he said, "I am childless! the last of that proud name I gloried in now stands before you. My last child to-night is laid in the village cemetery." I was utterly overwhelmed. I sank upon my knees—I implored him to have mercy—to have pity, and to pardon me. I sobbed convulsively—"I too am childless!"

"Yes, De Warre, we have been both to blame; your false ambition and my erring pride wrought ruin to those we loved best. I am here to obey the last wishes of a departed angel—to interchange forgiveness with the father of him she died for."

"And did she hear of Edward's death?"

"She did: *her heart broke*; and she never smiled again. At her own request I brought her remains here; for *here* the first tale of mutual love was told. De Warre, I come to say farewell!"

I gasped—"Oh! stay—stay here—live here—die here—and let us wear out our miserable existence together!"

"No, De Warre; we never meet again in this world; may we meet in another and a better one! My last earthly tie is snapped, and my few remaining days are dedicated to heaven. De Warre, farewell—for ever! accept this pledge of my forgiveness"—stooping, he laid his trembling lips on my cheek—"God comfort you—and *me*!"

He then gathered his mourning cloak around him, and with noiseless steps glided through the gloom of the chamber. I remained in speechless agony. Next moment I heard the wheels of his carriage—and never saw him more!

* * * * *

The bells were tolling a death-peal from the old tower of the village church; the pulpit was covered with black cloth, and over the pew of the De Warres there hung an escutcheon, charged with their numerous and ancient bearings. The last of that name was gone:—he died childless, and there was no heir to inherit his extensive possessions.

A funeral entered the churchyard-gate: there was but *one* mourner, and a few of the villagers had followed it from curiosity. The stranger's face was buried in his sable cloak, while the corpse was committed to the earth; but the customary service for the dead was omitted. The last turf was placed on the grave, as the gates of the domain of the De Warres were flung open, and a long train of mourners and attendants issued forth.

The sable stranger raised his head quickly, and inquired, "whose

was that funeral procession?" They told him. "Then is my message useless," he muttered;—"there was but little time between them. Mother of mercy, pardon them their sins!"

He hurried from the spot, and mounted a horse which was in waiting. Rapidly, however, as he rode off, there were some in the crowd who recognised the man:—he was the follower and foster-brother of General Sarsfield.

The Colonel ceased reading just as his servant entered to say there had been some mistake about the apartments; for, on investigation, there appeared to have been no accommodation reserved for the soldiers but a portion of a wretched sort of barrack-room, in which one of the beds was already tenanted by a sick traveller. Mine host was instantly summoned; and when the worthy man, with considerable danger, had clambered up the steep stairs to the presence, it was discovered that he could not render any assistance in removing the difficulty, having just attained that respectable state of drunkenness, when the power of articulation ceases. In vain Hilson remonstrated, and Kennedy stormed. Beds, excepting cribs in the sick man's chamber, were not to be procured; and no alternative was left but sleeping on the floor, or sitting up quietly till morning.

The latter proposition was made by Captain Mac Carthy, who appeared to bear his disappointment with laudable equanimity. The regiments were to move by the first light next morning; and as the night was now far advanced, the party resolved to pass away, as they best could, the few hours that remained.

"Frank," said the dragoon, "finish that bottle—order supper—it will kill time; and as we have a leisure hour, and are a little melancholy after that sombre story, probably you will favour us with your history, which no doubt will be sufficiently farcical to make us forget that deep tragedy we have listened to, of love and Heaven knows what."

"Farcical. God help thee, Mac! The wisest can hardly escape the urchin archer, and how should Frank Kennedy? Ah! Maurice, I too have been a butt for Cupid's arrows."

"*You!*" exclaimed the dragoon, with a loud laugh. "*You!*—Oh! for your tenderest adventure—and compared with it, 'Billy Taylor' would be German sentiment."

"Stop, Maurice," said the commander; "let us hear and judge. Come, Frank, that gloomy tale has dispirited us, and yours must divert our melancholy."

"Divert melancholy!—why mine is a most calamitous narrative; but, if you please, such as it is you shall have it;" and filling his glass, which example his friend Mac Carthy faithfully followed, the captain of grenadiers commenced his story.

FRANK KENNEDY.

Sure now this is much better than being in love! ha! ha! ha! There's some spirit in this! What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises?—all that's of no consequence, you know. Perhaps they may be ill-natured enough to hint that the gentleman grew tired of the lady, and forsook her; but don't let that fret you!—*The Rivals*.

My father left the carabineers some years before the Irish rebellion of ninety-eight. Like greater warriors, the crop of laurels he collected in that celebrated corps was but a short one. It is true he had seen service: his sword, like Butler's knight's of "passing worth," had been unsheathed in executing "warrants and exigents;" and more than once he had stormed a private distillery, under the leading of a desperate gauger.

He was, however, a stout, slashing-looking fellow, and found favour in my mother's sight. She had reached the wrong side of thirty; consequently she made but a short resistance, and bestowed her hand and fortune on the bold dragoon. My mother was an heiress; but the estate of Killnacoppal owed "a trifle of money:" now *a trifle* in Connaught is sometimes a sweeping sum; and you cannot safely calculate on rents in Connemara being paid exactly to the day.

I never exhibited precocity of intellect; but before I was sixteen I discovered that our establishment occasionally suffered from a scarcity of specie. At these times my father was sure to be afflicted with cold or rheumatism, and never left the house; and, I suppose for fear of disturbing him, the hall-door was but seldom opened, and then only to a particular friend; while an ill-favoured tradesman or suspicious-looking stranger received their commands in the briefest manner from an upper window.

What was to be done with me had cruelly puzzled both my parents; and whether I should ornament the church, or benefit the revenue, was for a long time under consideration. The law, however, held out more promising prospects than either; and it was decided that I should be bound to an attorney.

Duncan Davidson, of Dorset Street, Dublin, was married to my father's sister. He was of Scotch descent, and like that "thinking people" from whom he sprung, he held "a hard grip of the main chance." Duncan was wealthy and childless, and if he could be induced to bring me up at his feet, God knows what might be the consequence. My father accordingly made the application, and the gracious Duncan consented to receive me for a time *on trial*.

What a bustle there was in Killnacoppal when my uncle's letter arrived! Due preparations were made for my departure; and as the term of my absence was computed at seven years, I had to take a formal and affectionate leave of my relatives to the fifteenth degree

of consanguinity. My aunt Macan, whose cat's leg I had unfortunately dislocated, and who had not spoken to me since Candlemas, was induced to relent on the occasion, and favoured me with her blessing and a one-pound note, although she had often declared she never could banish the idea from her mind, but that I should travel at the public expense, if my career were not finished in a more summary manner.

I arrived safely in Dublin—and awful were my feelings when first ushered into the presence of my uncle Duncan. He was a short fat man, in a brown coat and flax-coloured scratch-wig, perched upon a high office stool. Considering his dimensions, I used to marvel much how he managed to get there. Holding out his forefinger, which I dutifully grasped, he told me to be steady and attentive, and that my aunt would be happy to see me up stairs. On leaving the room, I heard him softly remark to the head clerk, that he did not much like my appearance, for that I had “a wild eye in my head.”

I was duly put to the desk, and the course of trial was not flattering to me, or satisfactory to my intended master. It was allowed on all hands that my writing was abominable; and my spelling, being untrammelled by rules, was found in many material points to differ from modern orthographers. Nor was I more successful in comparing deeds—my desk and stool were unluckily placed beside a window which looked into a narrow court, and a straw-bonnet-maker occupied the opposite apartment. She was pretty, and I was naturally polite—and who, with a rosy cheek before him, would waste a look upon a tawny skin of parchment? I mentally consigned the deed to the devil, and let the copy loose upon the world “with all its imperfections on its head.”

The first trial was nearly conclusive—for never before had such a lame and lamentable document issued from the office of the punctilious Duncan. I had there omitted setting forth “one hundred dove-cots,” and, for aught I know, left out “one hundred castles,” to keep them company. My uncle almost dropped from his perch at the discovery; and Counsellor Roundabout was heard to remark that a man's life was not safe in the hands of such a delinquent. I was on the point of getting my *congé*, and free permission to return to the place from whence I came; but my aunt—good easy woman—interfered, and Duncan consented to give me a farther trial, and employ me to transport his bag to the courts and his briefs to the lawyer.

Any drudgery for me but the desk. With suitable instructions the bag was confided to me, and for three days it came back safely. On the fourth evening I was returning; the bag was unusually full, and so had been my uncle's admonitions for its security. I had got half-way down Capel Street, when whom should I see on the other side of the way but Slasher Mac Tigue? The Slasher was five akin to my mother, and allowed to be the greatest buck at the last fair of Ballinasloe—and would he acknowledge me, loaded as I was like a Jew clothesman? What was to be done? I slipped the accursed bag to a ragged boy—promised him some halfpence for his trouble—

prudently assured him that his cargo was invaluable—told him to wait for me at the corner, and next moment was across the street, with a fast hold of the Slasher's right hand.

The Slasher—peace to his ashes! for he was shot *stone-dead* in the Phoenix Park—we never well understood the quarrel in Connemara, and it was said there that the poor man himself was not thoroughly informed on the subject—appeared determined to support his justly-acquired reputation at the late fair of Ballinasloe. Not an eye in Capel Street but was turned on him as he swaggered past. His jockey boots—I must begin below—were in the newest style; the top sprang from the ankle-bone, and was met midleg by short tights of tea-coloured leather; three smoothing-iron seals, and a chain that would manacle a deserter, dangled from the fob; his vest was of amber kerseymere, gracefully sprinkled with stars and shamrocks; his coat sky-blue, with basket buttons, relieved judiciously with a purple neckcloth, and doe-skin gloves; while a conical hat with a leaf full seven inches broad topped all. A feeble imitation of the latter article may still be seen by the curious, in a hatter's window, No. 71, in the Strand, with a label affixed thereto denominating it "*Neck or Nothing*."

Lord, how proud I felt when the Slasher tucked me under his arm! We had already taken two turns—the admiration of a crowded thoroughfare, when I looked round for my bag-holder; but he was not visible. I left my kinsman hastily, ran up and down the street, looked round the corners, peered into all the public-houses; but neither bag nor boy was there. I recollected my uncle's name and address were written on it, and the urchin might have mistaken his instructions and carried the bag home. Off I ran, tumbled an apple basket in Bolton Street, and, spite of threats and curses, held on my desperate course, until I found myself, breathless, in my uncle's presence.

He sternly reproached me for being dilatory. "What had detained me? Here had been Counsellor Leatherhead's servant waiting this half-hour for his papers;—bring in the bag. I gaped at him, and stuttered that I supposed it had been already here; but it would certainly arrive shortly. Question and answer followed rapidly, and the fatal truth came out—*the bag was lost!*—for the cad, advertised of the value of his charge, had retreated the moment I turned my back; and although, on investigation, he must have felt much disappointed at the result of his industry; yet, to do him justice, he lost no time in transferring the papers to the tobaccoist and pocketing the produce of the same.

For some moments Duncan's rage prevented him from speaking. At last he found utterance:—"Heaven and earth!" he exclaimed; "was there ever such a villain? He was ruined:—all the Kilgobbin title-deeds—Lady Splashboard's draft of separation—papers of satisfaction for sixteen mortgages of Sir Phelim O'Boyl!—What was to be done?" I muttered that I supposed I should be obliged to give Sir Phelim satisfaction myself. "Oh! curse your satisfaction," said

my uncle; "these are your Connaught notions, you desperate do-no-good. What an infernal business to let any one from that barbarous country into my house! Never had but two clients in my life on the other side of the Shannon. I divorced a wife for one; and he died insolvent the very day the decree was pronounced, and costs and money advanced went along with him to the devil. The other quarrelled with me for not taking a bad bill for my demand, and giving a large balance over my claim, in ready cash. I threatened law, and he threatened flagellation. I took courage and sent down a writ; and the sheriff returned a *non est inventus*, although he was hunting with him for a fortnight. I ran him to execution, and got *nulla bona* on my return. As a last resource, I sent a man specially from Dublin: they tossed him in a blanket, and forced him to eat *the original*; and he came back, half dead, with a civil intimation that if I ever crossed the bridge of Athlone, the defendant would drive as many slugs through my body as there were hoops on a wine-pipe!"

I could not help smiling at the simile: the client was a wag; for my uncle in his personal proportions bore a striking resemblance to a quarter-cask.

"But, run every soul of you," he continued, "and try to get some clue by which we may trace the papers." Away clerk and apprentice started; but their researches were unsuccessful; many a delicate cut of cheese was already encased in my Lady Splashboard's separation bill; and the Kilgobbin title-deeds had issued in subdivisions from the snuff-shop, and were making a rapid circle of the metropolis.

My aunt's influence was not sufficient to obtain my pardon, and mollify the attorney; and I was despatched, per mail, to that *refugium peccatorum*, as Duncan styled Connemara.

The gentle auditor may anticipate that on my return no fatted calf was killed; nor was there "joy in Aztlan," as the poet-laureate has it. I re-entered Killnacoppal without beat of drum—and indeed my demeanour on this occasion was so modest, that I had been in undisturbed possession of the front attic for two whole days, before my worthy parents were advertised that I had retired from the study of the law, with no future intention to "stick to the wool-sack."

To communicate the abrupt termination of my forensic pursuits to my aunt Macan, was an affair of nice and delicate management. When acquainted with the unhappy incident which had drawn down the wrath of my uncle Duncan, she particularly inquired "if there had been any money in the lost bag," and requested to see the last "Hue and Cry."

God knows whether I should have been enabled to weather the gale of family displeasure, as my aunt had again resumed the mantle of prophecy, when, luckily for me, the representation of the county of Galway became vacant by the sudden decease of Sir Barnabas Bodkin; the honest gentleman being smothered in a hackney-coach returning *comfortable* from a corporation dinner at Morrison's.

On this distressing event being known, Mr. Denis Darcey, of Carriga-howley castle, declared himself. He was strongly supported by

Mr. Richard Martin, the other member; and his address, from the pen of the latter gentleman, was circulated without delay. In it he set forth his family and pretensions: pledged himself to support Catholic emancipation and the repeal of still fines;—humanely recommended his opponent to provide himself with a coffin previous to the opening of the poll;—professed strong attachment to the House of Brunswick, and the church by law established; and promised to use his utmost exertions to purify the penal code, by making accidents in duelling amount to justifiable homicide; and abduction of heiresses and dogs, felony without benefit of clergy.

A person of Denis Darcey's constitutional principles was a man after my father's own heart: the Killnacoppal interest was accordingly given him, and I was despatched at the head of sixscore freeholders, "good men and true," untrammelled with tight shoes or tender consciences, to give our "most sweet voices" in the ancient town of Galway.

But I was not intrusted with this important command without receiving full instructions for my conduct on the occasion. My father, no doubt, would have led the Killnacoppal legion to the hustings in person, had it not happened that the sheriff was on the other side; and therefore his public appearance within the bailiwick of that redoubted personage would have been a dangerous experiment. "Frank," said my father, "don't overdo the thing: poll your men *twice*! and more cannot be expected; but mind the *outwork*, for it's there the *timints* will shine."

I obeyed him to the letter; and, without personal vanity, I ascribe the happy return of my esteemed friend Denis Darcey to the unwearied exertions of the freeholders of Killnacoppal. What between pelting the military, smashing the booths, and scattering the tallies, we managed to keep up such eternal confusion, that our adversaries could hardly bring forward a man. If dispersed by a charge of cavalry here, we were rallied in a few minutes in the next street, cracking heads and crashing windows: if routed by the Riot Act and a row of bayonets, before the sheriff was well round the corner we had a house pulled down to the tune of "Hurrah for Killnacoppal!" At last, all human means being found unavailable by our opponents to bring in a freeholder, the booths were closed, and Mr. Denis Darcey declared duly elected.

After such feats, how could it be wondered at that I was

"courted and caressed,
High placed in halls a welcome guest;"

seated within seven of the chairman at the election dinner, drank wine with the new member, toasted by the old one, I mean Dick Martin—and embraced by Blakes, Browns, and Bodkins in endless variety? Nor did the reward of "high desert" end here; for in the next *Gazette* I was appointed to a lieutenancy in the South Mayo militia.

With very different feelings I now returned to my paternal mansion

—I, who had left the little lawyer in Dorset Street in disgrace, and been happy to effect a sort of felonious re-entry of the premises at Killnacoppal—I now came home a conqueror; an hundred black-thorns rattled above my head; an hundred voices yelled "*Kinnidy for ivir!*"—a keg of poteen was broached before the door; a stack of turf was blazing in the village; and all was triumph and exultation. We had brought back, of course, the usual assortment of broken bones, left some half-score damaged skulls to be repaired at the expense of the county, and carried back one gentleman totally defunct, who had been suffocated by tumbling dead drunk into a bog-hole. My fame had travelled before me, and my aunt Macan had taken to her bed, not from vanity, but "vexation of spirit."

My leave of absence expired, and I set out to join my regiment. My mother consulted the Army List, and discovered she had divers relatives in my corps; for there was scarcely a family from Loughrea to Belmullet with whom she was not in some way connected. Some of her relations in the South Mayo she mentioned as being rather remote; but there was Captain Rattigan: his father, Luke Rattigan of Rawnacreeva, married Peter Fogarty's third daughter; and Peter Fogarty and my aunt Macan were cousins-german. No doubt the gallant captain would know and acknowledge the relationship, and take that lively interest in my welfare which was natural; but, for fear of mistakes, she wrote a letter of introduction with me, having very fortunately danced fifteen years before with the said Mr. Rattigan, at a fair-ball at Ballinasloe.

For the second time I left my father's house. The head-quarters of the regiment were in Naas, and there I arrived in safety; was recognised by Captain Rattigan; presented by him in due form to the Colonel; introduced to the corps; paid plate and band-fund fees; dined at the mess; got drunk there as became a soldier of promise, and was carried home to my inn by a file of the guard, after having overheard the fat major remark to my kinsman—"Rat, that boy of yours will be a credit to the regiment; for as I'm a true Catholic, he has taken off three bottles of Page's port, and no doubt he'll improve."

A year passed over—I conducted myself creditably in all regimental matters, touching drill duty and drinking, when an order suddenly came for a detachment to march to Ballybunnion; in the neighbourhood of which town, the pleasant part of the population were amusing themselves nightly in carding middlemen, and feathering tithe proctors. Captain Rattigan's company (in which I was an unworthy lieutenant) was selected for this important service.

The morning I left Naas for Ballybunnion will be a memorable day in the calendar of my life. My cousin Rattigan frequently boasted, after dinner, that "he was under fifty, and above five feet three;" but there were persons in the corps who alleged that he was above the former and under the latter:—but let that pass—he is now, honest man, quietly resting in Craughane churchyard, with half a ton weight of Connemara marble over him, on which his virtues and his years are recorded.

Now, without stopping to ascertain minutely the age and height of the departed, I shall describe him as a thick square-shouldered undersized man, having a short neck and snub nose—the latter organ fully attesting that Page's port was a sound and well-bodied liquor. The captain, on his pied pony, rode gallantly on at the head of "his charge." I modestly followed on foot—and late in the evening we marched in full array down the main street of Ballybunnion, our fife and drum playing to the best of their ability the captain's favourite quick step, "*I'm over young to marry yet.*"

My kinsman and I were peaceably settled over our wine, when the waiter announced that a gentleman had called upon us. He was shown up in proper form; and having managed by depressing his person, which was fully six feet four inches, to enter the apartment, he announced himself as Mr. Christopher Clinch; and in a handsome speech, declared himself to be an ambassador from the stewards of the Ballybunnion coterie; which coterie being to be holden that evening, he was deputed to solicit the honour of our company on this occasion. Captain Rattigan returned our acknowledgments duly; and he and the ambassador having discussed a cooper of port within a marvellous short period, separated with many squeezes of the hand, and ardent hopes of a future acquaintance.

There was a subject my kinsman invariably dwelt upon whenever he had transgressed the third bottle—it was a bitter lamentation over the numerous opportunities he had suffered to escape of making himself comfortable for life, by matrimony. As we dressed together, for we were cantoned in a double-bedded room, Rat was unusually eloquent on the grand mistake of his earlier days, and declared his determination of even yet endeavouring to amend his youthful error, and retrieve lost time.

The commander's advice was not lost upon me. I took unusual pains in arraying myself for conquest, and in good time found myself in the ball-room, with thirty couples on the floor all dancing "for the bare life," that admired tune of "*Blue bonnets over the border.*"

The attention evinced in his visit to the inn by Mr. Christopher Clinch was not confined to a formal invitation; for he assured us, on our arrival, that two ladies had been expressly kept disengaged for us. Captain Rattigan declined dancing, alleging that exercise flurried him, and he could not abide a red face—it looked so very like dissipation. I, whose countenance was fortunately not so inflammable as my kinsman's, was marshalled by Mr. Clinch to the head of the room. "He was going," he said, "to introduce me to Miss *Jemima O'Brien*—lady of first connections—large fortune when some persons at present in possession dropped off—fine woman—much followed—sprightly—off-handed—fond of military men. Miss *O'Brien*, Captain *Kennedy*." I bowed—she ducked—seized my offered hand, and in a few minutes we were going down the middle like two-year-olds for "the *Kirwans*." Nor had Captain Rattigan been neglected by the master of the ceremonies: he was snugly seated in a quiet corner at

cribbage, a game the commander delighted in, with an elderly gentleman whom my partner informed me was her aunt.

Miss O'Brien was what Rattigan called a *spanker*. She was dressed in a blue silk lutestring gown, with a plume of ostrich-feathers, flesh-coloured stockings, and red satin shoes. She had the usual assortment of beads and curls, with an ivory fan, and a well-scented handkerchief.

She was evidently a fine-tempered girl; for, observing my eye rest on an immense stain upon her blue lutestring, she remarked with a smile, "that her aunt's footman had spilled some coffee on her dress, and to save him from a scolding, she had assured the dear old lady that the injury was trifling, and that it would be quite unnecessary to detain her while she should change her gown; it was quite clear she never could wear it again; but her maid and the milliner would be the gainers." Amiable creature!—the accident did not annoy her for a second.

The first dance had concluded, when the long gentleman whispered softly over my shoulder, how I liked "the heiress?" *The heiress!*—I felt a faint hope rising in my breast which made my cheek colour like a peony. Rattigan's remorse for neglected opportunities rushed to my mind. Had my lucky hour come? and had I actually an heiress by the hand for nine-and-twenty couples? We were again at the head of the room, and away we went—she cutting, and I capering, until we danced to the very bottom, "*The wind that shakes the barley!*"

I had placed Miss O'Brien with great formality on a bench, when Rattigan took me aside. "Frank, you're a fortunate fellow, or it's your own fault—found out all from the old one—lovely creature—great catch—who knows?—strike while the iron is hot," &c. &c.

Fortune indeed appeared to smile upon me. By some propitious accident all the men had been provided with partners, and I had *the heiress* to myself. "She was, she confessed, romantic—she had quite a literary turn; spoke of Lady Morgan's 'Wild Irish Girl;' she loved it—doted upon it;—and why should she not? for Lieutenant-Colonel Cassidy had repeatedly sworn that Glorvina was written for herself;"—and she raised her fan

"The conscious blush to hide."

Walter Scott succeeded—I had read in the *Galway Advertiser* a quotation from that poet, which the newspaper had put in the mouth of a travelling priest, and alleged to have been spoken by him in a charity sermon, which I now fortunately recollected and repeated. Miss O'Brien responded directly with that inflammatory passage—

"In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed."

"And could she love?"—I whispered with a look of tender inquietude. "She could; she had a heart, she feared, too warm for her

happiness; she was a creature of imagination—all soul—all sympathy. She could wander with the man of her heart from

“‘Egypt’s fires to Zembla’s frost.’”

There was no standing this. I mustered all my resolution—poured out an unintelligible rhapsody—eternal love—life gratefully devoted—permission to fall at her feet—hand—heart—fortune!

She sighed deeply—kept her fan to her face for some moments—and, in a voice of peculiar softness, murmured something about “short acquaintance,” with a gentle supplication to be allowed time for ten minutes to consult her heart. Rat again rushed to my mind; procrastination had ruined him; I was obdurate—pressed—raved—ranted—till she sighed, in a timid whisper, that she was mine for ever!

Heavens!—was I awake?—did my ears deceive me? The room turned topsy-turvy—the candles danced a reel—my brain grew giddy—it was *true—absolutely true*; *Jemmia O'Brien* had consented to become *Mrs. Kennedy*!

Up came Captain Rattigan, as my partner left me for an instant to speak to her aunt. Rat was thunderstruck—cursed his fate, and complimented mine. “But, zounds! Frank, you must stick to her. Would she run away with you? These damned lawyers will be tying up the property, so that you cannot touch a guinea but the half-year’s rent—may be inquiring about settlements, and ripping up the cursed mortgages of Killnacoppal. At her, man—they are all on the move. I’ll manage the old one;—mighty lucky, by the bye, at cribbage. Try and get the heiress to be off—to-morrow, if possible—early hour. Oh! murder—how I lost my time!”

All was done as the commander directed. Rat kept the aunt in play while I pressed the heiress hard—and so desperately did I portray my misery, that, to save my life, she humanely consented to elope with me at twelve o’clock next day.

Rattigan was enraptured. What a chance for a poor lieutenant—as he shrewdly observed, from the very unpretending appearance of *Mrs. Cogan’s* mansion, that “my aunt’s” purse must be a long one. We settled ourselves joyfully at the inn fire—ordered two bottles of mulled port—arranged all for the elopement—clubbed purses—sum total not burthensome—and went to bed drunk and happy.

Next morning—the morning of that day which was to bless me with fortune and a wife, Captain Rattigan and I were sitting at an early breakfast, when, who should unexpectedly arrive but Cornet Bircham, who was in command of a small party of dragoons in Ballybunnion, and an old acquaintance of my kinsman. “How lucky!” whispered Rat; “he has been quartered here for three months, and we shall hear the particulars of the O’Briens from him.”

While he spoke, the trooper entered. “Ah! Ratty, old boy, how wags the world?—Just heard you had been sent here to exterminate carders—cursed scoundrels!—obliged me to leave a delightful party at Lord Tara’s; but, Rat, we’ll make them smoke for it.”

"Mr. Bircham, my cousin Kennedy. Come, cornet, off with the scimitar and attack the congo. Any news stirring?"

"Nothing but a flying report that you had determined on sobriety, and forsworn a drop beyond the third bottle;—but, damme, that shake in your claw gives a lie direct to the tale. And you were dancing, Rat, last night. How did the carnival or coterie go off? Any wigs lost or gowns tattered? Any catastrophe?"

"Why, no—pleasant thing enough—some fine women there."

"Were there, faith? Why, Rat, you're a discoverer; for such a crew as figured at the last one, mortal eye never looked upon."

"I only particularly noticed one—by Jove, a fine woman!—a Miss O'Brien."

"Miss *Jemmy* O'Brien, as the men call her. Why Rat, what iniquity of yours has delivered you into the hands of the most detestable harpy that ever infested country quarters?"

"Detestable harpy!"—Rat and I looked cursedly foolish. "Bircham—hem!—are you sure you know the lady?"

"Know the lady! to be sure I do. Why, she did me out of an ivory fan one unlucky wet day that the devil tempted me to enter Mrs. Cogan's den. Phoo! I'll give you what the beadle calls 'marks and tokens.' Let me see. Yes—I have it—blue dress cursedly splashed with beer—she says coffee; soiled feathers, and tricked out like a travelling actress."

I groaned audibly—it was *Jemima* to a T;—Captain Rattigan looked queer.

"My dear Bircham—hem!—you know among military men—hem!—honourable confidence may be reposed—hem! My young friend here danced with her—represented as an heiress to him—"

"By a cursed hag who cheats at cribbage, and carries off negus by the quart."

"True bill, by —!" ejaculated the Captain. "Complained eternally of thirst and the heat of the room, and did me regularly out of thirty shillings."

"Ha! ha! ha! Rat, Rat, and wert thou so soft, my old one?"

"But, Birchy," said the Captain, "the devil of it is, my young friend—little too much wine—thought himself in honourable hands, and promised her—"

"A new silk gown—ah, my young friend, little didst thou know the Jezebel. But it was a promise obtained under false pretences—she told you a cock-and-bull story about Lady Morgan—sporting Scott—dealt out Tom Moore by the yard—all false pretences. See her damned before I would buy her a yard of riband. What a pirate the woman is!"

Rat jumped off his chair, drew his breath in, and gulped out, "A gown! Zounds, man, he promised to marry her!"

Up jumped Bircham. "To marry her! Are you mad, or are you hoaxing?"

"Serious, by St. Patrick," said Rat.

"Why then it's no longer a joke. You are in a nice scrape. I beg

to tell you that *Jemmy O'Brien* is as notorious as *Captain Rock*. She has laid several fools under contribution, and has just returned from Dublin, after taking an action against a little drunken one-eyed Welsh major, whom her aunt got, when intoxicated, to sign some paper or promise of marriage. The major, like a true gentleman, retrieved his error by suspending himself in his lodgings the day before the trial; and it is likely that *Jem* and her aunt will be in gaol for the law expenses."

Rat and I were overwhelmed, and looked for some minutes in silence at each other. At last I told *Bircham* the whole affair. The dragoon was convulsed with laughter. "So," said he, "at twelve o'clock the gentle *Jemmy* is to be spirited away. But come, there's no time to lose—sit down, Rat, get a pen in thy fist, and I'll dictate and thou inscribe."

"Madam,—Having unfortunately, at the request of his afflicted family, undertaken the case of Lieutenant *Kennedy*, of the South Mayo regiment, I beg to apprise you that the unhappy gentleman is subject to occasional fits of insanity. Fearing, from his mental malady, that he may have misconducted himself to your amiable niece last night at the coterie, I beg on the part of my poor friend (who is tolerably collected this morning), to say that he is heartily sorry for what has occurred, and requests the lady will consider anything he might have said only as the wanderings of a confirmed lunatic.—I am, Madam, &c. &c., Your obedient servant,

TERENCE RATIGAN,

"To Mrs. Cogan, &c. &c. &c."

"Capt. S—M—Militia.

How very flattering this apology was to me I submit to the indulgent auditor. I was indubitably proven to have been an ass over-night, and I must pass as a lunatic in the morning. We had barely time to speculate on the success of *Bircham's* curious epistle, when my aunt *Cogan's* answer arrived with due promptitude. The cornet separated the wet wafer with a "Faugh!" and holding the billet at arm's length, as if it exhibited a plague-spot, he favoured us with the contents, which were literally as follows:—

"CAPTIN RATIGIN,

"Sir,—I have red your paltrey appollogey for your nephew's breech of promis. I beg to tell you, that a lady of the famly of *Clinch* will not submit to be ensulted with impunnitey. My neece is packed and redly; and if your friend does not apear according to apointment, he will shortly here as will not plase him, from yours to command,

"HONOR. COGAN, otherwise CLINCH.

"Hawthorn Cotage, Friday morning."

Twelve o'clock passed—and we waited the result of Mrs. Cogan's threats, when the waiter showed up a visitor, and Mr. Christopher Clinch, the prime cause of all our misfortunes, presented himself.

He persisted in standing, or more properly, stooping—for the ceiling was not quite six feet from the floor—coughed—hoped his interference might adjust the mistake, as he presumed it must be on the part of Lieutenant Kennedy, and begged to inform him that Miss Jemima O'Brien was ready to accompany the said Mr. Kennedy, as last night arranged. Captain Rattigan took the liberty to remark, that he, the captain, had been very explicit with Mrs. Cogan, and requested to refer to his letter, in which Mr. Kennedy's sentiments were fully conveyed, and, on his part, to decline the very flattering proposal of Miss Jemima O'Brien. Mr. Clinch stated that an immediate change of sentiment on the part of Mr. Kennedy was imperative, or that Mr. K. would be expected to favour him, Mr. C., with an interview in the Priest's Meadow. Captain Rattigan acknowledged the request of Mr. Clinch to be a very reasonable alternative, and covenanted that Mr. Kennedy should appear at the time and place mentioned; and Mr. Clinch was then very ceremoniously conducted downstairs by the polite commander.

Through motives of delicacy, I had, at the commencement of the interview, retired to the next apartment; and as the rooms were only separated by a boarded partition, I overheard through a convenient chink, with desperate alarm, Captain Rattigan giving every facility to my being shot at in half an hour in the Priest's Meadow. No wonder then Rat found me pale as a spectre, when bursting into the room he seized me by the hand, and told me he had brought this unlucky business to a happy termination. He, the captain, dreaded that Jemima would have been looking for legal redress; but, thank God! it would only end in a duel.

I hinted at the chance of my being shot.

"Shot!" exclaimed my comforter, "why, what the devil does that signify? If, indeed, you had been under the necessity of hanging yourself, like the one-eyed major, it would have been a hardship. No funeral honours—no decent wake—but smuggled into the earth like a half-bale of contraband tobacco;—but, in your case, certain of respectable treatment—reversed arms—dead march—and Christian burial:—vow to God, quite a comfort to be shot under such flattering circumstances! Frank, you have all the luck of the Rattigans about you!" and, opening the door, he hallooed, "Myke—Myke Boyle, bring down the *pace-makers* to the parlour."

In a few seconds I heard the Captain and his man busily at work, and by a number of villanous clicks, which jarred through my system like electricity, I found these worthies were arranging the commander's *pace-makers* for my use in the Priest's Meadow.

At the appointed hour I reached the ground, which was but a short distance from the inn. Rattigan and Bircham accompanied me, and Myke Boyle followed with *the tools*. Mr. Christopher Clinch and his friends were waiting for us; and a cadaverous-looking being was peeping through the hedge, whom I afterwards discovered to be the village apothecary, allured thither by the hope of an accident, as birds of prey are said to be collected by a chance of carrion.

The customary bows were formally interchanged between the respective belligerents—the ground correctly measured—pistols squibbed, loaded, and delivered to the principals. I felt devilish queer on finding myself opposite a truculent fellow of enormous height, with a pair of projecting whiskers upon which a man might hang his hat, and a pistol two feet long clutched in his bony grasp. Rattigan, as he adjusted my weapon, whispered—"Frank, jewel, remember the hip-bone; or, as the fellow's a hell of a length, you may level a trifle higher;" and stepping aside, his coadjutor pronounced in an audible voice—one!—two!!—~~three!!!~~

Off went the pistols. I felt Mr. Clinch's bullet whistle past my ear, and saw Captain Rattigan, next moment, run up to my antagonist, and inquire "if he was much hurt." Heavens!—how delightful! I had brought the engagement to a glorious issue by neatly removing Mr. Clinch's trigger-finger, and thereby spoiling his shooting for life.

With a few parting bows we retired from the Priest's Meadow, leaving Christopher Clinch a job for the vampire apothecary, and a fit subject for the assiduities of Mrs. Cogan and the gentle Jemima.

If Captain Rattigan had registered a rash vow against port wine, it is to be lamented; for never were three gentlemen of the sword more completely done up at an early hour of the evening than we.

Next day we were informed that Clinch was tolerably well, and that their attorney had been closeted with the ladies of Hawthorn Cottage. We held a council of war, and while debating on the expediency of my retiring on leave to Connemara, where I might set *Jemmy* and her lawyer at defiance, the post brought us intelligence that "a turn-out for the line was wanted;" and if I could muster the necessary number, I should be exchanged into a regular regiment. Off Rat and I started for Naas, and with little difficulty succeeded in making up the quota; and the first intimation the prototype of Glorvina received of our movements, was being seduced to the window by the drums, as I marched past Hawthorn Cottage, with as choice a sample of "food for gunpowder" as ever left Ballybunnion. I saluted the once-intended Mrs. Kennedy with great respect; the fifiers struck up "*Fare you well, Killeavey*;" and Captain Rattigan, who accompanied me the first day's march, ejaculated, as he looked askance at this second Ariadne, "May the devil smother you, Jemima O'Brien."

And now, my dear friends, having brought my autobiography to that interesting period when I left the militia for the line, I shall pause in the narrative to direct your attention to the moral of the tale. It is quite evident that a young attorney should never compare deeds within duelling distance of an accomplished bonnet-maker, nor an elderly one divorce a sickly gentleman's wife without securing his costs before he announces his instructions to proceed. No bilious bailiff should cross the Shannon, for it is not every stomach which will digest a stripe of parchment; and exercise, a good thing enough in its own way, may, if taken on a tense blanket, be very inconvenient to persons of sedentary habits.

I have a mighty affection for the army, and, therefore, I supplicate young soldiers never to propose for a lady in a public ball-room the first night they arrive in country quarters, and to shun, as they would the *chorea Viti*, that seductive tune, called "*The wind that shakes the barley!*"—and, finally, to give no credence whatever to any apology offered for a soiled silk, unless they have perpetrated the offence in person, or have seen it committed in their own actual presence.

Here Captain Kennedy paused, and the attendants of the *Red Cow*, marshalled by an Irish bat-man of MacCarthy's, entered in due form with supper. Whether its arrangement would have been lauded by Ude, or its quality commended by Kitchener, we shall not stop to determine; but certainly either artist would have pronounced it sufficiently substantial.

When supper had given place to *Roscrea*, a liquor which Captain MacCarthy admired mightily, Colonel Hilson expressed much curiosity to hear the rest of the history of the grenadier. Kennedy willingly assented, and thus continued his adventures:—

After an affectionate parting with Captain Rattigan, on the second evening I marched into the metropolis at the head of my "charge of foot!" I made my grand *entrée* in full regimentals, and recalled, with no small vanity, the difference of my present appearance in the redoubted capital of the Emerald Isle, with the unassuming manner in which I first sought the residence of my uncle Davidson, when bent on studying jurisprudence at the feet of that gifted Gamaliel. Who, indeed, could have recognised the staring rustic bestriding a trunk upon the roof of the Galway mail, in the spruce and jaunty commander, who was now leaving, Theseus like, the Ariadne of Ballybunnion?

I found my uncle perched on his well-known stool. He made a most formal bow when I entered, and when, in a most dutiful strain, I inquired after his and my aunt's health, and he discovered that the smart soldier before him was no other than his quondam disciple, myself, I never witnessed such a display of astonishment, excepting that occasioned by the abstraction of the Kilgobbin title-deeds. There would have been a demur touching my re-entry of the premises, I verily suspect; but—my aunt, what would she say if her nephew should be rejected like hearsay evidence? The little lawyer summoned up all his civility, and taking my protruded hand between a couple of his fingers, as gingerly as my mutilated friend Kit Clinch would have done, assured me he was glad to see me, that he had a room at my service, provided I did not outstay the end of term—an event, by the bye, of some three or four days; and telling me my aunt was paying a sick visit, and that his niece was in the drawing-room,

warned me from entertaining the latter lady with any love or nonsense, and pointing to the door, signalled me to retire.

I mounted the drawing-room stairs leisurely, communing with myself. I had heard that Duncan had an only niece, to whose education he had been most attentive, and that moreover she was young and lively; and my aunt Macan delighted in prognosticating that she would inherit "every sixpence." But I rather looked down upon the little solicitor in his proper person: the blood was clearly on our side of the house, and my mother a thousand times averred that my aunt's marriage with Duncan was the first introduction of an attorney into the house of Killnacoppal. "But, God help him, poor man!" thought I; "little does he imagine what a heart-scald love and sentiment have given me. I'll insure Miss Davidson against similar consequences as far as I am concerned." As I soliloquized, I opened the drawing-room door: there she sat with her back to me, playing with might and main Tom Cooke's overture to Mother Goose, which was at that time addling and distracting man, woman, and child. I nearly levanted without a further cultivation of our relationship; for, object of my aversion—not Tom Cooke's overture—there she was, literally and absolutely invested in blue bombazine! "Oh! for one speck of coffee," thought I, "and I'm off for ever." But the frock bore my scrutiny, and I set down the colour as a lamentable instance of false taste, and determined the first moment of our intimacy to supplicate a total abandonment of blue for the term of her natural life.

Whether she really had not heard me, or pretended it, I know not; but I was obliged to approach close to her elbow before she would exhibit a symptom of acknowledgment. I bowed—she bowed—and both were silent. I mustered courage—I, a soldier, and afraid of attacking a cousin, and that too on Duncan's side of the house!

"Madam, I presume—my fair cousin, Miss Lucy Davidson?"

"Exactly, sir."

"I have the honour—a hem!—to be Mr. Kennedy of the 88th."

"So I supposed," said she with perfect unconcern.

"Is this ease or stupidity?" thought I. "You have heard of me before, then?"

"O Lord, yes! repeatedly: my uncle spoke of nothing else for a year; you're the man that lost the bag!"

"Lost the devil, madam! has not that infernal mistake been yet forgotten?"

"Don't call it a mistake—it was a cause of great service to the community. Lady Splashboard tired of her lover before a new deed could be engrossed, and is now living with her noble spouse in the greatest connubial felicity—and Sir Phelim O'Boyl popped off suddenly in a passion, before half his mortgages could be re-satisfied, and thereby discharged his debt, and concluded a chancery suit; events which would otherwise have been incomplete till the day of judgment."

I stared at her during the singular dialogue. I had made a wrong estimate of my cousin: of us two it was clear that she was the stouter vessel; and I at once determined to give in. At this moment my

aunt's knock was heard at the door. Lucy turned to me with arch good-nature, "Come, cousin Frank, here's my hand—we are friends; and, excepting when *tête-à-tête*, we will never allude to the title-deeds;" and sitting down to the piano she recommenced "Mother Goose."

I had been an inmate of my uncle's house but a few days when I discovered I was absolutely in love with Lucy. She was a clever, warm-hearted girl; a compound of wildness and good-nature—teasing me this moment, and softening me the next. We strolled arm-in-arm through the city; and as the time for my departure drew on, I found that Lucy had, as Duncan would have said, ejected former occupants, and taken undisputed possession of my heart. Full of the idea of my fair cousin, we were returning home through Capel Street, when, on coming abruptly round the corner of Mary's Abbey—blessed apostle of Ireland! whom should we meet, full front, but Christopher Clinch, with one arm in a sling and the other supporting Jemima O'Brien. I thought I should have died on the spot; and, indeed, Kit was not apparently on a bed of roses—Jemima, too, notwithstanding her brass, had rather, what we call in Ireland, "a bothered look about her."

We passed hastily on, none of the party having any inclination for salutations in the market-place. But Lucy was too clever not to remark that some more than common understanding existed between this amiable couple and myself; and when we reached home, finding we were alone, she pressed her inquiries with such tact and pertinacity, that no alternative but a full confession was left. Accordingly, amid roars of laughter, I made a clean breast, and only brought my unhappy story to a close when Duncan's peculiar cough was heard in the hall. "Why, Frank, this far exceeds the title-deeds: ah! my poor cousin, two such scrapes in one short twelvemonth!" and tapping my cheek with her glove, she ran out of the room before our gracious uncle entered.

While congratulating myself on the rapid advance in my cousin's estimation, which no doubt my character had just acquired, by her being more particularly acquainted with my private memoirs, my serjeant arrived with orders for our embarkation the next morning. Any chance I might have had of gradually removing Lucy's impression of my idiocy was now over, and I should leave Ireland, satisfied that my mistress considered me the veriest ass that was permitted to go at large through the world. No wonder, when I joined her after dinner, my spirits were anything but buoyant.

In the evening I approached her at the piano. "What is the matter with you, Frank? are you sorry that you admitted me farther into your confidence than you first purposed? Come, I won't play with your feelings, indeed I won't; don't be depressed."

"How can I be otherwise, Lucy? Here is the order for my embarkation; and I leave you in the full persuasion that I appear a weak and contemptible *imbecile* in your eyes; a fit subject for being fooled by flirts and bullies."

"No, no—not by bullies. You have enough of your country's pug-

nacious properties to prevent your being *dragooned*; but when do you go, and when do you probably return?"

"I go *to-morrow*; I return, probably, *never*. Oh! Lucy—on this, our last evening, forgive me when I tell my secret—I never felt I loved a woman till I met you."

She turned her eyes quickly upon mine: she read there the sincerity of my declarations, and coloured deeply as I continued—"Lucy, how shall I woo you? how shall I win you? Be mine—*mine own*. Love! boundless, eternal love——"

"Hush! for Heaven's sake! some one is on the stairs;" and turning hastily some leaves of music, she continued, with apparent unconcern, "It is composed by my master. I'll sing it for you, and of its merits you will then be a better judge."

"Love, wilt thou build a cot for me
Where roses red shall blush around it?
And there shall bloom Love's sacred tree,
And many a myrtle wreath surround it.

"Love, wilt thou twine for me a bower
To shade me from the summer's glow?
And there the jasmine white shall flower,
And there the purple harebell blow.

"Love, wilt thou come when day is over,
And softly lay thee down to rest?
My arms shall clasp my faithful lover,
My head be pillowed on his breast."

Before her song was finished, my aunt had again left us to ourselves, and I pressed my wild suit with all the ardent arguments of first love. Lucy was not unmoved: she listened, and then calmly turning to me, replied, "And would you have me, Frank, leave home and kindred to join my destinies to yours? Now, Frank, hear me—calmly hear me. We should have to eat and drink and be clothed as other mortals are, and this on five shillings and sixpence per day, and you be shot at for that sum into the bargain! As to private property, I have some fifty pounds, being the bequest of an affectionate aunt, who left double that sum for the maintenance of her poodle; and you have probably not so much to carry you over the Peninsula. Now, *dear Frank*, where would be the wisdom in our marriage? No, no—wait five years, and when I have five thousand pounds in the funds, who knows but I may become Mrs. Kennedy?—there's my hand on it." She smiled—"Come, you are dull; my uncle will be coming up to supper, and in the interim I'll sing you my favourite ballad."

"Fair Jessie, when the moon was new,
Stole out to meet her Highland lover:
The glistening leaf was bathed in dew,
And soundly slept her watchful mother.

"The moon grew round, still Jessie hied
Each night to hear young Donald's story;
And oft the gentle maiden sighed
O'er tales of love, and fields of glory.

"Behind her clouds the wan moon sleeps;
But Jessie loves no more the gloaming;
Alone she sighs—alone she weeps—
For, far from her, false Donald's roaming.

"Sweet smiles the moon upon the sea,
While on her snow-wreath'd throne she's sleeping;
But, ah! that fickle smile will flee,
And, like false love, will end in weeping."

As Lucy sang, she cast a look of arch application to me: "Ladies have been loved and ladies have been left before now, Frank."

Again I commenced rhapsodizing. "What! leave *you*, Lucy, were you once mine! Never, by Heaven! I would live for you, labour for you, die for you; but never——" and my cursed voice was pitched so loud as to prevent me hearing the opening of the door—"I will never leave you—never leave this house till——"

"There's a writ of *ne exeat regno* served on you, at the suit of Jemima O'Brien, spinster, for breach of promise;" and, to our unutterable dismay, Duncan Davidson was standing at the back of my chair. "Oh! Frank—Frank Kennedy—what will be your end? By you, Lord Splashboard lost his divorce: I lost my costs: Sir Phelim lost his life: Jemima O'Brien lost her character; and Mr. Clinch, as I am instructed, lost the use of his hand."

I felt hurt and mortified at these multifarious allegations; and with some heat told him I should remove myself forthwith from the house of a relation who seemed to extend a scanty share of hospitality to one who had never been a trespasser on it.

"No, no—don't be in a passion; Poucett, my scrivener, heard of the intended proceedings by chance, and gave me the earliest information; but you sail in the morning; be on board before the court sits; avoid the *ne exeat*, and God speed you! To your bed Lucy!—what keeps the girl up?" and with a significant look my mistress rose and left the room. As I was to be off early in the morning, my uncle availed himself of this opportunity of bidding me farewell. Having calculated that the odds were against my ever troubling him again, he made me a parting present of a five-pound note.

I retired to my chamber, but not to sleep; and was gazing listlessly from the window, hearing the sleepy watchman telling the droning hours, when a gentle tap called me to the door, and, on tiptoe, my fair cousin glided into the apartment.

She placed her finger on her lip, and producing a small parcel, carefully sealed, spoke to me in a cautious whisper—"I have brought you, Frank, a trifle—a bauble—it is for a recollection of your cousin, when you are far away; but give me one promise, or I take my present with me—Can you patiently wait a given time before you open this inclosure?"

I had thrown my arm around her, but an emphatic gesture prevented me from catching her to my breast. I murmured a hasty promise.

"Will you swear it?"

"By your own sweet self," I whispered.

"Enough!"—she smiled—"the oath is certainly an awful one!—Have you nothing to give me in return?"

I looked confounded. "Nothing," I ejaculated, "but this poor hand."

"Nothing!" she repeated. "Has woman never had an offering of your hair?"

"Never," I exclaimed solemnly.

"Stoop."

I did so, and she removed a ringlet hastily; then turning her lips to mine, she bade me a fond adieu. I would have followed, but a menace from her finger, and an expressive look, forbade me. *I never saw her since!*

Well, my tale is near its close. The little packet was carefully secured, and a written order prohibited its being opened until we landed in Portugal. Vain were my conjectures as to what might be Lucy's present. The time came; I broke the seals eagerly—the packet contained a picture of herself, and a purse of fifty guineas—being the legacy of her aunt the poodle-fancier.

Five years have nearly passed, and I have been in many a stirring scene. I have shared the pleasures of a military life, and like my comrades, I have bent to woman, and urged the "lightly-won" suit of a soldier; but never has my heart been disengaged from that generous, high-spirited girl. I have dreamed of her in the bivouac, I have thought of her in the battle. I returned, ardent to catch my gentle cousin to my heart, and renew upon her lips my vows of eternal constancy. But when did love's course run smooth? My father and Duncan had quarrelled beyond the possibility of being reconciled; for my aunt Macan had as usual interfered, and to evince what she calls "proper spirit," favoured my uncle Davidson with a letter, in which she satisfactorily proved that all good luck had abandoned the house of Killnacoppal, since one of its daughters had degraded her name by "intermarrying with a low-born quill-driver."

No wonder Duncan's door was closed against me; no wonder Lucy was commanded, under the heaviest denunciation of being disinherited, to avoid me. Poor girl!—she wrote to me. It was a letter worthy of her: she pointed out the delicacy of her situation, and showed me the necessity of a farther separation—yet I know I hold a place in her heart, and if woman was ever true—

MacCarthy coloured deeply. "*True!*—ay to the tomb!" he muttered, as he rushed out. There was a momentary silence, and Hilson broke it. "Poor Maurice—there is some hidden mystery gnaws that bold heart, and which even his desperate resolution cannot subdue; but he is right—woman *can, and has, and will be true*: yes, I have witnessed faith to the tomb!"

His eyes filled with tears as he traversed the apartment. "Kennedy, I can bear record to woman's truth and woman's constancy, did you but know my early history."

The grenadier anxiously entreated him to tell it; and MacCarthy having returned, Colonel Hilson thus related his youthful adventures.

THE STORY OF COLONEL HILSON.

"Oh, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as fondly loves on to the close."

MOORE.

I AM the second son of Sir Philip Hilson. My elder brother, the late baronet, and I were the sole issue of Sir Philip's marriage. My father and brother have been long dead, and my orphan nephew (a minor) and myself are all that survive of that ancient name.

My early history is so closely interwoven with my father's that I must describe him. At the time I last saw him he was in his fiftieth year: a man of eccentric opinions, and stern, uncompromising temper. In his youth he had been a busy, bustling intriguer in politics, and had so materially injured his property by election contests, as to make it necessary to repair it by means of a wealthy alliance with my mother. How two such beings could come together is marvellous: the one seemed to be the hottest production of the tropic sun, and she, the offspring of an iceberg. I have often thought that Sheridan and my father were intimate; for Sir Anthony Absolute, in the Rivals, was but a softened portrait of Sir Philip.

Different as were my parents, there was a comparative difference between my brother and me. Thomas was a quiet, tame-spirited, milk-and-water character; he was the counterpart of his mother, and she literally doted on him. As to myself, I believe she did not dislike me; but she certainly never wasted a thought upon what I did, or what I should hereafter do. Not so my father: I was honoured with a due share of his attention (for he never minded my brother). Every day I was scolded or chastised, right or wrong; and the sun never set without my having received some personal favour in the shape of an oath or a blow. I pass over my infancy, and now imagine me fifteen years old.

The family estate was entailed, and of course devolved upon my brother; and a valuable church preferment being in our gift, I was destined to possess it.

My education for a churchman was after the peculiar system of my worthy father. I had a tutor who was fond of me, and endeavoured to teach me Latin. The huntsman gave me lessons in riding, and I learned shooting and swearing from the keeper; and under these instructors I have some doubts whether I should have attained much eminence as a theologian.

A circumstance occurred about this time, which will mark the state of the family of Hilson Hall. Tom had scarcely nerve to ride a donkey, but from his childhood a pair of horses had been kept solely for his use; while I was obliged to follow the hunt on foot, or get an odd

ring from the huntsman or whipper. "St. Stephen's day, that blessed morn," as the old ballad goes, I was in the field, with nothing to depend on but my own supple legs; for on that grand day, my friends, the gentlemen of the kennel, would have sooner parted with their lives than their cavalry. Tom, sorely against his own inclination, had ventured out to look at the hunt, and the chase unluckily headed towards the rising ground where he had established himself; and the galloping of horses made his mare so uneasy that he dismounted. At this moment the fox broke cover, and the hounds made a gallant burst from the coppice beneath us. Human nature could not bear it. I sprung on Tom's mare, seized the bridle, and with a shout of delight was in a second across the fence, and alongside my worthy friends the huntsman and whipper. The chase was long and sharp: and, unfortunately, Tom's mare not being in wind, made a mistake at the last leap, and a broken knee was the result.

Trembling for the consequences of my rashness, I had scarcely time to change my clothes before the dinner-bell rang. One of the capital offences of Hilson Hall was not being regularly at the table. I hurried down. My father had had an additional twinge of the gout in the course of the day, was seated near the fire, his foot rolled in flannel, and a huge crutch standing perpendicularly against the chimney-piece. My mother sat in imperturbable placidity, while occasionally Tom threw a reproachful glance across the table, first eyeing my father askance, to see that he did not observe him. Our dinner passed with its customary accompaniments—my father, between every mouthful, rating the attendants and cursing the cook.

The only accomplishment that I can remember to have learned from Sir Philip, was the art and mystery of making a turf fire. Poor Tom's nervous habits prevented him from being employed; for he never took the tongs in his hands, that his dread of my father did not occasion the fall of a peat, to the imminent peril of the baronet's gouty toe.

The cloth was removed, and I was summoned to my duty. I had approached awfully close to Sir Philip, when the head groom came in and whispered him. My hand trembled, my face grew pale, as he bellowed,—“Blood and thunder!”—I thought Tom would have fainted. “Who broke her knees, you rascal?”

“I can't tell,” said the groom. “Mr. Thomas rode her out quite well in the morning.”

“Ay, you nincompoop,” returned my father.

My mother, comprehending by this epithet that my brother was implicated in the business, with her usual provoking calmness inquired what was the matter.

“The devil's the matter!” replied Sir Philip. “Miss Macnamara's knees are broken.”

“I am so sorry,” said my mother, with perfect unconcern.

“Blood and fury!” said my father. “Will your sorrow grow hair upon the mare's knees? The mare I refused one hundred guineas for from that puppy in the dragoons! How did this happen, you

hen-hearted do-no-good?" Tom was perfectly thunderstruck, and looked at me as if he was fascinated.—"Who broke her knees?"

"I did," said I, mustering desperate resolution.

In a moment the crutch described a rapid circle round my head.

"And why, you blockhead, did you lend your mare to the villain?"

"He did not lend her," said I doggedly.

"And how, you graceless rogue, did you break her knees?"

"He could not ride her, and I took her from him; she was in no wind, and fell at a leap."

Now comes the blow, thought I; but, to my surprise, the crutch was lowered. "Humph! a good reason enough for taking the fellow's horse: a thirty-year-old donkey would suit the simpleton better than the best mare I bred these ten years. When I was your age I would have ridden the devil himself had he but a horse's skin over him. Ah! if you were but like me!"

"God forbid! Sir Philip," rejoined my mother, who had coolly collected her needle-work, and with the heir-apparent was leaving the room.

"Pish!" cried my father, "these Placids (my mother was of that family) would drive a passionate man mad. Here, you sir!" and he filled a bumper of port,—"Here, never run your horse off his wind again." I took the glass, and drank with suitable gravity towards his better health. "Humph!" said he, and thinking he had encouraged too much freedom between us, he gruffly added—"I tell you, George, my easy temper, and your mother's silly indulgence, will destroy you. Ah! if you had Sir Humphry, my father, to deal with;—but be off:" and he pointed to the door. There was no misunderstanding my father—I accordingly retired, wondering what kind of man Sir Humphry had been.

I pass over two years. My entrance into the Dublin University was fixed for the ensuing month, but circumstances gave my life a very opposite colour: and now I must introduce you to the only two beings whom I may say I ever loved. The one was my kinsman, Arthur Hilson, and the other, Emma Folingsby, the daughter of a deceased officer.

Arthur was the only child of my uncle. His father made an imprudent match, and died of a broken heart before my kinsman was born. The widow did not long survive him, and the orphan fell to the protection of Sir Philip. Whether it was to Arthur's destitution, or some superior qualifications he possessed, that my father's predilection for the boy can be ascribed, I know not; but certainly he treated him with uncommon civility, asked him for an opinion, and supplied his pecuniary wants with delicacy and liberality. Arthur was indeed a fine creature. His character one of quiet decision; his manners particularly bland; but, with external gentleness, there was much manly feeling in Arthur Hilson. His character, indeed, was unknown, until an incident called his latent spirit out.

In one of those afflictions of Ireland, a general election, Sir Philip

must, forsooth, "as it was his wont," interfere; and any interference of his was sure to create confusion to all parties. He said something harsh to a young gentleman, which drew forth a rejoinder that my father called an insult. Away he posted for his friend and pistols: for among his numerous virtues, it is but common justice to say, that he was always ready to fight for any quarrel, or for no quarrel at all.

Arthur happened to be fortunately at the election; and promptly waiting on the gentleman, pointed out the inequality of years between my father and him, and concluded by offering himself as his substitute. A kind of Sir Lucius, who happened to be the friend; thought it mattered nothing who fought, provided there was a battle; and the offer was accordingly accepted. My cousin took my father's place, received a fire, and afterwards an apology. This generous conduct of course raised him highly in his uncle's esteem, as well as in the good opinion of all the neighbourhood.

Arthur noticed the injustice with which my parents treated me, and when staying at Hilson Hall endeavoured to lighten my sufferings. I sincerely loved him as a brother, and the affection of my youth followed him, poor fellow, to his grave.

I remember the last interview I had with my parents; and as it is characteristic of both, I will relate it.

I had latterly been promoted to be a kind of deputy master of cavalry to the establishment, and had occasion to call on my father professionally for something required in the stables. He was sitting in his usual place, which was called the study, although Sir Philip seldom used it for purposes to which such apartments are commonly appropriated. Within this room was a small closet which was the baronet's sanctum; it was a curious repository of all sorts of things. Here was gunpowder for the keeper, specifics for the gout, leather for the harness, and iron for the ploughs. To this Noah's ark my father directed me, and when employed searching through the lumber, the study door opened, and my mother sailed in.

A voluntary call from the good lady was so extraordinary that Sir Philip immediately growled,—“How now—anything wrong?”

“Sir Philip,” replied the dame, “I have made a dreadful discovery.”

“Humph!” said my father.

“I and my maid,” continued my mother, “were in my flower-garden, when on the other side of the hedge, we saw George kiss the huntsman's daughter, and put his arm with frightful familiarity round her waist.”

“Well, madam, and what next?”

“What next, Sir Philip! Oh! if this shocking affair has proceeded to the height of my apprehensions—”

My father here burst in with a tremendous “Pish! All I shall say is, that I hope your fears are realized to their fullest extent! What! all this bottle of smoke about a fellow kissing a wench! But be under no alarm for nincompoop, your pet—no fear of him. Zounds! he's a

man of snow—an automaton. Why, before I was his age the increase I gave the population would astonish you. Zounds! if he was but like me——”

“Heaven forbid!” ejaculated Lady Hilson, as she glided in unruffled composure from the chamber.

But the fears of my lady mother were unfounded. I had indeed “kissed the keeper’s daughter;” but that was the “head and front of my offending.” I should have required, no doubt, as much philosophy as my neighbours to have withstood the influence of Susan’s rustic beauties; but I had a counter-charm—my heart was already full of another, and a fairer object—in short, I was distractingly in love.

Emma Folingsby—even yet my cheek reddens as I name her—was an orphan, and resided with a respectable elderly lady, her grandmother. She had neither fortune nor family to boast of, and, like many a village beauty, her existence was unknown beyond the hamlet where she bloomed. She was one of those rare creatures who are occasionally found in obscurity—beautiful, graceful, talented, and spirited. Our years were about equal; we had been intimate from childhood, and my passion for her had grown with my growth.

I was now seventeen. Latterly, indeed, Sir Philip had not subjected me to the indignity of a blow; but the dreadful severity of his temper made my existence intolerable. Years must pass before I could be emancipated from domestic thralldom, and sometimes I despaired of longer endurance of my slavery; but love supported me through all. Emma heard my complaints, witnessed my sufferings, and cheered me when I drooped. She was the only being with whom I held communion; for my cousin was about to graduate in college, and was seldom at home. Her pity I mistook for passion, and her sympathy for love.

The romance of my story draws near to its catastrophe. Arthur was expected home, having completed his studies; and, happy in having any excuse for being near her who engrossed my every thought, I walked to the cottage to tell Emma that my kinsman was returning.

The garden of Mrs. Folingsby was only separated from the park by a holly hedge, and by means of a little door the inmates could visit Hilson Hall without passing through the village. It was a sultry day in July, and I found Emma in her favourite retreat. She never looked so beautiful before—the colour of her cheeks was heightened by the summer heat, and her expressive eyes sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy. “Emma,” said I, sitting beside her on the rustic bench, “you look so happy, so handsome, to-day; has anything occurred to give you pleasure?”

There was an archness about her “No” that would have been understood to mean the contrary by any one but myself. “I have good news to tell you,” continued I; “our favourite Arthur is to be at the Hall to-day. I am so happy.”

"And are you really so, *dear George*?" she replied, with animated quickness.

A look—a word—will often decide a man's destiny; and such did mine. "Oh, that I was dear to you!" I exclaimed, as my full heart found utterance, and in fervid language told its secret. Emma's brow and cheeks grew red and pale by turns—I watched the varying expression of her countenance—I listened, trembling, for the first word she would articulate. Agitation kept her silent for a minute, but, summoning resolution, she spoke, and my hopes were blasted. She told me, quietly, affectionately, but decisively, that she had no heart to give me; she told me she would ever love me as a brother, but circumstances rendered all else impossible. While she still spoke to soothe my disappointment, her grandmother entered the garden; my mind was distracted—I knew scarcely what I did; but leaping from the bench, I bounded over the hedge, and rushed into the thickest of the underwood.

Hours passed, and still I lay upon the earth; tears rolled down my cheeks, for never was man more wretched. At last the dinner-bell sounded, and I mechanically rose and hurried to the Hall.

I was late in entering the dining-room: something had irritated my father, and in his common coarse manner he commenced one of his philippics. To his and the surprise of all, I answered coolly, that it was useless making any noise about a trifle, and that the inconvenience of cold soup would be a more than adequate punishment for my offence. A reply had heretofore never passed my lips. Sir Philip got red with rage—the domestics trembled for the consequences—my father could not speak for passion, but pointed to the door—I understood the hint, and rose and quitted the apartment.

Unconscious of what I did, I wandered to the shrubbery. I flung myself on a bench and indulged in bitter musings uninterruptedly, till before I was aware of their approach, Lady Hilson and Tom were beside me. My mother, with her characteristic calmness, passed me, coolly remarking—"Well, George, your temper is so like your poor father's!"—"By Heaven!" I exclaimed, "among you, I shall be driven mad;" and I wildly rushed from the shrubbery.

Arthur had taken the earliest moment for quitting the baronet to come and look for me. I was rushing past him when he forcibly arrested me. I was almost crazed, and when my cousin took my hand, when he affectionately began, "*Dear George*," the recollection of the morning perfectly unsettled my understanding, and, with an execration on my wayward fate, I rushed from him, and with the speed of a hunted deer, plunged into the darkest of the plantations.

Stretched on the grass, evening came on—the shades of night fell fast, and hours elapsed while I lay on the ground in bitter listlessness. At length the rolling of the mail-coach, and the winded horn of the guard, broke my melancholy reveries. I rose up—it was nearly dark; one of the village streets was parallel with the park wall, and by

accident I took the path which ran beside it—the night was still—and I overheard two persons in conversation, one of whom I recognised to be the postmaster.

"This news will make a stir at the Hall."—"It will," replied the second voice.—"What says the letter?"—"Nothing more than that Dr. Dosewell died on Saturday.—"That is one thousand a year for George Hilson;" and the speakers separated with a "good night."

You can scarcely imagine how coldly this important occurrence affected me; for I had already formed a plan for immediately leaving home. "Could I but see Emma once more," thought I; "could I but know the reason of my rejection"—and instinctively my steps led me to the garden. "I will at least," said I, "visit the spot which witnessed my misery." I started—the little wicket was open, and voices were talking softly at no great distance. "Oh, if it be Emma!" thought I; "and that sweet voice is surely hers." I advanced cautiously—the evergreens concealed me—I approached the rustic bench—and, heavens and earth! I saw Emma herself sitting beside a man whose arm encircled her waist, while her head fondly rested on his shoulder.

I leaned for support against a tree, when a well-known voice told me that the stranger was my cousin. He had been just listening to her account of our morning interview. "And did you soften the bitterness of a refusal, dearest Emma?—did you soothe the agony of such a disappointment? Good Heaven! poor youth, how I pity him! Emma, I love him, next to yourself, best in the world, and would sacrifice everything—"

"But *me*," interrupted the blushing girl.

"Even so," said my cousin, as he kissed her tenderly, "to make George Hilson happy; and when I think of our engagement, this, like all the rest, omens badly for its issue."

"Nay, dear Arthur, you are always apprehensive."

"If I am, Emma, it is for you; am I not injuring you, in inducing you to make engagements with a beggar—you, whose beauty, whose worth would insure you a handsome settlement in life?"

"Stop, Arthur; I know your feelings—you are richer than all the world to me—and none but Arthur Hilson shall call me wife."

My kinsman, with his happy mistress, talked of his future plans—of fortunes to be made, and years to be endured in hopes of happiness. "And now, dearest, we must part till to-morrow night; my heart is full of anguish for my poor cousin. I will see him, and acquaint him with our long attachment: his honour and his affection for me call for this discovery"—and again the "parting kiss was given."

I had listened with a brain on fire; but even in my madness I determined on my future course of action. Suddenly I stood before them. Emma screamed, and nearly fainted. Next moment I had seized her passive hand.—"Fear not, Emma," I exclaimed;

"I would not harm you for the universe. Hear me, Arthur :—I have been a listener from accident, and for the last time you see me here. Happier days await you!—to-morrow shall unfold the mystery.—Adieu for ever!" I kissed her cold lips, and before either could speak I bounded across the hedge.

I retired to my chamber, but not to sleep. I wrote two letters—one to Emma, bidding her adieu, and congratulating her on the prospect of independence, which Dosewell's death had opened up to my kinsman Arthur. The other was to my father, stating that his tyranny made my home so comfortless, that to avoid the repeated indignities I suffered, I had resolved to leave Ireland, and seek my fortune beyond the seas. Having inclosed Emma's letter in a cover to Arthur, I next prepared for my departure. My half-yearly allowance had been paid me only a few days before. I made up a small bundle of linen, and with a good stick in my hand and twenty guineas in my pocket, jumped out of my bed-room window, and bade a long adieu to Hilson Hall.

Morning was just breaking as I passed down the village street. One minute I stopped before Emma's door. I knew her room, and gazed for a moment on her lattice—then depositing my letters as I passed the post, I took the most unfrequented road, that led across the country, to the nearest sea-port.

I slung my bundle across my stick and moved rapidly on. A weight seemed to press on my breast, and my respiration was difficult and uneasy. I stole a side-look at the Hall and village, and then, as if I had seen some object I disliked, hastily turned away my eyes. At last a turn in the road shut out both objects—and raising my head erect, I fancied that I breathed more freely. In three hours my home lay twelve miles behind me—and I entered the village of N—— just as mine host of the Spread Eagle was rising.

The want of food the day before, joined to mental and bodily exhaustion, made refreshment necessary; and I entered the Spread Eagle, and called to the landlord for breakfast.

He, worthy man, was at the moment combining a quantity of milk and brandy: he looked at my haggard countenance—"You are way-worn, my friend," he said; and handing me the mixture, made a droll inclination of his head and little finger. I understood this freemasonry, and in a second swallowed the specific of the Spread Eagle. The quantity of alcohol, which was a trifle to mine host, soon affected my unpractised head. My cheek recovered its faded colour; my eye lost its leaden hue: I laid my weary head upon a bench, and after two hours' sweet repose, was awakened by the maid to tell me my breakfast was waiting.

I arose and followed her to a neat small parlour off the kitchen, which formed the centre of the house; and accommodated with cold water and a towel, bathed my hot and feverish hands, removed the marks of dust and fatigue from my face, and sat down to breakfast with what appetite I had earned.

"I will not yield to this despondency," said I; "I have acted at least a manly part; and though my dream of happiness is dissolved, have I not made others happy? and the world is surely large enough for us all. What's to be done? Rouse thyself, George Hilson!" As I still soliloquized, a sweet and powerful voice sang as it passed my open window,—

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile a :
A merry heart goes all the day ;
Your sad one tires in a mile a."

"I hail the omen," said I; and at the instant, a fine, gallant-looking fellow entered the parlour.

He was dressed in an artillery uniform, and three stripes across his arm announced his subordinate rank. A red handkerchief dangled from the extremity of a sword: his knapsack was across his shoulders; and taking his cap off, he placed it on the table, and throwing himself on a form, opened the conversation with—"No offence, I hope, sir."

"None in the world," I replied.

The soldier bowed. "What, ho! landlord, have my comrades been here?"

"Not yet, Serjeant Hamilton;—how left you the old dame?"

"Well, and tolerably cheery, considering the odds are against her ever seeing me again."

"That," said the host, "is all the chance of war."

"It is so," said the soldier with a sigh.

"But here, Marian," cried mine host, "have you nothing to offer your old companion?"

I thought the soldier drew himself up to his full height, and did not appear to acknowledge the alleged equality which mine host's speech would have implied; who continued—"You look but dull this morning."

"I was just thinking," said the soldier, "that my grandfather came here a captain of horse, and his descendant leaves it a serjeant of artillery. However, we both wore honourable livery, which is more than richer men can say."

While he spoke, the landlord's daughter brought in a plentiful supply of refreshments; and with fresh apologies for trespassing on my *déjeûné*, the soldier sat down with us to breakfast.

Although the gallant serjeant flirted freely with the handsome Marian, and laughed with her jolly father, it required little penetration to remark, that he was a man far above the grade of life in which he moved at present. His appearance bespoke habitual good-humour, and a naturally buoyant spirit, struggling with the frowns of fortune, and determining to gain the mastery. I took an early occasion of following him of the Spread Eagle, and left the gay soldier and the young *soubrette tête-à-tête* together.

I found mine host sitting on the bench beneath the pent-house of the inn, inhaling, in luxurious indolence, the odorous comforts of a

long Dutch pipe. He was as communicative as persons of his calling are said to be; and perceiving that I evinced some curiosity respecting his military guest, favoured me with his history.

"His grandfather," he said, "was a captain in Ligonier's regiment of dragoons, and was quartered in a neighbouring town. The male descent of the ancient family of the Aubreys had failed; and the estates were now possessed by the orphan daughter of the late lord. Soon after the arrival of the dragoon, a *fête* was given in honour of Miss Aubrey, and Captain Hamilton danced with the heiress. He was young, handsome, and insinuating; and the result was, that the lady loved and wedded him.

"But, unhappily, prudence was not among the qualities of the fortunate dragoon. There were in that part of the country several distinguished families with much larger estates, with whom Hamilton unwisely endeavoured to keep pace in extravagance and display. His splendid equipage, his well-appointed retinue, his stud and his kennel, were all supported on a scale of unusual magnificence. His hospitality was boundless and profuse; his bacchanalian exploits formed the theme of many a popular ballad; and Aubrey Hall almost eclipsed the still celebrated mansion of 'Bumper Squire Jones.'

"The consequences may be easily imagined. More than a moderate fortune became rapidly embarrassed: and the improvident owner died of a desperate debauch, leaving a son as thoughtless as his sire to inherit his shattered property. It speedily passed piecemeal to strangers; and forty years saw a noble estate acquired and dissipated, and the grandson of him who had been the meteor of his day necessitated to enter into life in the humble circumstances of a private of artillery."

It was strange enough that chance should bring me into contact with one so singularly situated as my military companion was; and, without a moment's hesitation, I determined to follow the same career.

Taking Hamilton aside, I told him I was the son of a respectable farmer, and that to avoid the consequences of an imprudent attachment, it was necessary for me for a time to leave my home. I had decided, I continued, on enlisting, and if he would receive me I would enter into his corps. Hamilton commended my resolution, and willingly enrolled me as a recruit; and, to prevent my being discovered, I took the precaution of assuming another name: the alteration of a letter was sufficient for my concealment, and I entered the Royal Irish Artillery as George Wilson.

The ceremony of my enlistment had scarcely concluded, when the expected comrades of my military friend arrived. They were all hearty, strapping fellows; and I, an active well-grown lad, at once found favour in their sight. Among soldiers, little formality exists. I insisted on treating my new companions—the bowl was filled, and the tankard traversed the table rapidly. Hamilton's gay cockade was placed jauntily in my hat; and early in the forenoon we left the village on our route to head-quarters.

The road we took ran through a romantic and rich country. The high hedge-rows, now in full leaf, sheltered us from the sunshine—refreshing showers fell occasionally: we were all full of life and energy, and, save myself, “unburthened with a care”—the jest and song beguiled the way, and I almost forgot that I was unhappy. A sigh, however, would sometimes escape; and as we passed a gentleman’s park, which bore a faint resemblance to Hilson Hall, my lost love and my deserted home came forcibly to my memory. Hamilton observed a tear tremble on my cheek, and remarked my agitation—and with the innate feelings of his better birth, he kindly endeavoured to amuse my melancholy.

Our journey continued for several days, unmarked by any incident worth recording. Time, and change of scene, and the novelty of my present life, did much in removing my sorrow; and when we reached our destination, which was Cork, no traces of the “heart’s disease,” which had sent me a wanderer from home, were evident.

From the moment I first formed the design of a military life, I determined to devote myself zealously to its professional duties. I was patient and attentive, and in a few weeks overcame the drudgery of drill, was transferred to the ranks, having obtained from my instructors the reputation of being a promising soldier.

It was a fortunate circumstance that I had taken the precaution of adopting another name; for shortly after my departure from Hilson Hall, an advertisement appeared in the Irish and English newspapers addressed to me, and imploring me to return—“where independence awaited me, and parental forgiveness would be willingly extended.”

The delicacy and warmth of expression in which the article was couched left me at no loss to guess who the author was; and though aware that his own happiness utterly depended on my being an alien from my home, I firmly believe my generous kinsman would have sacrificed his brilliant prospects to have restored me to my family; but I was too proud to return like a truant boy; home had no spell to lure me back; mine should not be the hand to pull down the fabric on which my cousin’s happiness was placed, and thus annihilate the hopes of her for whom I would have yielded up life itself. I would cut my road to fortune, and return with an honourable name, or perish, like multitudes of the brave, “unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

There was an union of science and skill requisite to become eminent in the profession I had selected, which stimulated me to be indefatigable in minute attention to my duty. I had many natural advantages to assist me in achieving professional superiority. I was young, patient, and vigorous; my constitution unbroken, and capable of privation and fatigue; my sight was quick and powerful. I measured distances with unerring skill: the shell burst where I directed it, and the ball was propelled with fatal accuracy. Before I was two years in the service my talent was distinguished by my officers; and when orders came for our brigade to embark for

Holland, I was intrusted with the command of a gun, and promoted to a serjeant's rank.

We landed at Helvoetsluys on the 1st of March, and soon after formed a junction with the Austro-Prussian army, and a corps of Hanoverians and Hessians in British pay. In the battle of the 23rd of May at Farnas, we were successful, and invested Valenciennes, which fell on the 28th of July. This opening success, however, was delusory; and I shall simply mention that in this unhappy campaign I was a sharer in its victories and reverses. The gallant Duke who commanded was worthier of a more prosperous career than that which he was fated to pass through. Attacked by a brave, active, and enthusiastic enemy, opposed to able and enterprising officers, he depended upon heartless friends, and operated with unwarlike allies. Paralyzed in victory, and deserted when distressed, that brave man struggled vainly against circumstances beyond his control; and after an useless attempt upon Dunkirk, was obliged to retreat by Furness upon Ghent.

Early next April, Pichegru having moved on West Flanders, the disastrous campaign of ninety-four opened. It was, in truth, a continuation of defeats. Repulsed on the 17th and 18th of May, the Royal Duke was driven behind the Aa. The French crossed the Maes, when all our exertions failed to defend Nimeguen, which was carried by assault. During this campaign, in the field movements and sieges, the British artillery suffered heavily. Poor Hamilton fell before Dunkirk: the most of my earlier comrades were killed or invalided: I, from a severe wound, was sent home to England, having, for my conduct, been promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant.

I might now have returned proudly to my home; for, by my own unassisted exertions, I had made an honourable name. In fancy I revisited Hilson Hall, and indulged in many a wild conjecture of the state in which I should find its inmates. What would be my reception there?—would my father's sternness give way, and nature assert her mastery, and open his closed arms to offer a prodigal's welcome to his long-estranged child? Would even my unexpected return disturb my mother's apathy—and how would Emma meet me—where was she—*what* was she—was she still unwedded—or, had the indissoluble bond of marriage united her to Arthur, and severed her from me for ever? I still clung to the hope that Emma was yet free, and that circumstances I could neither name nor fancy might make her still my own. Restless and miserable, I determined to return to Ireland; and having obtained a leave of absence, I set off for Bristol to embark in the Dublin packet.

When I arrived there, the vessel was on the eve of sailing: she only waited for the turning of the tide; and, to pass the short time away, I sauntered into an adjacent coffee-house. An Irish newspaper was before me, and I carelessly threw my eye over its columns. Suddenly I started: I felt my cheek flush; I had scarcely courage to peruse the fatal paragraph—fatal, indeed, to all my hopes of happiness—“At the Rectory of Ashfield, the lady of the Reverend Arthur

Hilson of a son and heir!" The paper dropped from my hand; the dream was dispelled, the charm was broken: Emma was a wife, a mother; and could I, dare I return? No, no: home was now a hateful name; all there to me would be bitterness and disappointment. I threw myself into a coach, and in an hour was on the road to Woolwich to rejoin my corps.

It was evening when I returned, and having entered the barracks unobserved, I was left for several hours in solitary possession of my apartments. The next rooms were occupied by a married officer, who had lately returned to head-quarters with his bride: they were both young and handsome, and, as it was said, a long attachment had subsisted between them, and that theirs was what the world calls a love-match. The partition which separated our apartments was but slight and, to my astonishment, I heard sounds of weeping and distress. All around me was still, and I easily ascertained that the lady was in deep affliction, and her husband vainly endeavouring to soothe her anguish. Soon after, my servant came to me, and, on inquiry, I learned that a reinforcement for the West Indies was drafted from our corps, and that my neighbour, Lieutenant Mowbray, was one of the officers ordered for this service. From the imperative command received for the immediate embarkation of the detachment, it was impossible that Mrs. Mowbray could be permitted to accompany her husband; and the well-known insalubrity of the climate rendered the chance a desperate one of the unhappy pair being again united.

The idea instantly occurred to me that it was within my power to avert this dreaded calamity. Every climate was alike to me; and I could reason with Orlando, "If killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; and the world no injury, for in it I have nothing." Without a moment's deliberation I opened Mowbray's door: his wife, who was leaning her head upon his shoulder, and bitterly lamenting the hard lot which was to separate her so suddenly from her lover, started when I entered, and he rose up hurt and mortified at an interruption, which, in any other than me, would have been unfeeling and unpardonable. But when I told him my determination, and offered to exchange and take his place, never were surprise and rapture more marked than in the features of Mowbray and his wife. In glowing language he poured out his ardent acknowledgments, while she hung upon my neck, and called me her saviour, her deliverer.

Gently detaching myself from her embrace, I left the delighted lovers to their happiness, and returning to my room commenced active preparations for a long absence from England. In a few days all necessary matters were completed; my exchange of service with Mowbray was effected, and for the second time I left my country, with feeble hopes indeed of ever seeing it again.

But fortune willed it otherwise. I remained in those unhealthy islands for four years; and although twice attacked by the malignant fevers of the country, I survived to bury my companions. The

French invested the fort I commanded, but I repulsed them. For this service I was promoted to a company; and soon after, being relieved by a fresh body of victims, I was ordered home, and with the remains of those who survived that fatal climate landed at Cove, in the spring of 1798, five years from the time I left its harbour an humble serjeant.

It was on the eve of that political convulsion which threatened the dissolution of the empire, that I returned to the south of Ireland. From the period I had left the country, to the time of my landing from the West Indies, the kingdom had been a scene of continued disorder and violence; but things were now hastening to a crisis, and I arrived but a few weeks before the insurrection of ninety-eight took place.

In my military profession I was an eye-witness to the dreadful events which ensued, and was, unhappily, an actor in many a scene of commotion and bloodshed. Even at this remote time I recall the memory of those evil days with pain; and though since hackneyed in deeds of violence and death, I shudder at the recollection of this fatal summer. It was in truth a fearful period—assassination was perpetrated in the open day—houses were nightly attacked, and the inmates, when they failed in repulsing the assailants, deprived of arms and property, and not unfrequently of life. The scaffold groaned with victims, and the air stank with unburied hundreds, who fell in conflicts with the military, and, crushed by superior discipline, perished in idle but fearless opposition.

Time and absence had cooled the fever of my blood: I could not but feel that I was in the land of my birth; and own a yearning of the heart towards the home I had so hastily quitted. I made the necessary inquiries, and found that Sir Philip and my mother were no longer among the living. All past severity and unkindness were forgotten—my father's sternness, the chilly bearing of my mother, faded from my memory. They were now resting in the grave, and the memory of their neglect was buried with them.

Although the tie of kindred was nearly severed, I felt an uncontrollable desire to revisit my native village. Emma was there; but what was she to me? A barrier, eternal and insuperable, was placed between us. Where would be the prudence of witnessing Arthur's happiness? Was it politic to open the seared wound, and again place myself within the dangerous influence of that cherished object whom I could not see without emotion, nor remember without pain? Still the impulse was irresistible—I would risk all—I would once more see Emma, though my tranquillity should be broken, and my bosom bleed anew! I obtained, accordingly, a short leave of absence, and engaged a place in the mail, which passed my paternal residence.

Nothing could have marked the insecurity of the times more strongly than the unusual appearance of the Cork coach. Its double guard was considered insufficient for its protection; and, apprehensive of attack, the passengers were armed, and a party of dragoons, relieved at each stage, escorted us through our perilous journey.

Of my fellow-travellers, the one who was seated opposite to me attracted my attention. He was, like myself, habited in a sort of military undress; and from his sallow complexion and foreign air, I should have concluded him to have been one who had resided long in some torrid climate. I made some efforts to induce a conversation, but he was silent, almost repulsive, and I left him accordingly to his own contemplations.

The other travellers were persons in the humbler walk of life, and avowedly engaged in trade—and for a time their conversation was confined to subjects only interesting to themselves. With such dull companions, to sleep was my only alternative; and I prepared to slumber away some portion of my tedious journey. But my attention was soon engaged. I found that one of the traders was settled in Ashfield, my native town; and, with a little management, I learned the singular changes which a few years had produced in my family.

My father had been suddenly taken off by an attack of gout in the stomach, and Tom consequently succeeded to the title and estates. My mother resided with him; and never was an ancient name consigned to weaker representatives than Lady Hilson and Sir Thomas.

About this period Methodism made its way into the south of Ireland, and fitter subjects for knaves and fanatics to work on could not be found than the baronet and his mother. Duped by a specious and imposing system, well calculated to deceive the weak and unsuspecting, they listened to designing preachers, and caught the prevailing enthusiasm of the day. They were flattered into a belief that they held a leading place among those elected for celestial honours; and those whose mental imbecility had unfitted them for interfering in the commonest occurrences of human life, were intoxicated with the fond delusion that themselves had been specially selected to forward the great work of Heaven.

When a weak mind is once well infected with religious folly, there is but slight ground for dreading its disenfranchisement; and, therefore, during the term of Lady Hilson's life, the Hall might be safely reckoned one of the safest havens for the elect. But the good lady was evidently declining, and it was deemed advisable to guard against any contingency of the baronet's escaping from the toils. The most certain prevention was by marrying him to a professor—and a daughter of Sion was accordingly selected. It was no difficult matter for poor Tom's spiritual director to persuade him that completing this holy alliance was only fulfilling the special decree of Heaven; and the lady, who neither wanted cleverness nor beauty, left the home of her father, an humble manufacturer, to become mistress of Hilson Hall.

The rate of travelling of his Majesty's mail was then very different from the birdlike velocity of the present day; and the evening was far advanced when we reached the high hill which commands Ashfield, and from which the narrow chimneys and fretted gables of the old Hall are first seen. Here the foreign-looking traveller left the carriage, and turned into an unfrequented lane, where a person

seemed to have been waiting for him; and together they disappeared behind the hawthorn hedges which flanked the narrow pathway.

I can but ill describe my feelings when the coach rolled through the long street of Ashfield. Every object was familiar—every house—every tree well remembered. We pulled up at the inn, and the coach-door opened. I looked at the man who assisted me to alight, and I knew him to have been an old servant of my father's; the rosy-cheeked daughter of the landlord was curtsying in the hall to welcome me: but neither recognised me. My sunburnt cheek, my strong compacted figure, bore no resemblance to the wild youth whose history was now almost forgotten.

I entered the little parlour. "The neatly sanded floor and varnished clock" were just as I had left them; and the corner cupboard fronted me, with its full display of cracked china and gauze-stemmed glasses. Above the chimney-piece the effigies of the Babes in the Wood were standing in fine preservation; often, when a boy, have I gazed on them with compassion and delight. There they reclined in waxen glory upon a bed of moss, attended by the "gentle redbreast," which the cunning artist had represented by a two-legged animal, with the air and proportions of a Norfolk turkey. On one side, a tender couple with crooks and cattle were suspended, and underneath was written, "The Arcadian Lovers;" and on the other, a lean and famished youth was sprawling at the feet of an elderly gentleman, arrayed in a full-bottomed wig and scarlet hunting-frock, with sky-blue breeches and jockey boots. To insinuate that the scene of this interesting limning was eastern, an elephant was judiciously introduced, scratching, over the court-yard wall, a camel's hump with his proboscis; and, in golden letters, the subject was stated to be "The Prodigal's Return."

I declined the offer of refreshments, and was leaning against the mantel-piece arranging my future course of conduct, when a low whispering beneath the window induced me to look out. In the twilight I observed several persons in deep conversation, and at a little distance one or two armed men, who seem posted there as sentinels. I was soon aware that I was the subject of their discourse; and the casement being imperfectly closed enabled me to overhear them.

"Are you certain," inquired the first speaker, "that he answers the description of the stranger?"

"Perfectly. He is a dark sallow man—his air military—his height the same—and his dress exactly what the foreigner is described to wear."

"Heavens! how fortunate! Did any one remark him but you?"

"Not a soul: I saw him alight. It struck me in an instant that he was the man. I watched him through the keyhole: he seemed in deep thought, and anxious to avoid observation."

"It must be he."

"What's best to do?"

"Arrest him before any chance could let others see him, and share the honour and reward."

"I agree with you. We'll take him at once to Captain Hilson's, and there examine him before the magistrate."

"Speak lower—let us lose no time."

They both retired; and after giving some directions to the sentinels, left the inn-yard together.

Short as the preceding dialogue had been, I recognised the principal of the speakers. He had been employed in disciplining the yeomanry of Ashfield; and from the humble grade of a drill-sergeant, for espionage and other secret services, had been made a brigade-major for that district. He was a fawning sycophant to those in power, and a ready tool for the bigot and oppressor to work with. I remembered he had been an object of aversion to poor Sir Philip; and it at once occurred to me, that I could disappoint his avarice, and gain a safe and unsuspected *entrée* to my cousin's house, by favouring the mistake into which the gallant major had fallen. It was quite clear that my foreign-looking fellow-traveller was concerned, or suspected to be so, in some treasonable transactions, and that a similarity of dress and appearance would naturally occasion much confusion. While I was still undecided, whether to announce my name at once and prove my identity, the door was opened, and Dalton, with two armed attendants, entered the room, and approached with due caution to the place where I stood.

Major Dalton opened the conversation, by inquiring, "If I had not arrived by the coach that evening?" I bowed. "Where was my passport?"—"Forgotten."—"Where was I last from?"—"Cork."—"Had I been long in the country?"—"No; only a few days."—"I was a French officer?"—"No; I was an English one."—"Impossible!"—and he pulled out a paper which contained my supposed description:—"dark eyes—sallow complexion—tall—stout—soldierly—blue frock—dark stock." I was the man, and I must accompany him instantly to Mr. Hilson, the justice. Again I assured him I was not a French general: but my protestations were not believed; and in a few minutes I found myself in close custody proceeding to my kinsman's house, and a crowd of ragged boys running after to get a sight of "General Buonaparte, who was just taken at the inn by Major Dalton."

It was quite dark when I entered the court-yard of the glebe house, where my cousin resided. The capture of the supposed general had occasioned a wonderful sensation, and I was ushered into Arthur's mansion with suitable formality. My cousin was absent, and I was left a prisoner in the parlour until a messenger should be despatched to apprise him of the important event.

I found myself alone; and for a few moments almost doubted the reality of my situation. Was I under the roof of Emma—my once—my still-loved Emma?—and so strangely circumstanced too!—a prisoner—a supposed spy. I took a candle from the table to examine the apartment, and satisfy myself that I was really in Arthur's house.

been an active resident magistrate; energetic in preserving the tranquillity of the country; and, from the known determination of his character, frequently employed by the government in hazardous official services, which would have been better adapted to a more warlike profession than his. He was aware that his exertions had caused him to be feared and hated by the disaffected; and threatening letters, received almost every post, left him by no means uncertain of the treatment he might expect at their hands, should they unfortunately succeed, and he become their prisoner.

Under these apprehensions, it was determined that he should remove his wife and child to some place of greater safety than the unprotected village of Ashfield (for the small detachment which had formerly garrisoned it was removed to strengthen the field force of some of the contiguous generals), and that he should return, after leaving them in a place of security, and await the result of this alarming crisis. Preparations were accordingly commenced for the intended journey; but, alas! death interrupted it.

Nor were the inhabitants of the Hall insensible to the signs of the times. Although full of professions of unbounded reliance on Providence, they thought it unwise to play deaf adder on the present occasion. They considered themselves too useful servants to be deserving of a crown of martyrdom at present, and contended, if it was inculcated to pray without ceasing, it was also advisable to pray without danger. The plate and valuables were accordingly transmitted without delay to Dublin; and Lady Hilson took her departure for "the city of refuge," as the gang termed it, accompanied by her husband and the whole hive.

My parting with Emma and my cousin was painful, and I would say ominous. He accompanied me some miles of the road; and when we took leave of each other and separated, I observed, on a turning of the path, that Arthur was still looking after me: we waved our hands to each other, and I saw him for the last time.

My route led through a wild and dangerous district. I was therefore anxious to reach my destination, if possible, before night. As evening came on, the signs of the insurrection being commenced were frequent and distinct: fires were blazing on the hills, and, in number and brilliancy, were increasing as the night closed. I pushed on rapidly. Arthur had presented me with a horse, and I proved his speed and bottom. I had now descended into the level country: the distant spire of the church of the town I was to halt in for the night was visible; and I congratulated myself on achieving my dangerous journey unmolested, when I was surrounded by armed men, pulled by a hook attached to a pike from my horse, and found myself lying stunned upon the ground, with a number of truculent-looking ruffians around me.

From the sanguinary complexion of the inhuman warfare carried on, I concluded that my death was inevitable, and endeavoured to collect my spirits, and summon resolution to meet my fate with a soldier's fortitude.

But my death was not the present object of the banditti. A stout intelligent fellow, who was addressed by the rest as captain, examined me minutely as to my name, rank, and the purpose of my travelling. On these points my uniform and papers would have satisfied him sufficiently. I was remounted on my own horse, and, in the centre of the rebels, proceeded by a cross-road to join their main body, who, I was informed, were at some place in the vicinity of Ballymore.

After some hours' marching we came up with the rebel outposts. I was conducted to a place of security in the centre of the insurgent army, and as the summer night was nearly past, I lay down guarded by a sentinel on a sward of newly-cut hay, to repose after my wearying and, as it had proved, calamitous journey.

The morning dawned some time before I awoke. I had been much fatigued by the exertions of the preceding day, and, urged by thirst, had drunk a considerable quantity of spirits and water before I lay down to sleep. I looked about like one bewildered: I was in a country of whose appearance I was profoundly ignorant, and for some time imagined the body of men who had occupied the ground on the last night had moved off while I slept.

But soon, from the rising ground where I stood, I discovered the cause of the extraordinary stillness of the rebel forces. They were formed in ambuscade, and concealed by the high fences; and from a careful look-out kept by their leaders I was aware that an enemy was speedily expected.

The position chosen by the rebels for surprising the King's troops was admirably selected for that purpose, but yet was a place where a successful attempt at an ambuscade was most unlikely. Near the village of Clough, the country, which is there flat and open, with large and spacious fields running parallel with the road, and offering every facility for an army to deploy and form easily if required, suddenly changes its character. The road becomes deep, narrow, and intricate, with clay banks on each side, having wide ditches at their bases, and rows of close bushes on the top. The fields also are small and difficult, interspersed into numerous parks, and separated by full-grown hedges. At this time of the year, the trees being in full leaf, and the ground occupied by rich potato crops, standing corn, and unmown grass, afforded ample concealment for any force which chose to occupy it. Here the rebels awaited the attack of the royalists; and the movements of the latter on the Camolin road were soon apparent.

The rising of a dense continuous cloud of dust gave notice that the King's troops were approaching. For security, I was placed about a hundred paces from the insurgents who lined the hedges. To enable themselves the better to obtain a view of the expected conflict, my guards posted me on the crest of a Danish fort, which not only commanded the rebel position, but had an unbroken prospect of the road by which their assailants advanced for several miles. I had not, fortunately, been deprived of my telescope, and was thus enabled to remark the occurrences of this calamitous morning with painful accu-

racy. A sudden angle of the road cleared the advancing military of the dust, which had hitherto obscured their march, and at once I perceived that they were moving in close column, without either flanking parties or skirmishers. The dragoons were in the front, the infantry succeeded—in the centre I perceived three or four pieces of artillery—and a squadron of cavalry brought up the rear.

The country as yet was open. The troops could easily extend, if required, on the right and left of the road; but still there was a want of military caution in their order of march, which struck me as being blameable. Presently they halted. "Now," thought I, "the rebel plan is known—we shall soon see this formidable position turned." I looked attentively—there was as yet no partial movement—no light troops extending—no advanced guard pushed forward. Did my eyes deceive me?—was it possible? By Heaven! the march in close column was resumed; and, without a single precautionary measure, the doomed leader moved to his destruction.

On came the royalists, and in a short time the leading squadron of the advanced cavalry entered the fatal pass of Tubberneering. None but a soldier can conceive the feelings of despair, of madness, with which I viewed my devoted comrades enter the gorge of those inclosures, from which few would return with life, and none without dishonour. In profound silence the rebel ambush lay concealed—not a pike glittered—not a man was seen—and the advanced guard rode on without suspicion. The infantry had now entered the defile, and as the road narrowed, the progress of the column became slow and difficult: they passed—and the unhappy cause of the day's disgrace, surrounded by his aides-de-camp and staff, rode forward.

Colonel Walpole, to whom unfortunately the direction of this ill-fated detachment had been intrusted, was a man totally unfitted for command. He was vain, ignorant, and imprudent; arrogant in his manners, and averse to communicate with his officers, and avail himself of the experience of others. He held a situation in the castle of Dublin, and had been despatched with confidential orders to General Loftus, from whom he received the command which was so fatal to his followers. He was a remarkably fine-looking man, and being dressed in a field officer's full uniform, and mounted on a tall grey charger, he formed a most conspicuous object for his latent enemy.

The column had now completely entangled itself; and from the inclosures a wild yell burst forth, accompanied by a stream of musketry. Colonel Walpole fell on the first fire: the confusion was tremendous—and to fight or retreat impossible. The height and number of the fences on every side made the ground most favourable for irregular and desultory warfare—as the long pikes of the rebels reached nearly across the narrow road, and those of the distracted soldiers who escaped the first close fire were perforated from behind the hedges by invisible opponents. The surprise of the troops was complete—dragoons and infantry were thrown in helpless disorder on each other, and a scene of butchery ensued.

I mentioned that I had been placed apart from the rebel body: my

guard had been gradually diminished after the *mêlée* commenced, by their savage anxiety to join in the work of slaughter, and but two remained. I looked down the next inclosure—it was entirely open—for those who had originally lined it had advanced to close with the struggling soldiery.

I saw that escape was practicable. A pikeman and a musketeer were my retainers—and I waited till the latter had discharged his piece, when, flinging the spearman down the steep bank, I sprang over the next fence, and rushed towards the flank of the royalists.

Fortunately some officers had managed to disengage the rear-guard, and form them across an open field, to cover the broken column. A steep and expansive rock rose abruptly within a few paces of the road, and it was crowded with the rebel musketry, who, from its superior elevation, were enabled to throw a destructive fire into the helpless mass below. To extricate the column while that commanding spot was occupied was impossible. I instantly took command of the artillery, and having levelled a hedge, got one of the six-pounders across the fence, whence its fire would traverse the rebel position. The gunners behaved with admirable steadiness: with a few discharges we swept the rock of its occupants, and a few of the 4th dragoons and the ancient British cavalry, having threatened a flank movement on the rebels, the remains of the column were disengaged. We were reluctantly obliged to abandon the guns; for the horses, being untrained to fire, carried off the limbers in the commencement of the attack, and made it impracticable to remove them. We fell back in great confusion, and retreated through the town of Gorey, followed closely by the insurgents, and annoyed, as we passed through the streets, by the rebel inhabitants, who fired on us from their houses.

But I had little time to brood deeply over the disastrous fight of Tubberneering. An occurrence of private calamity had taken place, in which those with whom my best feelings were involved had heavily suffered. Ashfield had been surprised and taken by the rebels on the night I left it, and Arthur Hilson murdered in his own house, with circumstances of revolting barbarity. Emma and her child had escaped with difficulty, had gained the sea-shore, and embarked in a vessel bound to some English or Welsh port; but where, my information failed to state. They were safe; but, good God! so forlorn—so unprotected! I would have flown to them, but that was utterly impossible; and I was obliged to remain in a state of harassing anxiety, until time or accident would enable me to communicate with the wretched widow.

In the interim, the rebel success at Tubberneering brought thousands of the wavering peasants to their standard. By our defeat, they had also got several pieces of cannon and a quantity of other arms and ammunition. Their numbers were now immense, and their movements bold and formidable. On the 5th, under the command of Bagenal Harvey, they attacked the town of Ross: the engagement continued the whole day, and after a desperate conflict, they were

defeated by General Johnston. On the 9th the battle of Arklow was fought, which also terminated in their discomfiture. On the 30th they took possession of the town of Wexford, which they held till the 21st of June; and having formed a camp on Vinegar Hill, from it they overran the country in immense bodies.

It would not be interesting to mention more than generally those affairs, in most of which I was employed. I commanded the artillery of the army under Lord Lake, but more immediately operated with the brigade commanded by General Sir James Duff.

Although the rebels had been mostly unsuccessful in their decisive attempts on the King's troops, their possession of a strong intrenched camp on Vinegar Hill gave them a great facility of making attempts on the weaker military posts around them, and maintaining themselves against anything but a powerful force. Of course it became imperative on the Wexford commanders to dislodge them from it. A combined attack of the brigades of Dundas, Loftus, Needham, Johnston, and Duff, was arranged; and the necessary orders having been issued by Lord Lake, the troops were put in motion.

General Duff, to whom I was attached with the artillery, advanced on the Ferns road, having his right flank on the river Slaney. Our march was parallel to the rebel lines upon the hills; and during this movement I protected the columns by throwing shells into the lines from the howitzers, while the light infantry under General Loftus supported me by a flanking fire. Late in the evening we arrived on the ground we were directed to occupy, and after a day of immense fatigue rested on our arms on Vinegar Hill, in front of the rebel position. Ours, being the light brigade, was of course considerably advanced, and I employed the little remaining light before the night closed, in surveying the ground and selecting a fit position for placing the guns in battery.

The night was mild and warm; the rebel fires were lighted along their lines and in the fort which crowned the crest of their camp. Every necessary precaution against surprise was taken, and we lay down to sleep and refresh ourselves for the exertions of the morrow.

We were already apprised that the assault upon the rebel camp would commence with the morning's dawn—all but the pickets and sentries were consequently anxious to obtain as much refreshment and repose as possible. A soldier's supper is readily disposed of; and soon after dark our bivouac was profoundly silent, and no sound or step was heard but those of the guards and outposts.

Not so the rebel camp. All within their lines was mirth and music: groups of figures were seen moving opaquely round the watch-fires, and the dance, and laugh, and song, only ceased a short time before their lines were formed for the engagement.

The short hours of the summer night passed, and the first blush of morning was expected anxiously. We were all at our posts. A Highland regiment was formed on the left of the ground, where my guns, six six-pounders and two howitzers, were in battery—and the light brigade, being the flank companies of the Irish militia, and

forming the finest battalion I ever saw, were extended on the right. Our watches were momentarily consulted: in a few minutes the grey dawn would break, and then the work of death was to commence! At this instant an aide-de-camp came up with orders. When the light broke sufficiently to lay the guns, my fire was to open, and that would be the signal for the columns who were now resting round the hill to press forward.

But natural causes for a time forbade the flow of human blood. Suddenly a thick dense fog rolled in huge fleeces across the hill; the soldier could scarcely distinguish his next file, and all around was enveloped in dark continuous clouds, into which the human eye found it impossible to penetrate.

It was six o'clock before the light broke upon the morning of the 21st of June. The mist rose gradually from the low grounds, and as it rolled up the hill, the columns of Generals Wilford, Dundas, and Duff, commenced ascending with it. When I heard the advance sounded on their bugles, I apprised General Loftus, who had stationed himself beside me, that the fog was now dispersing. The word of readiness was given to the light troops, and immediately the mist curled upwards in one huge fleece, and showed us the advancing columns below displayed in a dazzling glare of sunshine. The cloud rolled majestically forward, and in a few minutes more the double lines of the insurgents, five or six files deep, appeared encircling the ridge and summit of the mountain.

The opening light showed me that on the preceding evening I had not calculated my distance wrong, when I chose the ground on which I had parked my guns. A long deep ditch and breastwork had been thrown up in front of their position by the rebels, and to defend it they had filled it with their choicest musketry. A few paces from me the ground rose, and I perceived that from that elevation I could enfilade their whole line—I changed the guns instantly, and waited orders to commence firing.

The mist had now cleared off the rebel fort, which was situated on the cone of the mountain, and the scene around was beautiful and imposing. Above, the rebel lines displayed a forest of glittering pikes; along their ranks a number of green flags were waving; and their leaders, mounted and dismounted, were seen completing the necessary arrangements. One was particularly remarkable, and seemed to hold a principal command. He was a man of huge stature, arrayed in green uniform, with cross-belts and cavalry pistols; and being mounted on a showy grey horse, and constantly engaged in reconnoitring, he had greatly attracted the attention of the soldiery. He appeared to remark the change of my guns, and rode forward to the breast of the hill to observe my battery nearer.

As yet not a shot was fired; the troops pressed up the hill at a moderate step and in perfect silence; and the rebels waited steadily and quietly for them to close. General Duff rode up—"Hilson, are you ready?" I answered in the affirmative. "Well, open, in God's name!"

The rebel chieftain on the grey horse was now within good range. He was observing us through a glass, with the reins on the neck of his charger, which I afterwards learned had belonged to the unfortunate Colonel Walpole. I laid a gun carefully, and desiring those around to observe the tall rebel, applied the match, and horse and man, perforated by a six-pound shot, were hurled lifeless to the earth. Instantly the guns, loaded with grape and canister, opened with destructive effect on the crowded trenches, and the howitzers shelled the fort with precision. The bugle sounded the assault: under cover of the cannon, the light brigade, with a tremendous cheer, rushed up the hill, and after a feeble resistance the rebel breastwork was carried with the bayonet.

On their several points of attack the columns were equally successful: the rebel position was everywhere forced, and the cavalry, having got open ground to charge, rushed forward and completed their overthrow. Fortunately for the insurgents, one of the columns failed in reaching its destination in sufficient time to co-operate with the others, and thus afforded them an opening to escape by. Owing to this mistake, an immense column succeeded in retreating by the eastern bank of the Slaney; and the troops, after a long and bloody pursuit, halted for the night.

With the loss of their camp, the energies of the insurgents appeared to decline. All their cannon, fifteen pieces, with a large quantity of arms and military stores, fell into the hands of the royalists. Wexford next day was retaken, and their forces from that time were constantly harassed and broken by the King's troops, and never afterwards were capable of any formidable opposition.

During the period of these events my uncertainty about poor Emma and her child was most distressing—and the confusion of the times, with the frequent miscarriage of correspondence, precluded me from discovering the place of her retreat. At last I received a letter from her, written in the very spirit of despondency. She was in Wales, where she had been landed, and was looking for a suitable asylum. When she had effected her object, she promised to write again; and assuring me that she was amply provided with necessary funds for her support, bade me an affectionate farewell.

Melancholy as was Emma's letter, it relieved me of much unhappiness. I wrote to her instantly: the rebellion was being gradually extinguished; and I promised that the moment I could obtain leave of absence I would hasten to join her in England.

But the period of obtaining that leave was protracted by circumstances beyond my control. The French landed in the west, and again the country was convulsed. When they were obliged to surrender at Ballinamuck, other causes of alarm occurred. Reports of the Brest fleet being at sea to invade Ireland were prevalent, and for a year the government was kept in constant agitation, and consequently every military man actively employed.

I had gained the confidence of the commanding officers in Ireland, and my request of leave of absence was decisively refused, but in

terms flattering to my character as a soldier, as the reply was—"I could not be spared."

Months passed—the winter wore away—I had letters occasionally from Emma—they breathed a deep affection for the dead, and perfect resignation to that Providence which had visited her so severely. The last one had spoken of her health as being indifferent, and her having changed to ———, in Devonshire, for better air, and conveyed a wish to see me, if I could conveniently obtain the necessary leave.

I made the application, and it was granted. On the eve of setting out I received another letter, evidently written under very agitated feelings. The request to see me immediately was urgent. I became alarmed, and starting within an hour after I received it, travelled day and night, until on the fifth day I reached the village where my beloved friend resided.

Aware of the necessity of a prepared meeting, I wrote to her from the inn, announcing my arrival, and inquiring when I should visit her. In a short time a hurried note was returned, in which an early hour the succeeding morning was named. I was startled when I looked a second time at Emma's billet; the once-beautiful hand had become feeble and tremulous; and the paper was in one or two places blistered, as if a tear had fallen on it.

I was at her door at the appointed time and admitted. She was lying on a couch, and rose to receive me when she heard my voice. I went forward hastily and caught her in my arms; she trembled and was deeply agitated, but tears brought relief to her full heart, and in a few minutes she mastered her feelings, and became tolerably composed. I was silent and felt embarrassed, but Emma spoke:—

"We parted, George, under very different circumstances. I was then a wife; but now I am ——" She became hysterical, and sobbed bitterly. I strove to soothe her, and she listened to me with attention. I spoke of resignation—of fortitude—she had duties to stimulate her to exertion—she had an orphan charge—"Who will, poor boy, be soon motherless! George, I would not grieve you unnecessarily, and would have saved you from this very painful interview, but my boy—he has no father."

She stopped, unable to proceed. I was equally affected. I murmured—"Emma, I will be his father; he shall be my child;—but why talk thus? why abandon yourself to despair? You are young, and have many years to live." A melancholy smile played over her face: "Years to live!" she repeated in a low calm voice—"no, not days." I looked at her attentively; she was unusually beautiful; her eyes were bright and lustrous, and her cheek was streaked with glowing carmine: she changed the conversation to more indifferent subjects, and presently, complaining that she felt a little faint, requested me to leave her for the present, and return at an early hour in the evening. I obeyed her, and retired.

As I walked from the house a fearful suspicion crossed my mind. There was a solemnity in her "*not days*" that filled me with alarm.

I inquired for the physician that attended her, and called upon him—my worst fears were true—Emma was in the last, the hopeless stage of a consumption.

My feelings may be easily conceived, when in the evening I sought the lodgings of my dying friend. I found her reclined upon the sofa, and beside her a lovely boy of three years old, in the deepest mourning. I entered so gently, that for a few seconds she was unconscious of my being in the room: I looked at her anxiously. Her still beautiful face was white as the artist's marble: but when she saw me hanging over the couch, again the eye lightened, and again a feeble blush dwelt for an instant on her faded cheek;—she beckoned to me—“I knelt beside her—she was sadly altered since the morning. “George,” she said feebly, “I feared I might not have strength to convey to you my dying wishes; you will find them here;” and she put a sealed packet in my hand, while with a faint effort she placed the infant in my arms—“Will you be a father to him?”

A flood of tears fell upon the child's face, as silently I pressed him to my bosom—“And you will bury me with Arthur?” I could not speak. “Kiss me, George—my boy—Arthur, I come!” I had passed my arm round her neck to support her—as my lips touched hers I felt a gentle sigh—the head fell backwards on my arm—the eyelid closed—Emma Hilson was dead!

* * * * *

Her wishes were obeyed; she sleeps in the churchyard of Ashfield, beside him whom in life she loved so well—and I placed the simple tablet over their graves which tells their names to the passing traveller. The orphan of Arthur Hilson is my adopted child.

My boy—for he is dear to me as ever child was to a parent—has exceeded my most sanguine hopes; and when I fall—and a presentiment tells me that mine will be a soldier's death—George Hilson will find that his adopted father has not forgotten him.

As the Colonel brought his story to a close, the bugles of the 28th, and the trumpets of the cavalry, sounded in the streets of Longford. Kennedy opened the curtains, and the grey light streamed into the chamber, and showed that morning had stolen on the revellers unnoticed.

The hurry of preparation for the day's march was now general. The infantry assembled fast, and the dragoons rode from the quarters they had occupied, and formed in the principal street. Captain Mac Carthy, who was in command of this division of the Enniskilleners, was soon at the head of the cavalry—and Hilson looked after him as he rode from the door of the Red Lion, with a mixed feeling of admiration and regret. Ablution in cold water, and the morning's bracing air, had done for Mac Carthy what quiet and a night's rest effected for his more abstemious comrades; and when mounted on his charger—a black horse of uncommon strength and action—his firm seat,

light hand, and martial bearing, were worthy of the high military character borne by the bold dragoon.

"What a pity, Kennedy!" said the commander; "when poor Maurice goes, the King will lose a noble soldier; and human nature cannot long withstand his determined dissipation. The thorn is at his heart: but none knows wherefore ——" While speaking, Mac Carthy's "Forward!" was heard: he waved his hand to his friends—the trumpets sounded—and the gallant body resumed their march for Dublin.

On the sixth day the 28th regiment reached their destination. They found the 79th waiting for them at Newry; and with the next tide the transports to convey them to Belgium, under the protection of a frigate and some lighter ships of war, entered the harbour, and anchored between Carlingford and Warren Point.

Both regiments marched next morning to the point of embarkation, and formed on the beach together. Each was at its full war establishment; and two finer corps never left the shores of Britain. The day was remarkably fine. The transports and their convoy lay in deep water, two miles distant from the land; and when the regiments were seen approaching, the frigate loosed her fore-topsail, and discharging a gun, the launches and boats left their respective ships, and pulled rapidly ashore. The troops in half-companies entered the boats—in a short time the embarkation was effected, and the first division of these splendid corps pushed off from the green shores of Erin.

Then, indeed, the scene became interesting. When the oars struck the water, the soldiery on board the boats burst into one wild cheer of military exultation. It was answered from the shore by the prayers and blessings of the peasantry; and amid all the pomp and circumstance of war those gallant regiments left their native land, to win on the red field of Waterloo another wreath to blazon that proud page of history which records the victories of Britain. Soft rest the brave!—many a young heart throbbed lightly there that morning, which in two short months ceased to beat for ever!

About noon the embarkation was completed; and as evening came on, a gentle breeze from the north-east sprang up. The usual signal for sailing was made, and the transports spread their canvass, and with a leading wind the little fleet stood slowly out to sea. The light-armed vessels led the squadron down the bay, the frigate keeping in the wake of her gallant charge, under easy sail regulating the movements of the convoy.

The voyage was quick and pleasant. On the eighth day the troops landed at Ostend, and, in beautiful order and high spirits, directed their march, by Ghent, on Brussels.

NAPOLÉON'S RETURN.

God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woful land at once !

SHAKESPEARE.

LEAVING the British regiments on their march to the Belgian capital, we must for a short time recall the reader's attention to a singular event, which threatened to alter the destinies of Europe.

Buonaparte had returned from exile, and re-ascended the throne of the Bourbons amidst the acclamation of the soldiery, and if not with the approbation, at least with the tacit assent, of the people of France. The splendid victories of the campaign of 1814 were rendered useless by this unexpected occurrence. Europe would be convulsed anew—the blood of her bravest must flow afresh—and the wearied soldier would resume his harness, and once more hurry to the field.

No event in past history parallels that of Napoleon: reverses never fell on any more severely; and in the annals of conquerors the strangest story was his own. Fortune appeared to have placed him upon a pinnacle of pride, merely to mark her mutability. Hurling from the sovereignty of half the world, his star lost its ascendancy, apparently to rise no more; when, lo! the captive of Elba returned—the purple was offered to him by the united voice of the empire—and, as if legions sprang at his bidding from the earth, he took the field again, the leader of a devoted army.

The first care of the French emperor was to restore the military power of the kingdom, which the disastrous campaigns of Russia and Leipsic had miserably abridged. The memory of past victories was recalled, and martial glory, that powerful touchstone to national feeling, was displayed in tempting lustre to win the people to his standard. The male population capable of bearing arms was called out by ordinances and decrees; while the veteran army assembled again beneath the eagles which they had followed so often in the proudest days of their success.

Nor was it attachment to Napoleon's person alone which spurred the military portion of the empire to that enthusiastic display of feeling with which they marked the return of the exiled emperor. National vanity and wounded pride were undoubtedly exciting causes. In the last disastrous years of Napoleon's power, the French armies had been driven from the scenes of their brightest triumphs by an enemy they had formerly humbled and despised. They saw a mighty territory, acquired by years of victory, torn from their grasp—their kingdom lessened to its ancient limits—and “beautiful France” despoiled of conquests and denuded of glory.

Had it been ever doubted that Buonaparte was the idol of the French nation, the strange events which occurred from his landing in

the Gulf of Juan, to his departure from Paris to join the army of the North, would have dispelled it.

His march upon the capital was only delayed to receive the homage of the towns he traversed; and the temporary suspension of his power appeared to have more closely united him to the soldiery and people. On the 1st of March he landed in the department of the Var, and on the 19th entered the palace of Fontainebleau—in less than a fortnight from the time his landing at Cannes had been promulgated to the Parisians.

Three hours before Napoleon's arrival, Louis had abandoned his capital. Everything connected with his flight betrayed imbecility and dismay. The *secrétaire* containing the private correspondence of his late brother and the Duchesse d'Angoulême was forgotten in his haste; and private memorials of family affection, with secret state papers, were found in the Tuileries after his departure. He hurried from a kingdom unwilling to obey his feeble rule, and crossing the French frontiers, entered Ghent attended by a single dragoon.

Early that morning the news of his rival's flight was communicated to Napoleon at Fontainebleau. It would have been expected that he would have resumed his abdicated throne, and with all the splendour of military display announce his triumphal return to the good citizens of Paris; but he declined the parade, and while thousands were waiting to hail his approach, that master spirit passed the dignitaries of the court and the representatives of the municipal bodies, and alighted quietly at the Tuileries. Pressing with difficulty through the immense crowd, he was borne in the arms of his aides-de-camp to his private apartments, where his sisters, Julia and Hortense, with the chief officers of the household, had assembled to receive the exile of Elba.

Although the fatigue of a rapid march from the Gulf of Juan might have required a season of repose, the night of his return was spent in consultation with his ministers and friends. On the next morning he reviewed the troops, and forming them into squares, harangued them with his customary animation. In return, his address was answered by oaths of fidelity, and assurances of unaltered attachment to his family and himself.

The tide of Napoleon's fortune rolled prosperously on: all resistance to his authority was at an end; and on the 17th of April the cannon of the batteries saluted him undisputed sovereign of all within the ancient boundaries of France.

But Buonaparte was not insensible to the danger of the position in which even his success had placed him. His overtures to the diplomatic representatives of the European sovereigns at Vienna were disdainfully rejected; and his celebrated letter to the English Regent returned with an unbroken seal. He felt that a tremendous storm was about to burst, and determined resistance alone could save him. No time was therefore lost in organizing a military force commensurate to the threatening danger; and extraordinary commissioners were despatched to the respective divisions of the empire to enforce the operations of the royal decree. That splendid corps, the Imperial

Guard, was re-established; an immense artillery, the most powerful arm of the French army, by which half its victories had been won, was collected; the cavalry were remounted and increased; and all the *matériel* for the field completed in a space of time which bore testimony to the unbounded energy of Napoleon.

None knew the effect of theatric and military display upon the national feeling of France better than their emperor; and, accordingly, a spectacle of imposing splendour was got up. A Champ de Mai was arranged; and, to add to the importance of the ceremony, the "Acte Additionnel aux Constitutions de l'Empire" was prepared, and this occasion was selected to give it in form to the nation.

THE CHAMP DE MAI.

A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.

SHAKESPEARE.

A HUNDRED cannon discharged from the bridge of Jena ushered in the Champ de Mai. In front of the military school a mighty amphitheatre was formed for the accommodation of the spectators, as well as of those who were to assist in the ceremony. An altar, surmounted with a canopy, and surrounded by seats for priests and choristers, occupied the centre of the immense temporary building, which was supposed to be capable of containing twenty thousand persons. A throne stood before the platform; and benches, ornamented with eagles, and divided into several tiers, were allotted to the deputies of the departments.

The intervening spaces of this mighty area were crowded by the grand officers of the court, and the members of the public bodies. Arrayed in dresses of unequalled splendour, the appearance of the assembled dignitaries was strikingly grand; while the *élite* of the French army, Buonaparte's own guards, and the finest regiments of the line, completed a spectacle of majestic brilliancy.

Amid the thunder of artillery, and the acclamations of thousands of the citizens who occupied the exterior of the splendid amphitheatre, surrounded by the marshals and nobles of the empire, Napoleon presented himself to the assembly, and placed himself upon the throne. His dress was sumptuous: he wore a mantle of purple velvet ornamented with ermine and embroidery, with a black Spanish hat richly plumed, and looped in front with a diamond of transcendent beauty. For a time the roar of cannon and the acclamation of the populace that hailed his *entrée* were deafening. Bowing to the assembly, while all beside remained uncovered, he seated himself on the throne; and the artillery being silenced, the ceremony opened by the celebration of mass by the Archbishop of Tours and Cardinal de Bayann.

The religious portion of the pageant appeared to excite little interest in Napoleon's mind. His opera-glass wandered over the countless multitude who composed the spectacle; and his attention was not recalled until the mass was concluded, and the central deputations from the electors of the empire ascended the platform, and stood before the throne. Dubois, deputy of Maine and Loire, in a loud and commanding voice, proceeded with his address. The harangue teemed with sentiments of patriotic attachment, and breathed towards the person of the Emperor expressions of inviolable fidelity.

Amidst thunders of applause the deputy ceased speaking, when the arch-chancellor arose, and advancing to Napoleon notified the acceptance of the constitution. It was ratified by a million and a half of affirmative suffrages; and a herald proclaimed, in the name of the Emperor, that the additional acts to the constitutions of the empire were accepted by the French people.

Again the batteries saluted, and a sustained cheer resounded from the assembly. A golden table and standish were placed before the Emperor; and while the arch-chancellor unfolded the parchment, and Joseph Buonaparte presented the pen, Napoleon ratified the deed by placing his signature to the Constitution.

When the popular approbation, which this part of the ceremonial occasioned, had subsided, the Emperor prepared to address the assembly. Although not gifted with the commanding exterior which is so requisite to arrest the attention of the populace, the fire of his penetrating eye, and the peculiar energy of his action, amply compensated for inelegant demeanour, and the defects of a voice neither sweet nor powerful—and now, when raised beyond its compass, shrill and indistinct. He read his speech from a written paper, and the style and language left little doubt that the composition was his own.

"Emperor—consul—soldier—I hold everything from the people. In prosperity, in adversity, in the field and in the council, in power and in exile, France has been the sole and constant object of my thoughts and actions." A tissue of invective against the monarchs, "violators of all principles," mingled with allusions to the national attachment towards himself, succeeded, until he thus wound up his harangue:—"Were it not my country alone which the enemies of France aim at, I would surrender to their mercy the life which they so inveterately pursue. But say to the citizens, that so long as they preserve for me those sentiments of affection which they have so frequently manifested, the rage of our enemies shall be impotent. Frenchmen! my will is that of the people—my rights are theirs—my honour, my glory, my happiness, can never be separated from the honour, glory, and happiness of France."

He ceased amid rapturous applause; and when the tumult excited by his address subsided, the Archbishop of Bourges, Grand Almoner of the empire, presented the Evangelists on his knees to Napoleon, who swore to observe the Constitution. The arch-chancellor then tendered his obedience; and, animated with one feeling, the whole assembly swore submission to the laws, and fidelity to Napoleon.

When this act of allegiance had been performed, the steps of the throne were cleared, and the central deputation was withdrawn, displaying a long line of dazzling splendour from the throne to the altar. Carnot, in a white Spanish dress of great magnificence, carried the eagle of the national guard. Davoust bore that of the first regiment of the line, and that of the marine corps was supported by Decres. Buonaparte suddenly sprang from his throne, and casting aside his purple mantle, rushed on to meet his eagles—and the momentary silence was changed into an enthusiastic shout. Taking the eagles from the bearers, he returned them to each with a spirited exhortation to follow them to glory, and perish in their defence; while at the close of each address the oaths of the excited soldiery responded to the adjurations of their emperor.

Surrounded by marshals, nobles, and dignitaries, Napoleon, from the platform in the open area, distributed eagles to the different regiments, and viewed the troops as they filed off before him. Nothing could be more imposing than this part of the splendid pageant. Amid the crash of military music, the blaze of martial decoration, and the glitter of innumerable arms, fifty thousand men passed by. The countless spectators, their prolonged vociferation, the occasion, the man, the mighty events which hung in suspense, all concurred to excite feelings and reflections which such a scene alone could have produced.

Nor was Napoleon himself unmoved. When the last files of the long array defiled, he boldly resumed his seat upon the throne; and while his face beamed pride, and joy, and confidence, he witnessed the close of the ceremony. Retiring amid fresh bursts of enthusiastic approbation, which he repeatedly and graciously acknowledged, in all the pomp and glory of a king and a conqueror, he again alighted at the Tuileries.

Thus ended the Champ de Mai,—a ceremony which seemed to mark the dynasty of France for ever, and place the diadem upon Napoleon's brow beyond the possibility of its being removed. But in one short month the red field of Waterloo fatally demonstrated the fallacy of human calculations!

BELGIUM.

WHILE Napoleon's energies were exercised in the capital, his enemies were actively employed on the northern frontier of France. Wellington, having signed on behalf of the Prince Regent the treaty of Vienna, was nominated commander-in-chief of the British army, and arrived at Brussels on the 5th of April. Soon after the troops of the king of the Netherlands were placed under the duke's control, and these, with the contingents of Nassau and Brunswick, formed the Anglo-Belgic army.

Wellington's first care, on assuming the command at Brussels, was to concert a combined system of mutual operation with the Prussian forces cantoned in the vicinity of Namur and Charleroi. Antwerp, Ostend, Tournay, Ypres, Mons, and Ghent, were occupied. Têtes-de-pont and other field-works were hastily constructed; and by the constant employment of 20,000 men, all was completed on the 12th of June. Reinforcements were sent from England with the greatest promptitude; and regiments which were returning to Britain on the conclusion of the American war were disembarked at Ostend, without being permitted to revisit their native shores. The activity of the illustrious duke was well seconded by a zealous co-operation of the government at home; and the country was drained of its soldiery, to afford efficient means for opening this eventful campaign.

Previous to the commencement of hostilities, the position of the Anglo-Belgic army was extensive and detached. This arrangement of the duke's was, however, unavoidable: the preceding harvest in the Low Countries had been short and unproductive; and, consequently, the British cantonments extended over a considerable surface. The right wing, under Lord Hill, occupied Ath; the left, under the Prince of Orange, embraced Braine-le-Comte and Nivelles: a cavalry corps, commanded by the Marquis of Anglesey, was established round Grammont; and a strong reserve, composed of all arms, occupied the town and neighbourhood of Brussels.

Belgium had been frequently the theatre of war. Its relative situation to France, and the localities of its own surface, had particularly adapted it for military operations; and hence it had witnessed many a fierce campaign. Its plains and fortresses had all their respective tales of martial achievement; and few towns within its iron frontier failed to recall some memorable affair of arms. The Belgic plains, usually terminating in undulating grounds or bolder acclivities, were admirably calculated for the extended movements of an army—the general openess of the country allowing cavalry to act in masses; while the intersections of its rivers and canals, its bridges, roads, and villages, afforded favourable positions to await a battle, and rendered the dislodging of even an inferior force a matter of considerable difficulty.

To a commander circumstanced as Wellington was, great perplexity in distributing his army must occur. The mode and point of Napoleon's attack were alike involved in mystery—he might decide on adopting a defensive course of war, and permit the allies to become the aggressors. This latter was certainly not probable; but where he would precipitate himself was the difficulty. He was already in force round Maubeuge and Binch, and consequently Nivelles and Charleroi were equally exposed. On the right, with the corps of Count Girard, he might attack Namur; or on the left, with that of D'Erlon, he might threaten Courtrai from Lille: while, leaving the wood of Soignies on his right, and advancing by Mons and Braine-le-Comte, he would make himself master of Brussels, and, by possessing the capital, place himself in the rear of the allied forces, and accelerate

an insurrectionary burst amongst the Belgians. Whether the adoption of this plan would have been attended with more fortunate results than the one he pursued, can now be but a matter for military speculation.

While the two great commanders were thus occupied in preparing for the tremendous conflict which ensued, Louis had established himself in the ancient city of Ghent. There, to use his own words, "enfeebled by age, and twenty-five years of misfortune," he collected his small court, composed of his old followers, and a few of Napoleon's officers, who had left him from conscientious scruples, or personal dislike. The issuing of manifestoes to the French nation, which failed to reach their destination, or reached it in a garbled state, was the occupation of the deposed monarch—while deeds of arms were consigned to his bolder allies—and the road to his throne left to be opened by the British bayonet.

THE PARK.

SEVERAL weeks had passed since the 28th regiment arrived in the capital of Belgium. They made part of the fifth corps, which garrisoned the town, and formed the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief.

While the rich country around was covered with the cantonments of the allied forces, and all betrayed military preparation and the immediate expectation of commencing hostilities, "Fair Brussels," unmoved by her perilous contiguity to the scene of danger, appeared, to any one susceptible of pleasure, to be the happiest spot on earth. The houses and hotels were filled, and the gayest of the gay, from every quarter of Europe, crowded the streets and thronged the squares. The trumpet-call, "threatening and high," here bore no terrors in its blast. The morning reviews passed before the bright glance of woman's eyes. In the park, the mimic fight, the charging squadron, the flash of "red artillery," were viewed without dismay, and seemed but a harmless pageant, with all the "pomp, and pride, and circumstance of war." With little effort of imagination, the spectator might fancy himself here to witness an approaching tournament, or "gentle passage of arms;" all around savoured of gallantry and romance; all was excited gaiety and elegant dissipation: a carnival of pleasure; a sort of saturnalia, whence every god was banished, save the presiding deities of love, and wine, and war.

On the evening of the 14th of June the grand park had been filled with a gay resort of company. Twilight had fallen, and warned the laughing groups that the time of preparation for the night's amusement had arrived. The *conversazione* and the quadrille party gradually thinned the walks, and the remaining pedestrians were limited to a

few listless loungers, and one solitary group. This last was a military party comprising three persons.

The spurs and epaulets of two announced them to be field-officers; and the wings which rested on the broad shoulders of the last bespoke him an officer of grenadiers. Their conversation, as they walked leisurely along, was a professional disquisition on the approaching campaign. Many conjectures were hazarded as to who should be the aggressor, and whether Napoleon or the duke would cross the frontier first; where would Buonaparte first precipitate himself; would his be an offensive or defensive system? and similar speculations for a time engrossed them.

"There is only one thing certain," observed he with the grenadier wings; "the campaign is beginning, but who may guess when it shall terminate?"

"Or when," said the taller of the field-officers, "we shall see our own sweet island? Ah! Ireland; after all, you are the jewel; and notwithstanding Kennedy's prophecy, I look forward to return and end my days there."

"As to your return," observed the short major, whose English accent was strongly contrasted with the broad dialect of his Milesian companion, "if it be not a more auspicious one than my last, you need not be anxious for its occurrence;" and here the sigh which concluded the remark showed that the little major had been a sentimental sufferer in his day.

"Then by my own namesake, and that's Saint Denis, I had little reason to exult in the cause of my last visit to old England. I got a musket-ball at Toulouse, which sent me to Astley Cooper with small hope of saving the arm; but he got it out safely and left me the limb into the bargain."

"Pshaw!" said the grenadier, "you are talking of an afflicted arm, while Melcomb is lamenting a wounded heart: come, Jack, is it not so?—out with it, man; you'll find relief by the disclosure."

"Why faith, Frank, you have stumbled on the truth; but now that she is married——"

"All delicacy is at an end," said the captain of grenadiers, interrupting him.

"Well, Frank, you and M'Dermott shall acknowledge how rudely my dream of love was dissolved, as the man says in the play." While a look of burlesque sympathy was interchanged between the persons appealed to, the short commander commenced the following story.

THE LITTLE MAJOR'S LOVE ADVENTURE.

Be ruled by me—forget to think of her.

SHAKESPEARE.

You must know, when I was in the 18th Light Dragoons I was quartered in Canterbury; and having got some introductory letters, I contrived to make out a pleasant time enough. One of my visiting houses was old Tronson's, the banker's—devilish agreeable family—four pretty girls—all flirted—painted on velvet—played the harp—sang Italian, and danced as if they had been brought up under D'Egville in the *corps de ballet*. The old boy kept a man cook, and gave iced champagne. Now you know there was no standing this; and Harriette, the second of the beauties, and I agreed to fall in love, which in due course of time we effected. Nothing could be better managed than the whole affair; we each selected a confidant, sat for our pictures, interchanged them with a passionate note, and made a regular engagement for ever.

Such was the state of things when the route came; and my troop was ordered to embark for Portugal. Heavens! what a commotion! Harriette was in hysterics: we talked of an elopement, and discussed the propriety of going to Gretna; but the damn'd hurry to embark prevented us. I could not, you know, take her with me. Woman in a transport: a devilish bore—and nothing was left for it but to exchange vows of eternal fidelity. We did so, and parted—both persuaded that our hearts were reciprocally broken.

Ah, Mac, if you knew what I suffered night and day! her picture rested in my bosom; and I consumed a pipe of wine in toasting her health, while I was dying of damp and rheumatism. But the recollection of my *constant Harriette* supported me through all, and particularly so when I was cheered by the report of the snub-nosed surgeon, who joined us six months after at Santarem, who assured me, on the faith of a physician, that the dear girl was in the last stage of a consumption.

Two years passed away, and we were ordered home. O heavens! what were my feelings when I landed at Portsmouth! I threw myself into a carriage, and started with four horses for Canterbury—arrived there with a safe neck, and lost not a moment in announcing my return to my constant Harriette.

The delay of the messenger seemed an eternity: but what were my feelings when he brought me a perfumed note (to do her justice, she always wrote on lovely letter-paper) and a parcel. The one contained congratulations on my safe arrival, accompanied by assurances of unfeigned regret that I had not reached Canterbury a day sooner, and thus allowed her an opportunity of having her "dear friend, Captain

Melcomb," present at her wedding; while the packet was a large assortment of French kid skins and white riband.

That blessed morning she had bestowed her fair hand on a fat professor of theology from Brazen Nose, who had been just presented to a rich prebend by the bishop, for having proved, beyond a controversy, the divine origin of tithes, in a blue-bound pamphlet. Before I had time to recover from my astonishment, a travelling-carriage brought me to the window, and quickly as it passed, I had full time to see *ma belle Harriette* seated beside the thick-winded dignitary. She bowed her white Spanish hat and six ostrich-feathers to me as she rolled off, to spend, as the papers informed me, "the honeymoon at the lakes of Cumberland." There was a blessed return for two years' exposure to the attacks of rheumatism and French cavalry!

"What a lucky dog you were, Jack!" said Major Mac Dermott, as Melcomb concluded; "I would not run the same risk for a regiment. By the bye, there was a blessed *rookavn** in Castlebar the morning after I last returned."

"The abduction of an heiress with her own particular approbation, or an interrupted duel, with the full consent of all concerned; or —"

"Neither: faith, Frank, it was the failure of Con Carney."

"I can't observe anything remarkable in an event of commonplace insolvency," said the short major, evidently annoyed that a mercantile misfortune should be considered for a moment as bearing any comparison with his more sentimental calamity.

"Common-place insolvency! Holy Apostle of Ireland! Since the battle of Aughrim, no event made a similar sensation west of the Shannon. Ah, if you knew the story!"

"Come, let us have it; this calm mild evening it is at least petty treason to re-enter that infernal mess-room, with its dense and Dutch-like atmosphere of smoke and Scheidam. Come, Mac Dermott: we are all attention."

THE TALL MAJOR'S STORY.

Bless my heart! Stopt payment?

HOLCROFT.

IN the middle of the main street of Castlebar there still stands a low two-storied house. Its external is sadly changed for the worse; a huge crop of dank grass covers the load of rotten thatch which has accumulated for a century, and the lower portion of the hall-door has disappeared, thus affording the pig a comfortable communication with the interior. The respective inhabitants (for every chamber is tenanted with an interesting sample of the celebrated seven millions)

* Scene of confusion.

have displayed great ingenuity in counteracting the numerous assaults committed upon the casements by the storm, and fully bear out the proud boast of the progeny of the Emerald Isle, that the resources of "the Gem of the Ocean" are illimitable. But poorly as now look the premises, lodgements were once made, and loans effected *there*; for that ruined house was the bank and residence of Constantine Carney.

Con Carney, when I was gazetted to the 52nd regiment, was in the zenith of his fame. You have your commercial banks, and your savings banks, but what are they to Con Carney's? I love to give a graphic sketch, and you shall have Con in all his glory.

I well remember the morning on which the post brought my appointment. My aunt (she's gone the way of all flesh—God be good to her!) twitched me on the elbow; and I dutifully followed to her chamber. The door was carefully closed, and a key with great deliberation drawn from the inner partition of her pocket—for my aunt's was a double one.

"Denis, my darling boy, you are going into the world, and have taken to an honourable calling, becoming one of your name, and moreover one so nearly connected with the O'Tools,"—my aunt was an O'Tool:—"keep yourself clean, and let no man tread upon your corns, as was my poor uncle's parting advice to my brother Phelim, who died a full major in the Irish brigade. Here," and she extracted a small paper from a compartment of her housewife, "take this to the bank, and the Lord be with you!" She wiped her eyes with the corner of her figured apron. "Don't be cast down, my dear boy: we were always a lucky family; and I hope to live to see you return like Colonel O'Callaghan, with your wooden leg, and twelve and sixpence a day."

My aunt's present was an order on Con Carney for twenty pounds, and I proceeded to the bank.

In the outer room, behind a narrow counter, which separated him from the customers, sat a one-eyed clerk with a pen behind his ear, telling over a bundle of shilling notes, which Con, from a scarcity of change, had put in circulation. I presented my order. Luke Lynch directed his solitary optic at the paper, and perceiving it was a weighty transfer, pointed to the inner door, and I was speedily in the presence of the man of money.

Wealth and gout are said to be inseparable companions;—and how should Con Carney escape? There he sat—a short punchy man, his infirm foot, implicated with divers rolls of flannel, resting on a low cushion. On the table stood a pewter inkstand with its eagle's quill; and the large dog-eared account-book, for Con knew nothing of your double-entry system, was lying open before him.

Con was in prodigious credit: his shilling notes passed current as the king's own coin. The private purse of every thrifty matron in the parish was considered insecure until confided to his custody; and there was not an old maid for miles around who did not keep an account in the bank of Castlebar. The small farmer requested, as a particular favour, that he would take charge of a "trifle of money to

portion the little girl off;" and the priest himself had been found, more than once, closeted with the banker; and most suspiciously so, just after the Christmas and Easter dues had been collected.

But there were others, beside depositors, who sought the domicile of Constantine Carney. He was blessed with three thumping daughters, and many a lover sighed in the little left-hand parlour. From the crowd of competitors for her fair hand, Patsey Blake bore the bell, and led Sibby Carney, blushing, to the hymeneal altar. Patsey's patrimony had been cruelly disorganized: but things soon altered for the better—debts were discharged or liquidated—the old house was newly rough-cast, and put on a fresh and jaunty air; and Cloghawn Muck, the designation of the mansion, and which, being interpreted, means the "Pigs' Stepping-stones," was voted vulgar, and Castle Muck substituted in its place.

Nor did the prosperity of Patsey Blake pass unnoticed in the neighbourhood. Sally Carney, the second of the graces, was besieged by beaux; and never did desperate suitors go more desperate lengths since the days of Penelope. God knows how matters might have ended, when in the nick of time, who should arrive to recruit but Lieutenant Corcoran, of the 18th Royal Irish. The lieutenant was a bold man: numbers did not deter him; and he determined to call the gentle Sally his, or perish. He took the field immediately—politely intimating that any attention to Miss Carney would be considered by him personal; and finding, notwithstanding, that Philip O'Flaherty, Esquire, persevered in being civil, he requested the honour of that gentleman's company, one blessed morning, to the race-course, and winged him, the said Philip, in a workmanlike style, as was fully attested by a large and impartial assemblage. Miss Sally Carney, to prevent further effusion of blood, surrendered at discretion, and Lieutenant Corcoran appeared shortly in the *Gazette*, promoted to a company in the "83rd, by purchase."

I joined my regiment. Time rolled on. My small remittances from Mayo showed me that my friend Con was alive and merry; for these subsidies generally reached me in the shape of a bill on London, and Con Carney—oh! what an autograph it was!—usually sprawled across it, either before or behind, with a large splash beneath, and as many concentric circles as the hooka of an Indian resident. Notices of Con and his family were frequent in the elaborate epistles of my aunt O'Tool. I found she had on a certain day taken an airing in the Castle Muck carriage—that Mrs. Major Corcoran had been safely delivered of twins—that Miss Biddy, the youngest, had had her name changed to Sophia—and that the Carney family were sorely perplexed; Con, to employ excessive capital, and Biddy, alias Sophia, to dispose of accumulating admirers.

Time still kept *rolling*, as an Irish coachman would say: "peace was proclaimed; I escaped from the slaughter," and once more returned to my native town.

I shall never forget my reception. My father was waiting at the coach-office, and I thought he would have shaken my arm from my

shoulder-joint. My poor mother (the major's eyes filled), there she stood waiting behind the hall-door, folded me to her heart, and then held me at arm's length to assure herself of my identity. Was this her stripling boy—a bronzed, black-whiskered, strapping fellow of six feet two—with a slash over his eye, and the riband of a foreign order at his button-hole? Nor was my aunt O'Tool less gracious, considering that I had come home with neither a wooden-leg nor twelve and sixpence per diem. In short, the night of my return was one of unbounded happiness, half the town having collected to welcome me, and get drunk with one who had been for seven years in Picton's own division, the far-famed fighting 3rd. What a night it was! all went to bed fuddled and happy.

The morrow came. I had slept long and soundly; and I found the family collected in the parlour: the breakfast-table in full preparation; the urn gurgled, the eggs were ready, my aunt had actually raised the congo to her lips, when the door opened, and our old butler stood gaping and terror-struck, exhibiting equal alarm to that occasioned by the gentleman who drew "Priam's curtain in the dead of night." My mother laid down the teapot—my aunt's cup paused at the very lip. "Who's dead? is the house on fire?—speak and be d—d!" said my father. Mark fetched a desperate inhalation, and bellowed, "The bank's broke!!!"

"Mother of Heaven!" ejaculated my aunt O'Tool, "I'm ruined." "Every sixpence of the November rent, received in his infernal notes," roared my father. "Run, Denis, and see if the news is true; but stop, here comes Doctor Doran, and he'll put us out of pain." A thundering knock shook the tea-equipage—my aunt groaned heavily. "All's lost," remarked my father; for the doctor sounded an alarm on his nose, a proceeding which was universally done when a patient was in extremity. "Is this as bad as —,"—my father was interrupted—"as bad may be. The house is besieged, the doors closed, and Luke Lynch has gone off with the accounts."

True it was that the one-eyed clerk had levanted, and had taken the dog-eared ledger along with him.

A few days elapsed: the state of the town was indescribable: all classes had suffered alike; for Con's shilling notes had reached even to the pocket of the kitchen-maid. The church itself was involved in the general calamity; and Father Malachi Macbride "was left lamenting" a smart sum, being the produce of that gentleman's spiritual labours. Society was for the present at an end; amusement out of the question: a sickly attempt made by my aunt O'Tool to collect a loo-party turned out a dead failure; for there Con's paper currency had been the circulating medium, and any play now must necessarily be a credit transaction. At a full meeting of my aunt's allies, to play for nothing was voted a sinful waste of time; and to play on credit a dangerous alternative; and the loo-club came to the desperate determination of discontinuing their meetings for the present; and resolved that this

visitation was inflicted on them for their sins, through the agency of Con Carney.

During this period Con Carney refused all proffered interviews or consolation. To all inquiring friends, it was answered that he was ill of the gout in both legs, and that his heart was broken into the bargain. The popular feeling was so violent, that the magistrates found it difficult to prevent the mob from pulling down the house.

Late one evening, a note arrived with C. C. upon a seal as large as a saucer. Hastily my father opened it, and despatched Mark for Doctor Doran and Father Malachi. They came, and he read Con's epistle. It was a roundabout concern: set forth his misfortunes at large, dwelt much on his unbounded honesty, touched feelingly on the sufferings of his little girls—all this my aunt O'Tool designated *flummery*. At the close, Con requested a suspension of all opinion until he could see his valued friends, my father, the doctor, and the priest; and then he, Con, would open the state of his affairs to these trusty confederates, and had no doubt but that any impression made against his integrity would be removed *in toto*.

The doctor was the first to break the silence. "He never could doubt the honesty of Con Carney. What! would he take in a friend, who had known him man and boy for fifty years; and, moreover, attended Mrs. Carney in her last illness, early and late? No, no; he felt assured that Con had only waited till he had accurately made up the accounts of the present party, and that to prevent any inconvenience he would pay them at once, and the remainder of the creditors at a future opportunity."

The priest followed: he was much of Doctor Doran's opinion touching Con aforesaid; but, bad as was the sin of ingratitude, which the doctor had lightly mentioned, what was it after all to sacrilege and impiety? for he, Malachi Macbride, would pronounce Con guilty of these mortal offences, had he ventured to retain one farthing of his property; seeing that every sixpence was holy:—to wit, dues and offerings, churchings and christenings, house-money, marriages, and masses; in short, all sorts of fees belonging to the dead and the living. He had strong suspicion that the flight of Luke Lynch had caused the delay; and if that was the case, he pledged himself to curse the said Luke from the altar on the first convenient opportunity.

My father, who was by no means so certain of Con's designs of an immediate settlement in full, hoped at least he would make a respectable composition; and my aunt most creditably evinced strong sympathy for her quondam friend, by requesting my father not to press him too severely; and empowering him, on her part, to accept of nineteen shillings and sixpence in the pound, promptly paid in Bank of Ireland paper, and she would patiently wait for the remainder till it was perfectly convenient; and off went the triumvirate.

All the ceremonial observed when admitting a flag of truce into a place of arms was duly enacted in conducting the deputation to the dormitory of Con Carney. There sat the unhappy banker, his gouty foot stretched on a pillow; and Biddy, otherwise Sophia, with a lily-white handkerchief in her hand, weeping, or preparing to weep, over the fallen fortunes of her house.

"I am sorry to find you ailing, Carney," said my father.

"God bless all here! except the cat," said the priest, while the doctor interdicted fretting and mental uneasiness, both being, as he averred, injurious to gouty habits.

Con sighed. "Ah! gentlemen, I am glad to see you—very civil indeed to come to see a man, and he in trouble—the grief is killing me:" here Biddy, alias Sophia, sobbed audibly. "No one knows that better than Doctor Doran, as he said to me the night Mrs. Carney (God be good to her soul) died—'My dear friend, your wife can't live half an hour, and therefore raise your spirits.'"

My father here hinted that he understood Con wanted them on a matter of business. "Yes, my dear sir," said the banker, "I have been badly used: the world says I'm a rogue; and Luke Lynch, that I have fed, man and boy, these thirty years, has run off with the account-books."

"As to Luke Lynch," observed the priest, "make your mind easy, my friend, on that subject, as I intend, by the blessing of God, to curse him next Sunday."

Con returned thanks duly for Father Malachi's civility, and continued—"They blame me, I hear, for the portioning my children; but sure I could well afford it then, for it was I that was snug; but, Biddy, dear, it's you that must suffer" (here Con apostrophized the lady in the corner). "I thought, gentlemen, to settle my little girl before I died; but her fortune I'll give over to you."

The priest and Doctor Doran simultaneously produced their pocket-books, and while they arranged certain vouchers in due order, the banker proceeded:—

"Many a man would take care of his own; but"—he wiped his eyes with the back of his left hand, and looked pathetically at Miss Biddy—"I was a lucky man, major, dear, and I thought to leave you, Biddy, independent. But God's will be done! and here's her all." As he spoke, he gradually drew out the drawer of the little table where he sat, and thence producing a small paper, handed it with great ceremony to my father. The priest and doctor regarded it with intense anxiety, while my father exclaimed—"Here's some mistake; this is a lottery ticket."

"Yes, dear gentleman, take it and welcome; it's my all, and if it comes up a prize, pay yourselves first, and the creditors afterwards."

"Why, zounds and the devil!" roared my father, "did you bring us here to make us greater fools than we have shown ourselves, by trusting your infernal bank? have you no property—no assets?"

"None, the Lord sees, not as much as would bury me:" here Con sobbed, and Miss Biddy threatened to become hysterical: up rose the priest, and up rose the doctor.

"Con," said my father, rushing from the room, "you're a consummate rogue."

"Con," said the doctor, "I'll never darken your door, though you should have the gout in the stomach."

But the priest retreated two steps, and cut an awful flourish with his right hand:—"Con Carney, I put the sign of the + between you and me. Don't ask for the rights: if you were *in articulo*, I would not put a thumb upon you. You, Con, are a *petra scandali*; and you, Biddy, a *lapis offensionis*. You, Biddy Carney, that I christened Sophy, to make you genteel;—you, to sit by and see the church robbed and me murdered! My curse light upon you both!" here father and daughter yelled in concert:—"I leave ye sinners as ye are. Con, I'll excommunicate ye. Biddy, I'll unchristen you;" and the priest rushed after the angry doctor.

Charley Costello, the attorney, undertook to settle Con's affairs; and after due and laborious investigation, at length declared his estate capable of producing twopence three farthings in the pound. The result was, that Con retired to Castle Muck, lived comfortably, paid off the remainder of Patsey Blake's debts, purchased further promotion for Major Corcoran, and married Miss Biddy to an undoubted gentleman from Connemara, who was six akin to the celebrated Dick Martin. Con lies under a snug tombstone in Kilgobbin churchyard, which sets forth that he was both honest and affectionate; but whether in his last moments he made satisfaction to the church,—whether "the bells were rung, and the mass was sung," or he went to the grave unanointed and unforgiven, is a point I could never yet determine.

As the major ended his story, a female, carefully wrapped in a silk cloak, which concealed her face and person, passed them at the distance of a few paces; she paused, and by a quick movement of her arm arrested their attention. The soldiers stopped, and for a moment there was a dead silence: the little major was the first to break it.

"An adventure, by all that's amorous! Beautiful incognita!" he exclaimed, in a tone of theatric declamation, as he advanced a step, "are the stars of Jack Melcomb's fortunes so auspicious, as to encourage the hope that the motion of that incomparable arm is for him?" Instantly the unknown fair one, by a wave of her hand, signified that the short commander was not the person she was seeking.

"Blessed apostle of Ireland, and that's Saint Patrick, now stand my friend! Fair lady, if Denis Mac Dermott might presume to offer himself and his poor services—ah! that discouraging shake—'tis all over;" and the first major fell back beside his friend Melcomb.

Kennedy, who had been amused by the passing scene, next addressed the unknown. "After," he said, "two commanders, equally distinguished for martial and amatory achievements, and alike remarkable for personal charms and insinuating manners, had been repulsed by the beautiful unknown, it would appear a hopeless presumption in him, a poor captain of grenadiers, to offer himself to her notice."

Here the incognita interrupted the mock gravity of his harangue, by rapidly advancing to where he stood; and striking him on the arm, she pronounced his name, and desired him to follow her. No second invitation was necessary: in a moment the mysterious female had turned into a private walk, and in an equally short time Captain Kennedy was beside her.

"There they go," ejaculated Major Mac Dermott; "never was there a more ill-starred Irishman than myself. Here I am, six weeks in Brussels, without an *affaire de cœur* to comfort me, but the solitary conquest of a Belgic bonnet-dresser;—I, Denis Mac Dermott, six feet two inches high, and with a pair of whiskers unrivalled for size and colour even by the black Brunswickers! But a cigar and Schiedam must console us, Melcomb—women are poor judges of personal worth, as the fat prebendary's wife proved. What the devil did the gipsy see in Kennedy? Pshaw, hang her; she's some masquerading waiting-woman. By this light! her arm was as yellow as a kite's claw. Come along, Jack, one comfortable bottle, and all will be right.

'If you e'er lose a maid whom your passion derides,
Drink enough, you'll find charms in a dozen besides.'

And with this consolatory stave, the crest-fallen commander left the grand park, followed by his short friend.

THE INTERVIEW.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes.

SHAKESPEARE.

FOR some time the gallant captain accompanied his unknown companion in silence. The footsteps of his military friends were no longer heard: the park was still, and nothing appeared to interrupt their privacy. His conductor stopped, and turning to Kennedy, in a voice which expressed a mixture of archness and decision, addressed him:—

"There are three conditions with which you must comply before our interview proceeds."

"Fair lady," replied the soldier, "this commencement seems irre-

gular. In war, we propose no terms till the place has been stoutly assailed; and in love, I presume the custom is similar."

"Custom or not, one thing is certain; I must be implicitly obeyed, or, most doughty commander, your knowledge of me will be just as extensive as it is at present; and that, I'll venture to add, is limited enough."

"Your terms, fair lady?" said the soldier, impatiently seizing her hand as he spoke.

"There," she exclaimed, as she snatched her hand from his grasp,—"there the leading article of the treaty is already violated. Listen to me. The first condition is,—that we converse at arm's length. The second,—that you make no attempt to discover who I am. And the last,—that I shall be at perfect liberty to retire when I please; and that you neither detain nor follow me."

"Gramercy! sweet lady, a precious arrangement you would have me assent to! What! remain alone with a woman and at arm's length! Your terms are inadmissible, and thus is the first article replied to." He gently seized the fair incognita as he spoke; but rapidly freeing herself from his embrace, she started back some paces,—“I leave you, sir; and so ends our interview—farewell."

"Nay, gentle Amazon," said the grenadier, "number three is disallowed, and consequently retreat impossible."

"And would you then detain me against my will?"

"Unquestionably, my sweet friend."

"You dare not."

"To the proof," exclaimed the soldier, advancing.

"Stop, sir," she said, in a tone that showed that feminine alarm was struggling with high spirit; "stop, if you be a man!"

"Pshaw! dear girl, why continue this farce—this folly?" and again the captain of grenadiers made demonstrations of a hostile approach.

"Hold! you *once* were a gentleman; you have since gained an honourable name in arms; and would you, a soldier, employ superior strength to make one, who unwisely trusted in your honour, repent her indiscretion? Frank Kennedy, hold!"

"By Heaven! lady, there is something magical in your words and bearing;—that voice, too! O no; the thing is utterly impossible. One voice was like it; but years have passed, and the broad sea is between us. Lady, you shall be obeyed. I may have wronged you; but the place—the hour—alone and unattended. Come, you may smile at me as a dupe, but you must not tax me with being ungenerous. You are safe, lady, from me. I make no farther attempt to discover your person or secret. Proceed—speak! why am I alone with you? How do you know me?"

"I know you well; and no trifling circumstance would induce me, Captain Kennedy, to risk the danger I have done. I have sought you; for my business deeply concerns one for whose happiness I am interested. I possess her unbounded confidence, and I am commissioned to ask the simple question, Are your affections disengaged, and your heart and hand yet to be disposed of?"

"Why, faith, lady, the question, though a simple, is a shrewd one. As to my heart, like most military ones, it has seen service in its day, and though it may have been occasionally grazed by 'the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft,' it has never yet been disabled by a vital wound. As to my hand, I am, blessed be St. Patrick! still untrammelled by a fetter, and, *entre nous*, my fair incognita, I feel small anxiety to exchange my celibacy for the rosy bonds of Hymen."

"Candid enough, gallant sir," said the unknown, archly. "Then am I to believe that Captain Kennedy has never loved? or, to use his own language, that he has only loved regimentally; his adoration never outliving the route, and when he changed quarters, vows, oaths, and sighs *excunt omnes* with the last roll of the drum?"

"By St. George, a happy description of my 'course of love!'" exclaimed the grenadier, with a smile.

"Then you never loved sincerely, ardently, honestly?" asked the fair inquisitor, with an anxiety that her assumed indifference could not hide.

"Lady," replied the soldier gravely, "the question is irrelevant—the past we speak not of—let us alone think of the present. I may have had my hours of visionary happiness, but now 'love's young dream' is over. Lady—tell me how shall I gain your confidence? I will woo thee, and if you let me, win thee. I never breathed woman's name who trusted to my honour. Come, wilt thou not confide in me?"

"Kennedy," said the unknown, deeply agitated, as she gently withdrew her hand from his grasp—Kennedy, farewell! Your vows were once offered to a woman; your faith was plighted and accepted, and she, poor dupe,—oh! she believed too well. Love light as yours is not worth the purchase of a moment's anxiety; and yet I believe you once loved sincerely; but when did man's affection survive time and separation?—compared with it, the tide is steady and the wind is constant. Hear me before I go. There is a woman who loves you. In birth she is your equal, in fortune your superior—absolute mistress of her actions, she would confide her happiness to your keeping; and on certain terms she consents to become yours. She only requires an honourable assurance that your hand is free, and your affections totally unbiassed."

"Stay, fair unknown," said the soldier. "I must in candour interrupt you. When favoured with this interview, I expected to have found that lighter love which only suits a soldier; but your words and manner are not to be mistaken, and I hasten to undeceive you. I cannot—may not—marry!"

"And wherefore?" said the lady, anxiously.

"I am poor," replied the soldier.

"That shall be no barrier; the lady has ample means of making you independent; she is rich, and her fortune is at her own disposal.

"I would not wed for money," said the soldier, proudly.

"She is—at least men say so—handsome," rejoined the incognita.

"Nor for beauty," said the captain.

"She is reputed to be educated, accomplished, and agreeable."

"I care not," said the grenadier, "I will not traffic with my heart."

"Reflect, before I go—she will not sue a second time."

"I care not, gentle unknown."

"Nay, pause—fortune and beauty are seldom slighted."

"Lady," said the soldier, "I love another—I have no heart to give, no hand to offer—and yet, God knows, she for whom I must decline the proffered honour will never probably be mine. But till she is wedded, or I learn from her lips that the place I once held in her heart is void, I will never be another's."

There was a pause: neither spoke, till suddenly the female, with animation, asked, "Will Captain Kennedy trust me with the name of this favoured fair one?"

"No, lady; her name would be unknown to you. She is in another land. Come, we will drop this subject."

As he spoke, a wild laugh was heard at a short distance; and the loud voices of persons apparently under the influence of wine were heard approaching. The lady became agitated, clung to Kennedy for support, and implored him to protect her.

"Oh! how mad—how imprudent! Captain Kennedy, will you conduct me to the Rue Royale, and there I shall find my friends."

Kennedy felt her tremble, and placing his arm round her, led her from the park by a path opposite to that from which the voices which alarmed her had proceeded. As the noise died away, the unknown resumed her self-possession. "We are safe, Captain Kennedy, and I must bid you farewell. Had I ever doubted your honour, your conduct to-night would have dispelled the suspicion. Adieu!"

"Oh, stay," said the soldier; "there is something in that voice and accent that assures me we were not always strangers. If my conduct has been such as to merit your approval, may I ask, in return, for one glance at my companion's face, or the pleasure of even knowing her name."

"Impossible!" she replied, "press not for either. That face you shall ere long see, and the name you will be at no loss to discover. Reflect on what I have offered you—we shall meet again."

"Where?—when?" said the soldier, eagerly.

"*Where and when you least expect*; but we are at the gate, and there wait my companions;" and she pointed to two persons, closely muffled, who were standing waiting in the street.

"Farewell for a time, Frank!" and turning the silk hood partially aside, she presented her cheek to the soldier's kiss; next moment she bounded across the street—Kennedy sprang after. She stopped: "Remember your promise—no pursuit, gallant captain;" and taking the arm of one of the strangers, she turned the corner of the Rue de la Loi, and disappeared.

Kennedy, undetermined what course he should pursue, stood for a few moments lost in astonishment. "It is a singular adventure," he muttered; "the voice, at times, reminded me of Lucy Davidson: but the figure is too tall, too full, for hers; and the distance too,—the thing is impossible. Chance may dispel this mystery; for it passes

my comprehension to account for such a chain of incongruous and incomprehensible events. 'Tis useless following her—I should only displease her, and elicit no information. Fortune, I leave all to thee, blind girl!"

So saying, he turned towards his quarters, and left the Rue Royale.

THE BALL.

The wine is red, the lamps are bright,
And gems and jewels glance,
Where ladies with their loves to-night
Are mingling in the dance.

ANONYMOUS.

THE 15th of June at Brussels was unmarked by any striking occurrence. The streets that day were crowded by the inhabitants, and the military not on duty. Rumour was on the wing, and public feeling deeply excited; for the situation of the city had now become most critical. Buonaparte was concentrating his army of the North with that of the Ardennes and the Moselle. Brussels was consequently in dangerous proximity to the French emperor, being open to his advance by Mons and Halle; and to possess himself of the Belgic capital would be a desirable object, as it would separate the positions of the allies, and favour the development of any insurrectionary feelings which were conjectured to exist among his ancient subjects of Belgium.

Events were hurrying to their crisis. Napoleon left Paris early on the morning of the 12th, and reached Soissons at ten o'clock. Proceeding without delay to Laon, he hastily inspected the fortifications of that important city. Meanwhile, his different *corps d'armée* had moved from their respective cantonments; and, with admirable precision, united themselves at the same moment on the Belgic frontier. On the 14th, Napoleon was at Avennes, from which place he issued his celebrated address to the army. It was his boldest, "and his last!"

While the French emperor was about to burst upon the allies, there was mirth and feasting in "pale Brussels." Wellington, surrounded by many of his principal officers and personal staff, was seated at the table, when a despatch from Marshal Blucher announced an attack upon him by Napoleon.

The alarm caused by this intelligence was but partial: for military men considered it merely an affair of outposts—a matter trifling in itself, and only the precursor to movements of greater importance. Buonaparte's plan of operations was still involved in mystery; and Wellington determined to await the more decisive development of his active enemy's system of attack. The wine circulated: the evening

wore on merrily, and the table was only deserted to be succeeded by the Ball.

That night, "the beautiful and brave" crowded to the assembly of her Grace of Richmond. Before midnight, the gay apartments of the duchess were filled with revellers. Woman in all her loveliness was there; and amid the lesser light of lamp and taper, diamonds blazed and orders glittered. The music played its liveliest strain: waltz, and polonaise, and quadrille, followed fast upon each other; and in the pauses of the dance, many a brave heart found time to tell its secret; and the blush upon the young cheek of her who listened, acknowledged that bravery in man is the best passport to woman's love.

In the remotest part of one of the most crowded saloons two persons were standing observing the dancers, and witnessing the festive scene. The elder, Colonel Hilson, had just returned the Duke of Wellington's salute, who, while passing on, stopped suddenly and addressed the younger companion of the gallant colonel. The personal notice of the great captain brought the colour to the cheek of the young officer he addressed; and as the eyes of the crowd were on the Duke, his recognition of Hilson's companion did not escape observation. Many inquiries consequently ensued.

"Pray," said a dowager countess to a thin over-dressed officer of light dragoons, "can you tell me the name of that handsome fellow his Grace has spoken to?"

"Pon my soul, sorry I can't oblige your ladyship, but don't know any soldier out of the household."

"He is a fine, manly-looking fellow," observed a second titled dame: "I must find him out, and send him a card for my concert."

"Oh," said a very lovely girl to a general officer who just came up, "can you, Sir Denis, inform me who that gentleman is; or, like Mr. Farrington, are you ignorant of all the infantry but the Guards?"

"Faith, my lady," replied the general, with a smile, "my acquaintance, I am happy to say, is more extensive. That gentleman now conversing with my gallant friend, Colonel Hilson of the 28th, is a poor captain of grenadiers. He led the forlorn hope at Badajoz, and was then a subaltern in my national corps, the 88th; and from it was most deservedly promoted to his present regiment. No wonder that Mr. Farrington knows nothing of him," he continued, with a caustic smile, "for light dragoons have no connection with breach-makers or breach-takers. May I present Captain Kennedy to your ladyship?" and Sir Denis led the young grenadier forward and introduced him. Then taking his place beside Colonel Hilson, the veteran soldiers were soon deeply engaged in canvassing the designs of Napoleon.

"This is indeed a splendid scene," observed Captain Kennedy, during a pause in the quadrille, to his handsome partner the Lady Harriette Clavering.

"Undoubtedly," replied her ladyship, "the Duchess's affair is the gayest I have been at since my arrival in Brussels. Indeed I have seldom been to a pleasanter ball—all seem so happy."

"Ah," said the grenadier, "may it not be apparent and not real happiness that lights so many sunny looks around us?"

"Is Captain Kennedy a sentimentalist?" remarked Lady Harriette, archly. "What a discovery have I not made! I always believed your thoughtless, crack-brained countrymen avoided sentiment as they do water-drinking. Come, look round you, cynic. What think you of our *vis-à-vis*? are they not really happy?"

"What—the young hussar, and the fair-haired girl in pink?"

"The same."

"And yet that handsome pair occasioned the remark that amused you, Lady Harriette."

"Pound, most grave philosopher in wings."

"I should not betray their secret," said Kennedy, laughing. "I have taken an unfair advantage of younger and lighter spirits. A cold-hearted fellow like me should be excluded, by special act of Almack's, from every ball and *fête* that bow to its jurisdiction."

"Anomalous again!" said Lady Harriette, gaily; "cold-hearted and an Irishman! Go on, most sentimental escalader of Badajoz."

Kennedy coloured at the complimentary badinage of his lovely partner. "Could one moralize here," he continued, "that hussar and his pretty mistress would yield a fitting opportunity. To-night, not intending to dance, I amused myself by observing those who were differently engaged around me. I had seen the hussar and his partner flirting yesterday in the park, and I remarked them in the rooms to-night. Wrapped in the idea of each other, this crowded assembly was forgotten. By chance I entered the conservatory—they were there seated on the same bench—he was speaking in animated whispers—her hand clasped in his—her ear listening to the first avowal of his love. I saw her pale cheek flush—I saw her lips tremble as she murmured her acceptance—I saw the first kiss of plighted love exchanged—and was not that a moment of mortal happiness which no other earthly bliss could emulate? and yet that very moment laid the sure foundation of future misery, and, probably, years of unavailing regret."

Lady Harriette listened with marked attention, as Kennedy, with increasing warmth, described the scene he had accidentally witnessed in the conservatory.

"And wherefore, Captain Kennedy, draw from this unguarded display of mutual affection so sinister a conclusion?" she observed, with a deep sigh.

"Simply, Lady Harriette, because I know them both. He is a younger son of General F—, and his father can hardly spare him the small addition to his pay, which enables him to remain a subaltern in a cavalry regiment. She is the Honourable Miss Holt, the fifth daughter of Lord Santry: shall I say more, than that her father is the poorest and proudest peer in Britain? Draw your own inference: it will be what the world calls a love-match; and with certain poverty entailed upon their union, how long will the delusion last?"

"Have you been crossed in love?"

The sudden question startled Kennedy. His eye rested on his fair partner's face; he saw a hectic glow flush over her cheek, and next moment a deathlike paleness succeed it: alarmed, he looked round to see if her agitation was observed; and perceived a remarkably handsome man, in a rich staff uniform, looking on his lovely partner with anxious admiration. Lady Harriette raised her eyes: they met those of the handsome aide-de-camp; and that look, that solitary look, betrayed the lover's secret!

By a strong exertion Lady Harriette rallied her spirits, and with assumed gaiety addressed the grenadier: "And does Captain Kennedy imagine that on wealth alone depends love's permanency?"

"Far from it, lady; love may be held in rosy bonds, but he will spurn a golden fetter—the heart cannot be trafficked with. For myself, I would not wed for wealth—I, whose sole inheritance is a sword—one without fame or fortune."

"But is not Captain Kennedy a gentleman, and a soldier?"

"And, lady, then all he could offer would be a heart, her own already—and poorer yet—a soldier's hand."

Kennedy's feelings had insensibly betrayed him into an ardent manner, of which he was quite unconscious, until he remarked a deep blush overspread the face of his beautiful auditor—an embarrassing silence ensued, and at the instant a woman's voice whispered in his ear—"False villain! give her thy plighted hand; *thou hast no heart to offer!*"

Quick as lightning Kennedy turned round: a fine-looking woman in a light-blue robe, with a splendid head-dress of ostrich-feathers, was within a yard; her back was towards him, and before he could observe her more, she was hidden by the crowd collected around the dancers. Lady Harriette had heard the voice, but not the words distinctly: her curiosity was excited, and she looked at the grenadier as if she expected an explanation.

But this was prevented. Before Kennedy could recover from the embarrassment produced by the unknown female's singular address, a strange confusion seemed to pervade the gay assembly—there was a whispering, alarmed looks, and anxious questionings. Several staff-officers, after a momentary communication, hurried from the saloon: the music ceased suddenly: the waltzer paused: a mysterious and indescribable dread appeared to have seized the company, as if some unholy spell was being wrought by an enchanter.

"Heavens! Captain Kennedy, what can have happened? there is, there must be, something alarming to cause this extraordinary sensation."

Before the grenadier could reply, the young aide-de-camp he had previously observed stood beside them. His look was agitated: the urgency of the moment precluded disguise, and the mutual feelings of Lady Harriette and her lover would have been evident to a person of less discernment than Frank Kennedy.

"Oh, George; speak to me! tell me the worst!"

"Harriette, my own Harriette, the hour of separation is come.

Buonaparte is in the field, and in a few minutes we march to meet him."

Kennedy felt the delicacy of his situation, and would have resigned his fair charge to her lover, but the lady clung closely to his arm. "Oh, stay," she said; "do not leave us; my mother would——" She paused, in great agitation; but in a moment continued, "Captain Kennedy, Major Herbert and I must trust you with our secret. Need I add that we know in whom our confidence is reposed? he is a soldier—an Irishman."

"And," continued the grenadier, with animation, "his is not the country of dishonour, and now he has neither eyes nor ears," and he smiled significantly at his brother soldier. Leading his fair partner to a sofa within the recess of a window, "You are no doubt fatigued," he continued; "Major Herbert shall find me a steady sentinel—fear nothing; for I shall give ample notice when I perceive any hostile demonstration."

So saying, he left the lovers together; and retiring some paces from the recess, directed his attention to the brilliant assembly, who were now beginning to disperse. His watch, however, was but short. In a few minutes he perceived the Marchioness of —— anxiously looking through the crowd, and he hastened to apprise Lady Harriette that her mother was approaching. "Farewell, dear, *deur* George! May God guard you from every danger!"

"Adieu! my own idolized Harriette; every good angel be around thee, love!" His voice faltered, while tears, in fast succession, fell on his pale cheeks. He wrung her hand convulsively, and was gone. Gone—and for ever! for that night saw Herbert—the young, the brave, the beloved one—stiffening in his blood upon the cold causeway of Quatre Bras!

"Heavens! my dear child, what has occurred?" exclaimed the Marchioness, as she noticed the agony of grief too visible on her daughter's countenance.

"I am in some degree the cause," said Kennedy, with amazing readiness. "A silly fellow of ours gave me an exaggerated account of the night's alarm, with a positive assurance that three hours would bring the French advance guard to the gates of Brussels. Lady Harriette unluckily overheard enough to frighten her nearly as much as the terrified narrator himself; but a little rest, and a glass of wine-and-water, will restore her. Will your ladyship pardon my momentary absence?" and he hurried to a table of refreshments to procure the specific he had recommended for his agitated partner.

Returning instantly, he was in the act of presenting it, when he felt a strong arm laid upon his shoulder—"Holy St. Patrick!" exclaimed the well-known brogue of Major Mac Dermott, "what the devil keeps you *philandering* here, and bugles and bagpipes struggling which shall make most noise? We are to form in the park, and march in half an hour. Bad luck attend ye, Boney—you are the boy for bothering a ball-room."

The stare of surprise with which the Marchioness regarded the

speaker would have disconcerted any man with less assurance than Major Mac Dermott possessed: and Kennedy, who knew him well, was perfectly confounded, as Denis continued—"Are ye bewildered, Frank? Don't you see the young lady—and a sweet crature she is—dying of thirst and alarm; and you, like a man upon a signboard, standing hard and fast, with the glass within your claw? Don't be alarmed, my darling lady, there will be wigs upon the green, as we say in Connaught, before Master Nap beats up your quarters in Brussels."

The haughty expression of Lady ——'s face gave way to the singular tone and manner of Major Mac Dermott. Thanking Kennedy for his attention, "Lady Harriette," she said, "would be soon quite recovered: their own party were expecting them in the ante-room; and, aware of the urgency of affairs, she would not detain Captain Kennedy. Farewell, sir; I wish you success; and I shall be most happy to hear personally of your safety, when you return victorious to Brussels."

Then taking her daughter's arm, she bowed gracefully to the soldiers, and retired towards the saloon. Lady Harriette spoke not; but her mute though expressive look was not lost upon the gallant captain of grenadiers.

Nor, as it appeared, had that farewell glance escaped the observation of Denis Mac Dermott. With a long and peculiar whistle, the customary manner with which he expressed surprise, he exclaimed, as Kennedy still gazed after Lady Harriette—"Phew! well done, Frank Kennedy! You are the boy! Ah, I have it now. Is that the girl who met us in the park last night?"

Kennedy, half-offended at Denis's interruption, replied—"How you do blunder, Mac Dermott! What a silly notion! The girl in the park! Why, man, that is the Lady Harriette Clavering, only daughter to the Marchioness of ——, into whose society you introduced yourself this evening with the least possible ceremony. Devil take your impudence, Denis! I shall be shut out from the hotel of the Marchioness, from my unfortunate acquaintance with your brazen face and most inveterate brogue."

"No fear, my boy; she smiled at me, and that showed she was not angry, you know. I used to be a great favourite with titled gentlewomen. There was old Lady Mac Kinnon; when I was a captain in the 52nd, and quartered in the Castle of Edinburgh, the regiment swore she doted on me. Lord! how the crowd are pressing to the door! and see—there is a lovely creature in blue: Mother of Saint Patrick! what feathers she has got! and she looks at us as if she desired to be better acquainted. Frank, who is that dasher?"

Mac Dermott's companion, who had been in no way interested in that worthy gentleman's account of the conquest of Lady Mac Kinnon, carelessly directed his eye to the place where Denis pointed: suddenly he exclaimed, "By heaven! it is herself!" and bounding from his side, in a moment was mixed in the thickest of the crowd, struggling to reach the girl in blue. But his movement was noticed by the

object of his pursuit; dropping the arm of an elderly lady, she sprang forward to the crowded passage—she was immediately out of sight, and next moment Kennedy disappeared also.

"Well, by my conscience, this beats Bannagher," ejaculated Major Mac Dermott, in his usual half-audible soliloquy. "Waylaid in the park last night by God knows who—philandering with a peeress at the ball—and now off like a will-o'-the-wisp, after a plume of ostrich-feathers fit for a field-marshal! By this hand, it is past my poor comprehension!"

Carried on by the crowd, Mac Dermott found himself in the street. He looked anxiously through the thick lane of carriages which almost choked the causeway; but neither his friend Kennedy nor the plumed lady in blue was visible.

LETTERS, AND A LOST MISTRESS.

Farewell! Thou canst not teach me to forget.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was an hour past midnight, and Brussels was wrapped in deep repose. The soldiers who were quartered upon the inhabitants had, with the peaceful owners of the houses, long since retired to bed. The rolling of carriages from the Duchess of Richmond's ball had nearly ceased; and the quiet of the streets was only broken by the occasional bark of the watch-dogs, or the measured step of the sentinel, pacing "his lonely round."

Suddenly, night's silence was rudely broken; the trumpet sounded; the drums beat to arms; and all was hurry and alarm. Momently, the din increased: "and louder yet the clamour grew," as the Highland pibroch answered the bugle-call of the light infantry. The soldiery, startled from their sleep, poured out from the now deserted dwellings; and the once peaceful city exhibited a scene of universal uproar.

The sun rose to witness confusion and dismay. The military assembled in the Place Royale; and the difference of individual character might be traced in the respective occupations of the various soldiery. Some were taking a tender, and many a last leave of wives and children. Others, stretched upon the pavement, were listlessly waiting for their comrades to come up: while not a few strove to snatch a few moments of repose, and appeared insensible to the din of war around them. Waggon's were loading, and artillery harnessing. Orderlies and aides-de-camp rode rapidly through the streets; and in the gloom of early morning the pavement sparkled beneath the iron feet of the cavalry, as they hurried along the causeway to join their respective squadrons, which were now collecting in the park.

After a short absence, Kennedy returned to his quarters in the

Place de Louvaine. His manner was agitated; and throwing himself on a chair, he scarcely noticed Colonel Hilson, who was writing at the table. Living in the same hotel, a close intimacy existed between the commanding officer and the captain of grenadiers. Hilson stopped writing soon after the entrance of Kennedy; and folding the paper he had been engaged with, as he sealed it he addressed his friend:—

"I thought to have found you here, Frank; and having a small packet, which I wish to be in safe keeping should anything occur to me, I will trouble you by committing it to your charge. You are aware, from the sketch I gave you of my history, that the orphan of my kinsman Arthur is my adopted child. Knowing the uncertain tenure of a soldier's life, I had taken the necessary steps before I left England to secure my property to my orphan *protégé*. Some directions relative to his education and future settlement in life are herein contained. I have named you one of his guardians; and I know, in the event of this trust devolving on you, that you will remember the request of your quondam friend, and see my wishes carried into effect."

Kennedy received the packet, and promised that its contents should be attended to. His agitation did not escape Hilson's observation.

"How now, Frank? you seem disordered; has anything unpleasant occurred? I know you too well of old to think that the prospect of a bustling campaign would not have an opposite effect. You formerly were not so dolorous on the eve of what will be a gallant field."

"Alas, Hilson," said the grenadier, with a sigh, "no one will march with a heavier heart, although in choice humour for cutting throats, or engaging in any other desperate and gentlemanly amusement. I have been since yesterday the perfect butt of fortune, and am, at this moment, in the most agonizing state of uncertainty."

"In the name of mystery what has occurred?" said the colonel; "come, tell me the cause, the circumstance."

"In one word—a woman."

"Pshaw! Kennedy," said Hilson, rather piqued; "at such a time, can you trifle? Who—what is she?"

"I know not; there is the rub—she is wrapped in mystery; and did I not believe the thing to be impossible, I could swear that one from whom I have long been separated was in my arms last night in the public park—nay more, was beside me at the ball, spoke to me, and vanished, as if the floor had swallowed her. When the alarm spread, I was leaving the duchess's hotel with Mac Dermott, and in the throng I again caught a glimpse of this incomprehensible female. I had nearly come up with her, but in the confusion got entangled with the carriages: two rolled off nearly at the same moment. I thought I observed the one she entered, and pursued it; it went off at a quick pace; but I held it in view till it nearly crossed the city, and stopped at a private house near the boulevard. I rushed on,

overturned a drunken waggoner, and came up in time to see a Dutch functionary, crippled by fat and rheumatism, leisurely alight at his own door. Cursing my evil stars, I had no choice left but to souse myself in the next canal, or return quietly to my quarters. Fortunately, I recollected that drowning was not a genteel death; for, as Jack Falstaff says, 'it swells a man.' I cut the canal, and now you know as much of my misfortunes as I do."

Hilson smiled. "The thing is not so bad as your suicidal looks led me to expect. I am not, however, the fittest repository for your tender sorrows; and as I hear our friend Mac Dermott on the stairs, I leave you to him for counsel and consolation. I must be off to the Rue Royale. We march at four o'clock; and love must give place to duty."

So saying, he left the room as Major Mac Dermott entered it. Mac Dermott was ready for the march: his handsome uniform was exchanged for an every-day jacket—a proceeding he recommended to his friend Kennedy.

"Here, you, Pat Carty,"—a tall strapping grenadier, in marching order, with his pack and appointments on, obeyed the major's summons,—“give us the worst suit in the kit: it's damn'd extravagant for your master to allow himself to be killed in a decent jacket. There, if I travel, I wouldn't give the lad that strips me a *tranceen** for his trouble. What news, Frank? Come, that will do, fold the jacket: even if it comes to the drum-head, it will be a comfort to see a friend's effects appear decently. Did you come up with the chase?"

"No, Denis, I might as well have pursued jack-o'-the-lantern. I am sick of the world."

"Phew! did the baggage give you the go-by? Well, Frank, trust me you'll find her kinder on your return. This comes of striking at noble game. Give me your honest bonnet-dresser who never heard heroics in her life, and settles your suit with a plain 'ay' or 'no': but folks differ, Frank; and, as Will Shakspeare says,—

‘Some men must love my Lady, and some Joan.’

But cheer up; what a jewel of a friend you have!—and that's myself. Look there,"—and he handed the grenadier a packet,—“there's news; and from Ireland, too."

Kennedy took the letter:—"It is my father's writing—we'll keep it till the hurry is over;" and laying it on the table, he proceeded to put on his uniform.

"Mother of St. Patrick!" ejaculated the major; "a letter from Ireland left unopened!"

Kennedy smiled:—"Faith, Denis, you may peruse it if you please; you seem wonderfully curious about the contents. Nay, there is no secret; my poor father's late communications have latterly all harped on the same string—bad times, and no price for cattle."

* Angliè—a straw.

"There is an inclosure, Frank,—a letter in a lady's hand."
 "Pshaw!—my aunt Macan's:—go on, Denis." Mac Dermott complied; and his observations upon his father's epistle amused the captain of grenadiers.

Dublin, June 1st, 1815.

"What the devil is he doing in Dublin? no good, Frank—another corner off Killnacoppal!"—*Dear Frank, In consequence of the dry weather, the potatoes in Monieen Beg totally failed; and Patsey Her-raghty, whom you may remember your Aunt Macan always foresaw would prove a rogue, with his two sons, and 'Tummas a Neilan' (Tom of the Island), who was pilot to the Blue-eyed Maid when she landed the brandy on Innis biggle, drove off their cattle by night, and have not since been heard off.*—"Ay, Frank, the old story to a T, short crops and run-away tenants."—*A three-year-old bullock, that Peeterein (little Peter) Joyce refused six pound ten for at the fair of Westport, fell over the cliffs and was lost.*—"A pleasant letter-writer your father is!"—*As the wind was unfortunately off the shore, he drifted out to sea, and we did not even get the hide.*—"Well, that's important, too!"—*A strange gauger*—"Musha, bad luck to him!"—*A strange gauger surprised the village of Clish—Clash—Clash-na—Clash-na Mac Cumeskey*—"I would like to see a cockney of the Guards trying his tongue on Clash-na Mac Cumeskey"—*on May-eve, and seized three stills, and made nine prisoners: all of whom, however, were rescued by a rising of the country.*—"Well done, Connemara!"—*On this occasion a soldier lost his life, and the gauger's horse was smothered in a bog-hole—a natural result of their wanton attack upon an inoffensive peasantry.*—"Pleasant people the inoffensive peasantry of Clash-na Mac Cumeskey are!"—*You will, no doubt, be quite unprepared for the very painful occasion of my present visit to the metropolis.*—"Pon my soul, not at all! I'm as much up to it as if I was a subscribing witnaess:—another slice off the foreign!"*—"The sudden death of your Uncle Davidson."—"Ha!" said Kennedy, "is Duncan off? Well, attorneys won't live for ever."—*He has made a will, in which none of the family are mentioned;*—"The little confounded quill-driver!"—*and left every shilling he died possessed of, except a bequest of twenty pounds to the poor of the parish—I am not quite certain whether it is St. Nicholas Without or St. James the Apostle.*—"How devilish particular your father is!"—*to your cousin, Lucy Davidson,*—Kennedy leaped from the chair,—*who has now at her command 56,000*l.* in the five per cents., and ground-rents in Dublin amounting to 2,000*l.* a year. She writes you farther particulars in the letter herein inclosed. Your Aunt Mac*—"Stop, Denis, stop! have I been listening to all this trash about drowned cattle and dead attorneys, and Lucy's dear letter unopened?" In vain he attempted to snatch the inclosure; but Mac Dermott had it secure within his iron grasp, and continued—*bad rheumatism—hip-bone—essence of mustard—relief—will write soon*

* A small estate.

—*affectionate*—: here Kennedy succeeded in snatching the letter from Mac Dermott: the seal was hastily broken, and the contents ran thus:—

"My dear Frank,—Five years have elapsed, and I am now mistress of more than fifty thousand pounds. By my uncle's death I am left without a protector; and as I am determined not to remain longer in this defenceless situation, I purpose shortly to consult Mr. Francis Kennedy on the subject, and request him to recommend me some gentleman of his acquaintance, with whom I should have a tolerable chance of living happily.

"It is with great pain I am obliged to risk the re-opening of a wound, which I would hope time and absence had closed. Miss Jemima O'Brien having unhappily got a number of forged bank-notes in change, and her kinsman Mr. Clinch being equally unfortunate, from their own unsuspecting dispositions, they inadvertently circulated a few, in encouraging the trade and manufactures of the good city of Dublin. In return for this kindness, they were prosecuted by the ungrateful shopkeepers, and accommodated with a passage to Australasia, and that, too, at the public expense.

"As I hope to see you before-long, I shall only say that I am still

"Yours, if you please it,

"LUCY DAVIDSON."

Kennedy was thunderstruck as he read the letter. "Denis," he exclaimed, "where and from whom did you get these letters?"

Mac Dermott, unmoved by the evident anxiety of his companion, coolly replied, "Frank, you are a lucky fellow, fortunate in love, but still more fortunate in friendship. While you were careering through Brussels in the vague pursuit of your blue belle, I, Denis Mac Dermott, was settling your love affairs, when another would have been employed in disposing of his goods and chattels; and while I should have been signing my will, I was engaged in making your fortune. In short, your park acquaintance and myself have been *tête-à-tête*. Nay, don't stare, man; *tête-à-tête* by this hand, and in your own bed-room, too!"

"Go on, Denis—you are distracting me."

"When you left me in the ball-room, feeling no inclination to follow your meanders through kicking horses and carriage-wheels, I took the broad way that leadeth to —, your present quarters. At the corner of the street a coach had just pulled up; the door opened, down came steps, and out came a foot and ankle—Holy Saint Patrick!—there is not its fellow in Belgium: and, to my surprise, the owner appeared to be a smart, undersized gentleman, in a fur cap and military cloak that covered him from head to heel. 'Ah! ha!' thought I, 'for all your swagger, my smart lad, you have a woman's foot, and a neat one, too.' On she passed—I followed; and where should she wheel but into this very house! I ran upstairs; you were missing, and Hilson busy writing at the table. When I came

out, whom should I meet in the lobby but my friend with the pretty foot ! 'Pray, can you inform me which of these apartments belongs to Captain Kennedy ?' says this nondescript, pertly.—'Faith, and that I can, my young gentleman,' says I; and opening the door, I discreetly handed her into your bed-room. She seemed for a moment inclined to retreat; but mustering courage, in she went. 'You are a friend of Captain Kennedy, I presume?'—'I am,' says I, 'his bosom friend.'—'I have most particular business with him; can you tell where he is, and whether he be engaged?'—'As to where he is,' says I, 'I have not the slightest suspicion; and the nature of his present employment is best known to himself and a lady who levanted with him half an hour ago from the Duchess's ball.'—'A lady—ha !'—I saw her cheeks grow red as scarlet.—'Is your friend's return uncertain?'—'As anything can be that depends upon a woman's will.' I knew she was mad jealous, and I determined to give her a dose of it. Nothing like it, Frank—don't be uneasy; if I have not competely done your business——"

"I fear you have, indeed," groaned the captain of grenadiers.

"Kennedy, I presume, is a favourite with the fair sex ?" said my gentleman.—'That he is,' says I. 'We are all kept tolerably busy; but how he finds time for his appointments, is a thing that puzzles the regiment.' At this moment Serjeant Dwyer's pretty wife came in with some linen. My friend in the fur cap started as if he saw a spectre. Poor little soul! she was sobbing bitterly, for she had just before parted with her husband. She looked so handsome; and her situation, Frank, is, you know, what the papers call 'so interesting.' The breathless eagerness with which the park incognita eyed her would have surprised you. Lord, how her colour went and came! 'May I ask a question?' and her lips trembled, and she seemed on the point of fainting. 'That handsome female—is she Captain Kennedy's mistress?' I pretended to look bothered. 'Why, she does now and then mend his silk stockings;' and I gave her a knowing wink. 'Heavens! what an escape!' she muttered; 'I might have been lost for ever! What a profligate!' and she stamped her pretty foot passionately on the floor. 'Hush!' said I, in a whisper, 'who knows but the burgomaster's wife, that lives next door to the Palais de Justice, may be now concealed in the closet.'

"The incognita made me no reply, but took a paper from her bosom. Your writing-desk was open; she seized a pen, wrote for a few minutes, and sealing the paper with a ring she wore, she begged I would give you the letter on your return. I requested her to be seated for a moment, and off I ran to see if you had returned. Still no one there but Hilson. I flew back to your room determined to detain my lady; but, by St. Patrick, the bird was flown! I ran downstairs, in time to see the carriage drive round the corner; and this packet I found lying on the stairs, dropped, I suppose, by Desdemona in the hurry of her retreat."

Kennedy leaned his head for a moment against the wall. "Mac Dermott," he said, "you have unintentionally ruined me; give me the paper."

"Ruined you! Lord help thee, Frank! little dost thou know the sex. There, man, courage; there are the terms of capitulation. Ha! the Highland pipes again! 'The brigade is marching; my horse at the door this half-hour, and I chattering about a crack-brained baggage; but, blessed St. Denis; what a foot she has!' and Mac Dermott hurried from the room.

For some minutes after his friend's departure Kennedy silently gazed on the little billet. It was the well-known writing of his eccentric mistress. The impression of the ring now caused a painful recollection; it was a present from himself, and Lucy had preserved it. He trembled as he unclosed the packet—a ringlet of dark brown hair fell from it—it was the same that Lucy had taken from him the night they parted. The characters were uneven and scarcely legible, and betrayed the agitation under which the letter had been penned. The billet ran thus:—

"Kennedy, farewell! I loved you—but that is over. My heart, God knows, was all your own. I plighted you my hand, and I came here to redeem the pledge. I witnessed your apostasy at the ball. I heard you offer your heart and hand to another; but I discredited the evidence of my senses, and came here to-night that your own lips should alone convince me of your falsehood. You were not here; but *here* was a ruined female, a trophy of your success. You were absent; but your chosen companion bore honourable testimony to your merits, and modestly deferred to the superior profligacy of his friend.

"Kennedy, for five years this lock of hair rested in my bosom; *now*, I throw it from me with contempt; and with it, though my heart should break, all recollection of the giver shall perish. Farewell!

"L. D."

Kennedy held the fatal billet in his hand, and continued gazing on it in speechless agony. He seemed spell-bound. His servant thrice addressed him before he could fix his attention. "The regiment," he said, "was on the point of marching." Kennedy made no reply, but folding the lock of hair in the cover which had contained it, placed it with Lucy's letter in his breast; then lifting his sabre from the table, he left the room without uttering a word.

Pat Carty stopped to lock the apartment. He tossed the key to the owner of the house, and for a moment looked after his master silently: then taking his musket from the wall where it had rested, "Mona mon douiel! but he has got the blink of a bad eye," he muttered—and hurried off to join his company.

QUATRE-BRAS.

The drum beat loud at the morning hour,
 And the bugle's note had sounded—
 And the battle-cloud began to lour,
 While the war-horse quickly bounded.

ANONYMOUS.

At four o'clock the Highland brigade marched from the Place Royale, taking the road to Genappe, through the forest of Soignies.

The appearance of these celebrated regiments, as they moved through the park, was grand and imposing. The bagpipes playing at their head, their tartans fluttering in the breeze, and the sunbeams flashing on their glittering arms, arrested the attention and excited the admiration of the inhabitants, who had assembled to see them march; there was a grave and firm determination in their martial bearing, which well accorded with the proud name their former deeds had won them—they moved steadily on, like men going "to do or die!"

The Highland pibroch had not yet ceased, when the bugles of another corps were heard approaching, and in a few minutes the 28th regiment wheeled into the park and followed the 42nd. Although not a national regiment, it was composed, generally, of volunteers from the Irish militia; and the appearance of the soldiery formed a marked contrast with the Scotch corps which had preceded them. The light carriage and the laughing eye of those daring islanders, told that war to them "was but a pastime;" confident in themselves, they went rejoicing to the field, "eager for the fray," but fearless of the consequences. Their music was in unison with their feelings; the solemn soul-stirring pibroch was heard no more; and the park was filled with the light melody of "The young May moon is beaming, love."

The Royals and the 95th Rifles now marched past; regiment succeeded regiment in beautiful regularity, until the brigades of Kempt and Packe had filed off before Sir Thomas Picton. The gallant veteran, mounted for the field, with glass slung across his shoulder, saw the last of his splendid division pass by; and wheeling his horse round, he accompanied his brave soldiery, and took the road which to him led at once to victory and death!

Leaving the fifth division on its march through the forest of Soignies, it may be necessary to state, that on the preceding morning (the 15th) the campaign opened by a French attack upon the Prussian outposts. Zeithen's corps, having its advance at Charleroi, was driven back upon the bridge of Marchienne; whence, after a smart conflict, the Prussians retired to concentrate at Fleurus; Charleroi, being untenable, was abandoned to the French, whose cavalry entered the town at noon.

That Buonaparte's serious plan was to penetrate into Belgium was now apparent; and consequently the Duke of Wellington issued orders to his army to concentrate on the extremity of his position. The point of union crossed the great road from Brussels to Charleroi, in a line between Namur and Nivelles.

At the intersection of these four roads stands the hamlet of Quatre-Bras. It consists of a few mean houses, and was then surrounded by rye-fields of enormous growth. On the right was Le Bois de Bossu, an extensive and thick wood, having a deep ravine in its front. The possession of this wood was to the French a matter of paramount importance; as from it they could debouch upon the road to Brussels. For a short time a detachment of Belgians succeeded in establishing themselves in it; but, pressed by superior numbers, they gave way before the British came up; and the French in considerable force instantly occupied it.

The day was close and sultry, and the total want of water on their line of march greatly distressed the division of Sir Thomas Picton. About 12 o'clock, however, the column reached Genappe, with a corps of the Duke of Brunswick, and the contingent of Nassau. Without a moment's respite the wearied regiments pressed on to assist the Prince of Orange, who was holding a greatly superior enemy in check; for, aware of the value of the position, he gallantly disputed every inch of ground, and succeeded in maintaining himself against overwhelming numbers, till the fifth division came up to his relief.

In justice to Marshal Ney, it must be admitted that his first corps was uselessly withdrawn from him by his master, to support his own operations against Blücher at St. Amand. Its time was lost in counter-marching to the right, and during the 16th it never fired a shot. Still, however, Ney's *corps d'armée* exceeded 30,000. His cavalry and artillery were both powerful, particularly the former, from his having the additional corps of Excelmans, which alone amounted to 3,500.

On the other hand, the British did not exceed 16,000 men. In cavalry and artillery it was miserably deficient—the former consisting of a weak body of Brunswick hussars, and the latter comprising a limited number of Belgian and Hanoverian guns; the British cavalry, with the horse-artillery, came up only at the close of the day; for being cantoned behind the Dender, the great distance (nearly forty miles), and the dreadful state of the roads, rendered their exertions to reach the scene of action sooner abortive.

At half-past two the leading regiments of the fifth division reached Quatre-Bras. General Kempt's brigade deployed to the left of the Brussels road, and was instantly in action with the French advance, who, after driving the Belgians from their position near Frasnes, had already reached Quatre-Bras. The troops of the Prince of Orange, oppressed equally by the physical superiority and fierce attacks of Ney's corps, had gradually lost ground, and the important position of the Bois de Bossu had been forced and occupied by the French. The 95th regiment was ordered to attack it; the order was gallantly

obeyed; and the French, after a protracted resistance, were forced to retire.

On the left the Royals and the 28th were hotly engaged, and on the right the Highland regiments and the 44th came promptly into action. The battle was general and bloody. While the British endeavoured to deploy, the French cavalry, favoured by the rye-fields which covered their advance, charged ere the regiments could form line, or establish their squares. In some instances the lancers had partial success; but, generally, the perfect discipline and steady courage of the British corps enabled them to repulse their assailants, who were driven back with desperate slaughter, leaving whole squadrons upon the field to attest the murderous precision of the British musketry.

While each regiment was covering itself with glory, the 28th was desperately engaged. Notwithstanding the unfavourable ground where the regiment was posted, surrounded by standing corn, which effectually concealed the cavalry until they were nearly in the act of charging, and exposed to the fire of a French battery that played with grape upon them from the heights above, the 28th regiment formed their square with the regularity of a parade. In vain the lancers rushed through the deep rye to seek an entrance by the openings caused by the cannonade. As the men fell, the space was coolly but instantly filled up. Numbers dropped; but while the faces of the square sensibly decreased, it presented a serried line of bayonets, impassable alike to lancer and cuirassier.

Determined to penetrate, the enemy at the same moment rushed upon it from three different sides: two faces of the square were charged by the lancers, while the cuirassiers galloped down upon another. It was a trying moment. There was a death-like silence, and one voice alone, clear and calm, was heard. It was their colonel, who called upon them to be "steady." On came the enemy! the earth shook beneath the horsemen's feet; while on every side of the devoted band the corn, bending beneath the rush of cavalry, disclosed their numerous assailants. "Steady! men; steady!" The lance-blades nearly met the bayonets of the kneeling front rank—the cuirassiers were within a few paces—yet not a trigger was drawn; but, when the word "*Fire!*" thundered from the colonel's lips, each side poured out its deadly volley, and in a moment the leading files of the French lay before the square, as if hurled by a thunderbolt to the earth. The assailants, broken and dispersed, galloped off for shelter to the tall rye, while a constant stream of musketry from the British square carried death into their retreating squadrons.

While the regiments on the left were suffering from the fierce and repeated charges of the enemy, the brigade of General Pack, on the right, was furiously attacked. The 42nd were charged in the act of forming square; and two companies that were on the flank of the regiment, from the suddenness of the attack, and the embarrassment consequent on forming in the standing corn, which almost reached to their shoulders, being excluded from the square, were in an instant

ridden over and annihilated. Colonel Macarra fell: half the regiment was cut to pieces: but the gallant remnant formed a diminished square, repulsed the enemy, and fighting back to back maintained their ground until their destructive musketry obliged the enemy to retire.

The remaining regiments of the Highland brigade were hotly pressed by the cavalry: there was not a moment's respite: no sooner were the lancers and cuirassiers driven back, than the French batteries poured a torrent of grape into the harassed squares which threatened to overwhelm them. Numbers of officers and men were stretched upon the field. The French, reinforced by fresh columns, redoubled their exertions, and the brave and devoted handful of British troops seemed destined to cover with their bodies the ground their gallantry scorned to surrender. Wellington, as he witnessed the slaughter of his best troops, is said to have been deeply affected; and the repeated references to his watch showed how anxiously he waited for reinforcements.

"Frank," said the commander of the 28th to the captain of grenadiers, who was binding a handkerchief round his bleeding arm, "this cannot last much longer; that infernal French battery will annihilate us;" for the defeat of a fresh cavalry attack was followed as usual by a storm of grape from the French guns on the heights. "Would to God we dare move forward! the villains have got our range so accurately, that our gallant fellows are dropping by dozens; and there goes Mac Dermott," and he pointed to the senior major, who was being carried to the rear in a blanket. "Ha! the battery ceases: the corn moves: here come the devils."—"Twenty-eighth, prepare for cavalry!" said General Picton, as he rode up for shelter to the square. Again the lancers rushed from the rye; but the consummate discipline of the regiment had already closed the breaches in their ranks made by the enemy's artillery. The daring lancers rode round the square to seek an opening. Each face, as they galloped past, threw in their reserved fire; and leaving the earth covered with their dead and wounded, again the broken squadrons receded.

"Well done, my gallant twenty-eighth!" exclaimed their general, as the cavalry recoiled from the square. "Hilson, the enemy is in confusion. By Heaven! we'll charge them; and here comes Kempt with the Royals to relieve you. Twenty-eighth, wheel into line!" The regiment sprang upon their feet, and deployed in double-quick time. "Forward! give them the bayonet!" Instantly the regiment advanced with admirable regularity. The bear-skin caps of a French column appeared within thirty yards, for the tall corn had hitherto prevented them from being noticed. The steady and soldierly silence with which the previous manœuvres had been executed, ceased when the 28th saw the Young Guard before them; their pace quickened—their bayonets were lowered—and a low murmur ran along the line. The captain of grenadiers, four paces in the front, waved his sabre over his head, and shouted the Irish slogan—a hundred voices repeated—"Faugh a ballagh!"—the murmur swelled into a cheer that seemed

to rend the heavens—the bayonets crossed—in another moment the French column was broken, and the 28th, with oaths and wild shouts of victory, trampled over the dead and wounded, till the scattered Guard was driven with hideous slaughter over the fence, and in great confusion fled across the road to the cavalry for shelter.

Meantime the 95th had repulsed the French tirailleurs, and succeeded in recovering the important wood from which the Belgians had been driven; but this success was momentary. Under the fire of an overwhelming artillery, and supported by a cloud of cavalry, which hovered on the verge of the Bois de Bossu, the French light troops re-entered the wood: the 95th, after a gallant struggle, were obliged to fall back, and once more the French occupied the forest.

Early in the action the 92nd were in position in a deep ditch, to cover the guns and cavalry. For an hour the situation of the regiment was most unpleasant, from being greatly exposed to the fire of the enemy's guns. The Brunswick hussars, who were in front of the Highlanders, having attempted to repel a charge of French cavalry, were repulsed and driven back in great disorder on the 92nd, and the French followed up their success by sabring the rear of the hussars. The Brunswickers galloped down the road, on which part of the Highlanders were obliqued, while the remainder lined the ditch. For a time, from the *mêlée* having mixed the rear of the hussars with the front rank of the cuirassiers, the 92nd could not assist them. At length the Brunswickers and their headmost pursuers wheeled round the right flank of the Highlanders, who were thus enabled to deliver their volley. The converging fire of both wings fell with such terrible effect on the advancing cuirassiers, that the cavalry was perfectly severed by the discharge. The road was choked up by the men and horses rolling in death above each other, and the regiment, totally disorganized, retreated in great disorder.

The adjutant-general now came up and ordered the 92nd to advance. In a moment they passed the ditch, and attacked a body of cavalry and infantry. A French column, which was retreating to the wood, kept up a severe fire; but the 92nd bravely kept their ground, though in front of so superior an enemy, till, having left half its number on the field, including all the field-officers and most of the captains, it was relieved by a regiment of the Guards, and retired to its original position. In this short and bloody conflict it lost twenty-eight officers, and nearly three hundred men.

Fortunately, at this eventful moment, the Guards, under General Cooke, arrived from Enghien, after a distressing march of twenty-seven miles. At three o'clock on the morning of the 16th they got the order to move. Proceeding by Braine-le-Comte, the late headquarters of the Prince of Orange, they passed on to Niyelles, where the division halted, lighted fires, and prepared to cook their rations. But their bivouack was scarcely formed when the constant roar of cannon announced the Duke of Wellington to be severely engaged; and soon after an aide-de-camp arrived with orders to hurry up, without a moment's pause, to Quatre-Bras. The order was instantly

obeyed. Kettles were packed, the rations abandoned, and the wearied troops again resumed their march.

The path to the field of battle could not be mistaken; the roar of cannon was succeeded by the roll of musketry, which was every step more clearly audible; and waggons, heaped with wounded British and Brunswickers interspersed, told that the work of death was going on. The Guards indeed came up at a fortunate crisis. The Bois de Bossu was won; and the tirailleurs of the enemy, debouching from its cover, were about to deploy upon the roads it commanded, and thus intercept the Duke's communication with the Prussians. The fifth division, sadly reduced, could hardly hold their ground, and any offensive movement was impracticable: at this moment, one so perilous, the Guards came up. The French tirailleurs were issuing from the wood, but paused on perceiving the advancing columns.

The first brigade, having halted, loaded, and fixed bayonets, were ordered to advance. Wearied as they were with their fifteen hours' march, they cheered, and pushed forward. In vain the thick trees impeded them: each bush and coppice was held and disputed by the enemy; but the tirailleurs were driven in on every side. Taking advantage of a rivulet which crossed the wood, they attempted to form and arrest the progress of the Guards. That stand was momentary; they were forced from their position, and the wood once more was carried by the British.

Their success was, however, limited to its occupation: the broken ground and close timber prevented the battalion from forming; and when they emerged, of course in considerable disorder, from its cover, the masses of cavalry drawn up in the open ground charged and forced them back. At last, after many daring attempts to debouch and form, the first brigade fell back upon the third battalion, which, by flanking the wood, had been enabled to form in square, and repulse the cavalry. There the brigade halted: the evening was now closing in; the attacks of the enemy became fewer and feebler; a brigade of heavy cavalry and horse-artillery came up, and, worn out by the sanguinary struggle of six long hours, the assailants ceased their attack, and the fifth division, with the third and the Guards, took up a position for the night on the ground their unbounded heroism had held through this bloody day.

Ney fell back upon the road to Frasnes. The moon rose angrily—still a few cannon-shot were heard after the day had departed; but gradually they ceased. The fires were lighted, and such miserable provisions as could be procured were furnished to the harassed soldiery; and while strong pickets were posted in the front and flanks, the remnant of the British, with their brave allies, piled their arms, and stretched themselves on the field.

LIGNY.

Charge with all thy chivalry !

CAMPELL.

WITH night the battle of Quatre-Bras closed. Considering the limited number of the allied troops which were actually engaged, this sanguinary conflict almost stands without a parallel: the Anglo-Belgic loss amounted to upwards of 4,000 men, and that of the French was admitted by themselves to reach 4,200. No stronger proof could be adduced of the desperate courage of the allies than the amazing loss acknowledged by the enemy. Destitute of cavalry and artillery, the conflict must have been close and sanguinary beyond description, when such destruction was achieved alone by the musketry and bayonets of the British.

Among the brave who fell at Quatre-Bras, a large proportion of officers were numbered. The Duke of Brunswick died at the head of his own corps. Throughout the day he had stimulated the troops by his example: his fall was deeply deplored, and it was afterwards as deeply avenged. Most of the British regiments lost their colonels; and the celerity, in many instances, with which the command was transferred to fresh officers, told how quickly the work of death went on. Trifling wounds were totally disregarded; and in the case of the lamented Picton, the very circumstance of his being severely wounded at Quatre-Bras was not discovered till after he fell at Waterloo.

While on the right of the allied position Wellington and Ney were engaged, the centre, under Blücher, was attacked by Buonaparte in person. The position of the Prussian general embraced the heights between Brie and Sombref, with the villages of Ligny and St. Amand in front. The ground was admirably selected for defence; the surface being undulated and broken, and covered with the inclosures of farm-yards and orchards: the villages were naturally strong; they stood in front of a ravine skirted by trees and thickets, behind which the ground rose to a considerable height.

A large force defended Ligny and St. Amand; while masses of infantry were stationed in the defile behind, for the double purpose of supporting the troops in the villages, and masking their real strength from the enemy. The latter design, however, did not succeed; for on debouching from the heights of Fleurus, Napoleon was enabled to reconnoitre the Prussian position with accuracy. From the result he calculated their force with precision, and regulated his movements accordingly.

The fourth Prussian corps, commanded by Bülow, had marched from its cantonments between Liège and Hannuht; but from bad roads, and unforeseen interruptions, it did not come up in time. The other three which were in position amounted to 90,000 men. The

right wing rested on St. Amand, the centre was at Ligny; while the left occupied Sombref, stretching along the narrow road towards Gembloux.

The *corps d'armée*, with which Napoleon attacked the Prussians has been variously stated. It probably out-numbered the force opposed; but certainly it was not much superior. If Ney's corps actually engaged with Wellington, and the 1st, which was "idly paraded" between Buonaparte and his lieutenant, be deducted, the opposing forces at Ligny were nearly equal. The 3rd and 4th corps of infantry, and the 3rd corps of cavalry, forming the left wing of the French army, were commanded by Grouchy. The centre, comprising the Guard, the 6th corps, with the 1st and 4th corps of cavalry, were under Napoleon in person.

Although the French emperor, with his natural impetuosity, was ardent to commence his attack upon Blücher, it was delayed by the difficulty he found in passing the Sambre. The roads, owing to wet weather, and the mass of troops obliged to move by the same approaches, were wretchedly cut up. This delay, with a necessary change of Grouchy's corps in advancing the right wing by *pivot* upon Fleurus to support the grand attack on Ligny, occupied most of the day; and it was three in the afternoon before the necessary dispositions were completed. Vandamme's corps, the 3rd, commenced the battle by an attack on the village of St. Amand.

Napoleon's judgment was correct in selecting the right of the Prussians for his first effort. It was the more assailable, because Blücher, anxious to secure his centre at Ligny, had concentrated his best troops there; and from the Prussian position being considerably in advance of Quatre-Bras, had Napoleon effected his object, and turned the right flank, he must certainly have succeeded in cutting off the communication between the allied commanders, as he would have possessed the great road from Namur to Nivelles. Napoleon's calculations were just; and the Prussian centre was materially weakened by sending succours to the right.

The impetuosity of the French attack at first succeeded. Count Lefol, commanding a division of Vandamme's corps, pressed forward, and carried Petit St. Amand with the bayonet. The Prussians, determined to recover the village, led on by Blücher in person, expelled the French from their temporary possession. A murderous conflict ensued. Vandamme's corps was soon entirely engaged, and Girard's division, detached from the 2nd corps, advanced to support it. Still the day was doubtful; but Vandamme having established himself in the churchyard, every attempt to dislodge him was unsuccessful. This success appeared limited to the occupation of this post; for the Prussians occupied the heights above the village, in such force as rendered the advance of the French impracticable.

The battle, which had commenced with the Prussian right, gradually extended, and the opposing armies became generally engaged. Ligny was assaulted, and a fierce and obstinate contest ensued for its occupation. The 4th corps advanced upon the village, while

Grouchy, with Pagol's cavalry upon the right, wheeled short by Point de Jour to attack the left of the Prussians at Sombref.

The battle was desperate and prolonged. The fierceness of the attack, and the obstinacy of the defence, from the irregularity of the ground, produced a series of murderous encounters. Orchards and inclosures were forced, after a sanguinary resistance; regiment met regiment; every street, every garden was the scene of a separate encounter. Within the short period of five hours, the village of Ligny was six times taken and retaken: every fence and inclosure was obstinately attacked and defended, while the castle was held by the Prussians until its occupants, though often reinforced, were literally annihilated. Reserves came up from both armies to this focus of slaughter; battalion succeeded battalion, while the fire of two hundred pieces of artillery converged upon the hamlet, which being constructed of thatch-roofed houses was repeatedly in a blaze. In vain the Prussian cavalry rushed upon the advancing columns of the French. The charge failed, and the enemy's cuirassiers gained ground on the line, between Ligny, Brie, and Sombref. Again and again Blucher endeavoured to dislodge them; but the Prussian cavalry were repulsed, and their veteran leader left upon the field, his horse having been killed in the charge. His escape was almost miraculous; unable to extricate himself from his dying charger, he saw the Prussian hussars driven back—the cuirassiers pursued them, and passed him as he lay upon the field. His aide-de-camp had only time to cover him with his cloak; and his enemies passed and repassed, unconscious that the deadliest enemy of France lay within the reach of their sabres. In time the cuirassiers were driven back; and Blucher, rescued from his perilous situation, mounted a dragoon horse, and again hurried to the spot where the struggle for victory was most doubtful.

Evening came on: the carnage continued; for each side fought with a desperate animosity, which nothing but the antipathy of the rival armies could account for. The French were masters of Ligny but the Prussians still held the mill of Bussy, and the heights which commanded the village.

Buonaparte determined by a grand effort to bring the contest to a close, and carry the heights and mill. The Imperial Guard, all the reserves of the 4th corps, an immense cavalry, including two regiments of cuirassiers, covered by a tremendous fire of artillery, were directed to traverse the village and assault the position. The attempt was gallantly made. The French plunged into the ravine that separates Ligny from the heights; and, undismayed by the torrent of grape and mnsketry which was poured upon them from above, pressed on with irresistible impetuosity.

A horrible carnage ensued: the Imperial Guard attacked the Prussian squares with the bayonet, while the rival cavalry charged at the same moment. Not a foot of ground was given: the dead and dying heaped the earth: neither side would yield an inch, and this tremendous struggle continued. But darkness having favoured the advance

of a French division which had made a circuitous movement from the village, the Prussians found their flank turned, and the enemy on the point of attacking their rear. Without a reserve, for that had been already detached to strengthen the right, and having ascertained that Wellington could hardly maintain himself at Quatre-Bras, and that Bulow could not get up in time, Blucher determined to retreat on Tilly and unite himself with the 4th corps. At ten o'clock the order to fall back was given, and the centre and right retrograded in perfect order. Forming again within a quarter of a league of the field of battle, they recommenced their retreat; and, unmolested by the enemy, retired upon Wavre, while the French occupied the ground the Prussians had abandoned, and bivouacked on the heights.

Vandamme, who commanded the French left, endeavoured to amuse the right of the Prussians, under Zeithen. Had he succeeded, it must have been cut off when the centre fell back. But the vigilance of the Prussian general foresaw the danger; and when Blucher receded, Zeithen retired also, and kept his communication with the centre unbroken.

Thielman had repulsed Grouchy in his numerous attempts upon Sombref, and during the night occupied the village of Brie. At daylight he retired on the 4th corps, and falling back upon Gembloux, formed a junction with Bulow.

Blucher's retreat on Wavre disconcerted the plans of Napoleon. Calculating that the Prussians would establish themselves in the neighbourhood of Namur, the French emperor hoped to separate the British and the allies; but the Prussian general conjectured that the Duke of Wellington would be obliged to retire from Quatre-Bras; and, accordingly, by falling back upon Wavre, he adopted a parallel line of retreat with that of the British upon Waterloo—and the danger of a separation was avoided.

It may be anticipated that the loss sustained in this long and desperate conflict was on both sides tremendous. Buonaparte stated his killed and wounded at 3,000 men; but it has been clearly ascertained that it amounted to double that number. The Prussians suffered dreadfully. They left 15,000 men upon the field—and they may be stated as having perished; for the unrelenting ferocity with which both sides fought prevented quarter from being asked or given. Fifteen pieces of cannon, which Blucher had abandoned, comprised the trophies of the victory, if a battle gained under such circumstances, and unattended with a single important result, deserve that title.

Buonaparte has been severely censured for daring to attack Wellington and Blucher simultaneously. Had different results attended the battles of Quatre-Bras or Ligny, probably military criticism on Napoleon's bold plans would have been more favourable. Ney seems certainly to have pointed out a safer course; and his idea of first overwhelming the British, and afterwards taking the Prussians in detail, might have been more successful had it been adopted. But even admitting, in part, that Napoleon's "arrangements" were

erroneous, they still were worthy of the vigorous and martial spirit that planned them. His great mistake may be traced to a mind that refused to be controlled by cold calculation. He aimed at more than he could accomplish. With limited means he acted upon a great and comprehensive scheme; and, disdaining to recognise his weakness, he pursued an object demanding ampler resources than he possessed. This was sufficiently proved by the result; for he was unable to gather the fruits of his triumph over the Prussians, whom he permitted to retreat without the slightest interruption. His army contented itself with remaining upon the ground it had conquered, without even an attempt to harass the slowly-retiring columns of the enemy.

THE SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE.

WHILE the Prussians were retreating upon Wavre, the British bivouacked at Quatre-Bras. Exhausted by fatigue, and with scanty means to satisfy their hunger, the harassed soldiery were stretched beneath the canopy of Heaven. Nor was sleep even upon the bare earth to be easily obtained. The wounded brought in from the rye-fields by their comrades—the partial burying of the dead—the confusion attendant on the arrival of fresh divisions during the night—with frequent alarms from the French pickets, rendered the British bivouack comfortless and unrefreshing.

But no complaints were heard. The troops submitted without a murmur to their privations; and day dawned upon the gallant bands, and found them neither subdued by fatigue, nor disheartened by the losses of yesterday. The wounded, who had been collected during the night, were early in the morning sent off to Brussels. Every attention, there, was bestowed upon the sufferers by the kind-hearted inhabitants. Wellington had taken necessary steps to secure them rest and relief, and the reception of the British wounded at Brussels formed a striking contrast to the abandonment of the French sufferers at Charleroi. Napoleon left them to their fate; and such as escaped death among the ruins of Ligny and St. Amand perished for want of assistance in the deserted streets of Charleroi.

Nor were the cares of the British commander confined to his wounded soldiery. Preparations were actively made for the grand struggle which was to be expected on the morrow; ammunition was served out, to replace the expenditure of yesterday; and the guns which had been injured by the enemy's cannonade were repaired and rendered serviceable.

Early on the morning of the 17th Wellington received information of the Prussian retreat, and a corresponding movement on his part, of course, became unavoidable. Buonaparte had arrived at Frasnes at nine o'clock, and having despatched Grouchy in pursuit of Blücher,

with the 3rd and 4th corps, and the cavalry of Excelmans and Pajol; he prepared, in person, to attack the English commander. The latter, however, having masked his purpose, by parading some horse-artillery and dismounted dragoons on the heights, left a strong rear-guard in front of Quatre-Bras, and retreated in masterly style through the village of Genappe; and while Napoleon delayed his attack, waiting for his 6th corps and the reserve to come up, his abler antagonist passed his whole army over the branch of the Dyle which intersects the village, and retired in noonday through a narrow and difficult defile, without the slightest molestation.

Too late Napoleon discovered that Wellington had eluded his intended attack; and he made an ineffective attempt to embarrass his retreat on Waterloo. A strong body of French cavalry were detached after the British, and came up with the rear-guard beyond the village of Genappe. But their pursuit was soon arrested: as they issued from the village, they were charged by the 7th Hussars, assisted by the 11th and 23rd Light Dragoons; but supported by a mass of cuirassiers, the charge failed against the lancers, and the British light cavalry were repulsed with loss. Again the charge was renewed, and with no better success.

The British Life-guards were now promptly brought up; and Lord Anglesey, who commanded the rear-guard, led on the regiment in person. The enemy were driven back in disorder on Genappe, and made no further attempt to disturb the retreat. Indeed, the badness of the roads, broken by the heavy rains, and cut up by the equipages and artillery, rendered any cavalry attempt useless: rapid movements were not to be effected; and, excepting some partial skirmishing and a distant cannonade, the march of the British army was undisturbed.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the English troops halted on the field of Waterloo. The ground for the different divisions was immediately marked out, and orders given to bivouack for the night. The troops accordingly piled their arms—wood was collected from the adjoining forest—the fires were lighted—the cavalry picketed their horses—the artillery unlimbered and parked their guns—and each man endeavoured to prepare against the inclemency of the weather, and obtain some shelter during the dreary night which was fast approaching. The infantry bivouacked on the ridge of the rising ground, which stretched along the whole position, and the cavalry rested in some hollows in the rear.

While the British were taking up their position, the French opened a distant cannonade with round shot. It was particularly directed against the château of Hougomont; but it soon ceased, and the remainder of the evening passed without alarm.

The weather, which during the 17th had been close and showery, grew worse at the approach of night: a thick and constant rain set in; the wind rose and blew violently; and peals of thunder, accompanied with vivid flashes of lightning, were heard incessantly. The rain increased and fell in torrents; the night indeed was awful, and its violence a fitting harbinger of the stormy morning that succeeded it.

In groups the harassed soldiers crowded about the watch-fires, which were with difficulty kept up along the lines. The Duke of Wellington and his staff, with others of the principal officers, passed the night in the village of Waterloo: the names of the distinguished occupant of every cottage being written with chalk upon the door,—and frail and perishing as was the record, it was found there long after many of those whom it designated had ceased to exist!

On the heights opposite to those occupied by the British, the French were halted. The rising grounds on which either army bivouacked rose from a narrow plain; each ridge undulating gently upwards, and about a thousand yards asunder. The intermediate space was unfenced and open, and then covered by a rich crop of corn, full-grown, and ready for the sickle. Of the two, the French had probably the better position.

The spot where Wellington determined to give Napoleon battle was chosen with excellent judgment: it is easily described.

In the rear of the Duke's position lay the forest of Soignies, intersected by the great road from Brussels to Charleroi: near the entrance of the forest stands the village of Waterloo. The British right extended to Merke Braine, and the left rested on the heights above Ter le Haye. The entire line had a gentle declivity in its front, while Ter le Haye and Merke Braine with their defiles covered the flanks, and would have offered great difficulties to Napoleon had he endeavoured to turn the position. In front of the left centre, the farmhouse of La Haye Saint was occupied by a Hanoverian detachment; and in front of the right centre the château of Hougomont was garrisoned by a portion of the Guards, and a few companies of Nassau sharpshooters. Wellington considered this to be the key of his position, and great attention was bestowed upon its defence. In addition to its natural advantages, the walls were crenelled to afford perfect facility for the musketry and rifles of its defenders.

Behind this chain of posts the first line, composed of Wellington's finest battalions, was formed. The second was rather in a hollow, and partially sheltered from the enemy's artillery. The third, composed of cavalry, was in the rear, extending nearly to Ter le Haye.

At the extreme right, the British army obliqued to Merke Braine, and defended the road to Nivelles. The extreme left was in communication with the Prussians by the road to Ohain, leading through the passes of St. Lambert. A corps of observation, under Sir Charles Colville, comprising a large portion of the 4th division, was stationed at Halle, to defend the British right, if attacked, and cover Brussels, if it should be turned.

The strength of the British and French armies has been variously and very differently stated. The former, including its corps of observation, which were non-combatant on the 18th, with the Brunswickers, Belgians, and Nassau contingent, amounted to 74,000. Of the force of the latter (French), from the contradictory statements, it is difficult to determine it with accuracy—probably 90,000 would be about its actual strength at Waterloo. If Warden is to be

credited, Buonaparte rated it at 71,000; but taking the original strength at 145,000, deducting 10,000 *hors de combat*, in the battles of the 15th and 16th, and reckoning Grouchy's corps at 45,000, we shall find that 90,000 Frenchmen entered the field of Waterloo. Certainly, Buonaparte was very superior in men, and still more so in artillery. The French parks amounted to two hundred and ninety-six pieces, while the British and Belgian guns did not exceed one hundred and fifty.

While Wellington's head-quarters were at Waterloo, Napoleon and his staff took possession of the farm-house of Caillon. Early in the morning he moved forward to Bossu, close to La Belle Alliance, and from its height witnessed the overthrow of his power, and the destruction of a noble and devoted army.

THE CAVALRY PICKET.

Seek out—less often sought than found—

A soldier's grave, for thee the best :

Then look around and choose thy ground,

And take thy rest.

BYRON.

It was midnight: the bivouack was silent; and many, exhausted by fatigue, were sleeping on the damp ground; but more were waking, thinking on absent homes, or on the grand events which waited on the coming day. Indeed, the night of the 17th was sufficient to impress the minds of the least reflective with feelings of awe and apprehension—on the eve of a decisive battle; in the presence of a powerful and excited enemy; their own physical energies worn down with marching, hunger, and cold; stretched upon the hill-side, and destitute of shelter, while the lightning flashed above them, and thunder, peal after peal, reverberated from height to height. Such was the British bivouack—cold, comfortless, and disheartening.

At the foot of the acclivity on which their comrades lay, and advanced into the thick rye which covered the valley, a cavalry picket watched the enemy's, who were posted on the opposite ridge. The dragoons were standing at their horses' heads, prepared to mount on the moment of alarm; but there was little ground for apprehension: the French were occupied in securing themselves, as they best could, against the increasing inclemency of the weather. Their bivouack extended as far as the eye could reach, over the adjoining heights, and was easily discernible by the numerous fires they had lighted; and, like the British, they waited till day should usher in the work of death.

Distant sufficiently from the men, to prevent their conversation being overheard, two persons had stationed themselves in advance of

the picket. The larger and stouter of the two, wrapped in the ample folds of his scarlet cloak, leaned on the pommel of his saddle, and allowed his charger to crop the tall corn, which reached to the horseman's waist. He seemed to be buried in thought, or sleeping; for his companion frequently addressed him without receiving a reply. On the contrary, the younger dragoon appeared anxious to pass away the hours of his dreary watch: at times he hummed snatches of favourite songs, and often strove to lead his mute companion into conversation.

"Maurice," he said, "our watch will be undisturbed; like ourselves, the French have had exercise enough to-day to keep them quiet in their quarters. Heaven protect us! what a flash that was! and hear how the thunder echoes! Are you dreaming, Mac Carthy? Never do I recollect so fearful a night as this."

"I do!" replied the taller horseman, in tones whose hollowness startled his young companion.

"Why, Maurice, what is the matter—are you ill?"

"Ay, boy, with the disease that has but one cure."

"One cure?"

"But one cure—the grave! It was such another," the dragoon continued, unconscious that he gave language to his thoughts—"just such another! the thunder rolled—the lightning played upon the precipice—and the sea—ay, that alone is wanted to make the scene complete."

"For God's sake, Maurice," cried the young dragoon, alarmed at the wild manner of his comrade, "are you raving?"

"No, Jack, no; would that I were! to-morrow shall end all;" and, after a gloomy pause, he added in a deep whisper, "and I shall be at rest."

"By Heaven, Mac Carthy, you are delirious, or——"

"No, Jack," he continued with a melancholy smile; "as Hamlet says—'My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time, and makes as healthful music.' Jack, I have loved thee as a brother; and before I bid this world 'my long good night,' I would confide to you that which mortal ear never heard. You knew me well—you thought so, Jack; but none knew Maurice Mac Carthy! Who, when his song was merriest, his laugh the loudest; when the wine sparkled, and all drank deep and frequently—who *then* knew that the band of penance was pressing on his lacerated breast? Here, Jack—closer yet—now listen to my story; but, should I unfortunately survive to-morrow, this tale must be locked in your bosom." Again a flash of vivid lightning gleamed over height and valley; and a peal of thunder rolled fearfully through the troubled air. "The night well suits the tale," he murmured, "for both are horrible. Lend me your flask, Jack. Come, my old remedy. I would brace my nerves, boy!"

Raising the canteen to his lips, he took a deep draught, then pressing his forehead with his broad hand as if to collect himself, he thus began his unhappy story:—

MAURICE MAC CARTHY.

I look'd upon his brow—no sign
 Of guilt or fear was there ;
 He stood as proud by that death shrine,
 As even o'er despair
 He had a power : in his eye
 There was a quenchless energy,
 A spirit that could dare
 The deadliest form that death could take,
 And dare it for the daring's sake.

L. E. L.

MINE is an ancient name. My ancestors were possessed of immense estates, and their descent was from princes. Ages lapsed : the political convulsions of Ireland produced proportionate changes, till the last descendant of "the Mac Carthys of the Isles" found himself lord of a rocky promontory on the western coast of Mayo, lashed by the ceaseless waves of the Atlantic, and separated by pathless wilds from the more civilized portion of the island.

I was born in London. My father, in whom the blood of the once proud name centred, had been for a brief space a meteor in the world of fashion. In the higher circles he had been courted and been noticed by the loftiest personage in the kingdom : but his career was ephemeral as fashion itself. His small inheritance was not calculated to support extravagance and display : the wreck of his hereditary property was soon wretchedly embarrassed, and all that was worth alienating was parted with to a stranger. He married a woman who was, like himself, a star in the courtly hemisphere. She was portionless, expensive, and, alas ! unprincipled. In a few months after I was born my father's affairs became so desperate, that it was necessary for him to leave London suddenly ; having arranged with his most intimate companion that my mother should join him at an obscure sea-port, and thence they would proceed together to the Continent. In vain he waited her arrival ; and at last the public papers announced that she had eloped with his false friend.

The poor dupe of fashionable folly retired a ruined, wretched, heart-broken man to the wild spot which still called him master, and which had most probably escaped the general wreck by being too remote and valueless to merit the attention of his creditors. His guilty wife's career of infamy was short ; she perished soon after by fever, contracted in her attendance on the death-bed of her seducer.

On the rocky coast of Erris, remote from the world, and shut out from society by the wild barrier of the ocean, my infancy was passed. An old square tower, whose massive walls had withstood the assaults of Time, was chosen by my father for his residence, and sufficiently repaired to receive us. Nothing could be bolder and more romantic

than the site of our solitary dwelling. It stood where a deep and narrow fissure in the mountain-side, probably riven by some former earthquake, afforded a communication with the ocean to a small bay within, surrounded by rocks of Alpine height, which completely sheltered it from the frequent storm. This little haven formed a singular contrast to the ocean, whose waters rested in it; while the waves without roared in the fury of the tempest, and tumbled in mountainous succession against the precipice which was impassable to their rage. Within, that little bay remained unbroken by a ripple, and calm as an infant's slumber, its deep-blue water reposed; while, without, all was uproar and confusion.

Here passed my boyhood. My father secluded himself in his chamber, and soon became a very misanthrope. He occupied the upper story; and, as the floors were arched with solid masonry, when shut up in his remote apartment, no sound from our small establishment disturbed his melancholy musing. The floor beneath was tenanted by my foster-brother and myself; and the lower portion of the building comprised a huge dark hall, where our gloomy meals were eaten, with some ill-lit closets, which were made repositories for the simple necessities of our limited household. A low, irregular building adjoined the tower, thatched with bent,* secured by ropes and stones from being displaced by the frequent storms. In this our domestics resided: they seldom entered the tower; and when they did, their respective duties were performed in profound silence. My father's morbid spirits would have been tortured by a laugh; and mirth and happiness seemed banished from our dark abode.

I was about ten years old when a circumstance occurred which I might describe as the opening scene of my tragic story. A smuggling lugger anchored in the little bay I have already described, and a stranger, with some few articles of prohibited traffic, landed from the vessel. He was evidently a man unaccustomed to contraband adventure; for, excepting the trifles he brought as a present to the tower, he was perfectly unconnected with the vessel and her cargo. The smuggler stated that he had boarded them while under sail from the coast of Holland; and as he paid handsomely for his passage, it was a matter of small consequence to the wild crew who he was, or what business brought him to the Irish coast. He announced himself to be a priest; and after a short stay, and two or three interviews with my father, it was notified to the household that the stranger was to remain permanently with us, to superintend the spiritual affairs of the family. Accordingly, the room adjoining mine, which had hitherto been occupied by my foster-brother, was allotted to Father Devereux; and his luggage, comprising a strange-looking bureau, some trunks, and several valuable musical instruments, were removed to the apartment.

It appeared that my education formed part of my father's arrange-

* Bent is commonly used in Erris for thatching: it grows in the sand-banks, and is considered much more durable than straw.

ments with the priest; and Devereux proved fully competent to the task. Well versed in Greek and Roman literature, he spoke several modern languages fluently. In the sciences he was a proficient; and in music a master. His instrumental execution was chaste and brilliant; and his fine full voice was often heard in the evening, as he wandered among the rocks; now chanting a *sanctus*, and again singing the divine airs of Paesiello and Cherubini. Yet he was ill-adapted to discharge the drudgery of our wretched household, though a fitting inmate for our gloomy tower. He appeared labouring under the spell of settled melancholy; his manners were cold and unwinning; a cloud eternally rested on his brow, and his look evinced reserve, suspicion, and insecurity.

There were times, too, when his manners lost their usually repulsive character; apparently forgetting what weighed upon his mind, his conversation would become light and interesting: his language was florid, but correct; and the tones of a very sweet voice caught the attention of the listener, as Devereux described with animation scenes and places he had witnessed or visited. He had travelled much; and the names of noble and elevated personages would at times fall from him inadvertently, and in a manner, too, that insinuated himself had once moved in a higher sphere than churchmen commonly do.

He was still a young man: his figure slight, his face by no means handsome, his complexion sallow and unhealthy, and care, not time, had placed "its signet sage" upon his brow; his eyes were very dark and expressive, yet he seldom met the glance of those he spoke with, and his look was vigilant and restless. I have been tedious in describing this man. No one knew anything of his family or connections, or from what part of Europe he had emigrated to the wilds of Erris: of either he never spoke himself; and if questioned on the subject, expressed considerable impatience. He simply stated that he was an orphan; that he had been educated in a religious house on the Continent; that his family were extinct, and that he had no connections resident in the kingdom. His history was wrapped in mystery; and he alone, who could explain it, determined that it should continue so.

Devereux occasionally retired from our society, and for days together would remain secluded in his apartment. While there, no one was permitted to enter; and whether the monk was engaged at those seasons of retirement in religious duties, or in some secular employment, none could answer. The strange-looking cabinet which remained in his chamber was never unclosed, and it was secured by a curious lock. What it contained was a secret to our little household; and Father Devereux and his bureau excited the unbounded curiosity of the other occupants of the tower.

In describing the monk's person, I forgot to mention a remarkable circumstance. His hair was coal-black, with the exception of one lock of silvery whiteness, which grew upon his right temple. Devereux concealed it generally among the dark curls which surrounded it; but accident frequently caused it to be noticed.

Five years passed, and my father became more melancholy. He seldom left his chamber, and for weeks together no one but the monk was admitted to his presence: he had changed to a gloomy ascetic; and one course of penance was succeeded by some fresh mortification of the flesh. Devereux had by degrees gained an ascendancy over the mind of the recluse, which enabled him to assume in all his affairs, whether spiritual or temporal, a boundless domination.

My tutor and I never liked each other—not that he exercised any severity towards me. I was naturally a quick boy, and acquired languages easily: my memory was excellent; but what principally induced Devereux to attend to my education, was my possessing a remarkably good voice. This, with a correct ear, and tolerable taste, rendered me useful to the monk in his darling science of music. He bestowed extraordinary pains to make me a musician, and I was soon capable of accompanying my master.

I was now fifteen: my foster-brother lived in the tower; and, certainly, never did brother love another more devotedly than Cavanagh loved me. He was a bold, active-minded boy; strong and athletic in his make, and daring and adventurous in his disposition. He hated Father Devereux most heartily; and from the monk he met with a sincere return.

One night in December, after our household had retired to rest, and the old building and the adjacent cottage were wrapped in profound repose, the barking of the dogs and a loud and continued knocking at the gate suddenly disturbed the family. A neighbouring farmer had been taken dangerously ill, and Devereux, in his double capacity of priest and physician (for he professed some knowledge of medicine), was sent for by the sick man. The night was cold and squally; and the monk having ascertained the nature of the peasant's malady, went to his cabinet for some necessary remedy. While he was procuring it, the wind in a sudden gust eddied up the staircase, and forcing open the door of the closet, extinguished the lamp, and Devereux was left in darkness. He had, however, obtained the drug that he required, and locking his secret depository, hurried down to where the breathless messenger was waiting for him with impatience.

Finding that his cloak would be desirable to protect him from the storm, he commanded Cavanagh, who was standing near him with a light, to go up and fetch it from his chamber. He did so; and Devereux, having muffled himself, departed for the sick man's house. It was some three or four miles distant; the path which led to it was scarcely passable by day, and, consequently, by night, was both difficult and dangerous. The servants returned to their beds, and the house was again quiet. I took my candle, and mounting the stone stairs, entered my chamber, and commenced undressing.

In a few moments the door was softly opened, and Pat Cavanagh stood before me: he had stolen up stairs unperceived, and putting his finger on his lips, signed to me to continue silent. In a low whisper he told me that the monk had dropped the key of his mysterious cabinet, and that now was a favourable opportunity for satisfying

our curiosity, and ascertaining the contents of Devereux's bureau. Any scruples I felt, or objections I urged against violating the monk's secret depository of we knew not what, were quickly over-ruled by my foster-brother. The heavy sleeping of the servants assured us we were safe from interruption; and Cavanagh and I, taking a candle from my room, entered the priest's closet, and silently secured the door.

Before I left my chamber I took the precaution to undress myself, though Cavanagh's anxiety to explore the secret cabinet was unbounded. He pointed to the monk's pix, or box, which contained the sacred oil used in the ceremonial of the Romish church, as it lay upon the floor, where Devereux had dropped it with the key, and in the darkness and hurry consequent upon the dying call, neither had been missed by the monk.

I trembled as we stood before the cabinet: conscious that I was doing wrong, I would not have ventured to commit a breach of faith with any one but Devereux. While I still hesitated to apply the key, Cavanagh, bolder or more curious, snatched it from my hand, and, next moment, the secret bureau flew open!

The first object that met our view was a brace of pistols of superior workmanship; they were carefully loaded, and in excellent order. Beside them was a stiletto, a beautiful weapon, highly finished, and mounted in gold and ivory; a shorter dagger lay beside it.

"Holy Virgin!" said Cavanagh, in a whisper, "was ever priest so well provided? and, faith, he keeps these in capital condition. See here, a flask of powder and plenty of bullets! Why, Father Devereux could stand a siege!"

While my companion's attention was engrossed with the monk's arms, I opened a small drawer, of which there were several within the cabinet. It contained a morocco-leather case, a quantity of foreign gold coin, and a roll of paper secured by a silken string. The case inclosed a miniature—it was the likeness of a young and beautiful woman. The air and style of beauty was evidently Italian, and the painting exquisite. I could have gazed on it for hours; but Cavanagh's anxiety to explore the *secrétaire* obliged me, unwillingly, to replace it in the drawer.

The remainder of the cabinet was filled with papers and memoranda: a small compartment in the centre alone remained to be examined; it had a separate door and fastenings, but both were open: there, too, were some smaller drawers. In one, we found a ring and cross of extraordinary beauty: in the next, some little packets carefully sealed and labelled, with several phials of variously-coloured liquids. They were undoubtedly most valuable drugs, for the greatest attention seemed to have been given to their security. In the same drawer was a parchment memorandum-book. This apparently contained medical prescriptions: the characters were in an unknown language; and, to Cavanagh and myself, were totally inexplicable.

Again I took the miniature—and again I looked with delight on the lovely features it portrayed. I examined the roll of paper which

lay beside it: I hesitated to untie it; but as I parted the leaves, the words "Casa Bella," "Marcella," "Venoni," and others of less significance were visible. My curiosity was excited—I was about to open the manuscript, when suddenly Cavanagh exclaimed, "It is a horse's feet, and galloping too!—it must be Devereux." Instantly we replaced the picture, and laid the roll of papers in the same situation that we found it. Cavanagh was right: a horse rapidly approached—we locked the cabinet, and consulted how we should dispose of the key. "Leave it beside the pix," said my foster-brother. "It is the monk—his horse is in the yard; and now to bed, put out the candle, and keep quiet." In a moment both were done; and Cavanagh ran down stairs and threw himself upon his mattress, while the heavy sleep of two or three male servants in their settle-beds, beside the hall fire, proved that sound slumbers are not confined to the couch of luxury.

In a few seconds after we had effected our retreat, a furious knocking at the gate again alarmed the domestics; and the voice of Devereux was heard, calling loudly for admittance. The unusual noise instantly aroused the servants; and, excepting Cavanagh, who had determined to sleep, the house was immediately in motion.

The monk demanded a candle; and while the drowsy servants endeavoured to kindle the expiring embers of the hall fire into a blaze, Devereux expressed more than ordinary impatience. At last the light was procured; and as the confessor passed the crib where Cavanagh, half-awake, was stupidly attempting to rouse himself, he struck him sharply with his riding-switch, and rated him as a useless sluggard. I heard him rush up stairs, and enter the closet, and an exclamation, liker an oath than a blessing, announced that he had recovered the key. He locked the closet-door, and, I presume, immediately examined his bureau. Soon after I heard him leave his room, and next moment he was standing, with a lighted lamp in his hand, beside my bed. My apprehensions of a discovery were dreadful; but I made an exertion, and managed to conceal them. "You were but a short time absent, Father Devereux," I remarked.

He made no reply to my observation, but casting one of his searching looks on my face—"You are not long in bed, I fancy?"

"I am some time," I replied.

"I saw a light gleam," he rejoined, "either from this window, or the loophole of my closet, as I descended the hill above the tower;" and he darted a furtive glance at me as he spoke.

With assumed indifference I replied, "Probably you noticed my candle; it is but just now extinguished."

"Then you remained up after I left you?" said the monk.

"I did," I replied, carelessly.

"May I ask, young gentleman, what detained you from your bed?"

I had been fortunately arranging some fishing-tackle in the evening, and pointed to a table covered with casting-lines and flies:—"I was preparing for to-morrow," I replied. "After the rain of to-day, if the wind be westerly, as it promises, I shall kill some salmon."

Instantly Devereux turned his lamp upon the place I pointed to—flies in excellent confusion were there. "It is, methinks, a strange season to assort fishing-gear; midnight is ill adapted, young sir, for selecting colours for your angle;" and, turning away, I heard him retire to his room.

His suspicions, if he had any, were removed; for afterwards he never hinted at the cause of his abrupt return. I had, however, discovered that night, that with Devereux some strange mystery was involved. The arms; the gold, the drugs, the miniature, and the jewels, were not the usual deposits to be expected in a churchman's bureau. I determined to watch him closely. I had no one to whom I dared confide his secret or my suspicions. My father, totally alienated from the world, thought and acted as his spiritual director willed; and had I ventured to communicate what I knew, or what I apprehended, I was well aware that the poor dupe would have immediately detailed it to his artful confessor.

Three summers passed, and I completed my eighteenth year. I was tall and manly, and my personal strength was amazing. With my growth, my antipathy to Devereux appeared increasing: he could not but notice it,—and no doubt his aversion to me was proportionate.

My father's religious severities had now attained a height which made us conclude that his intellects were shaken. Incompetent to manage his affairs, he delegated the direction of his family to his confessor. By the death of a distant relation of my unfortunate mother, a large and unexpected addition was made to our limited income, and I wished to remove my father from his seclusion, and restore him once more to society; but on this point he was obstinate. Devereux worked upon his weakness, and he continued to live in obscurity, his willing dupe. Had he been as weak on other subjects as on religion, young as I then was, I would have exercised the authority of a son, and become the manager of his property and person; but he was perfectly rational when the priest permitted him; and he so managed to keep my father in his thrall, that I was obliged to submit to the misery of witnessing his weakness, without being able to remove the cause.

Such was the domestic situation of the tower, when, early in a dark night in January, the coast was alarmed by signals of distress fired in quick succession from a vessel. We all hurried to the rocks, and the islanders already lined the cliffs, allured by the hope of plunder. The flashes of the ship's guns through the darkness pointed out her situation; and we easily ascertained that she had struck on a dangerous reef, a league distant from the shore, known to the peasantry by the name of Carrick-a-boddagh.

The wind increased, and at midnight it blew a hurricane. The guns, which had continued firing at intervals, ceased suddenly, and we concluded that the vessel had gone to pieces. To launch a boat on that iron-bound coast in darkness, and a gale of wind, was impossible; and all, with different objects, waited for the light of morning. I was

anxious for the lives of the wretched crew; but my companions, I suspect, were actuated by the sordid hope of plunder.

At last day dawned,—the sea ran mountains high,—and, by the grey light of morning, we saw a ship nearly parted in two, hanging on the dangerous reef, and momentarily expected to see her go to pieces. Most part of the cargo had already floated from the wreck; and, scattered over the adjacent coast, had engaged the inhabitants of this wild peninsula in their lawless work of plunder. With a telescope, I discovered, through a mist of broken sea which rose above the vessel, that some living thing was still upon the wreck. My enterprise, and probably some better feelings, were excited, and I determined to reach the hapless ship. I had the best yawl upon the coast; and it was believed that any sea a boat could live in mine would pull through: but the difficulty was to man it. Had I wished to board a smuggler, or undertake any contraband adventure, I should have found in the wild and lawless islanders a ready and effective crew; but now all were bent on one bad object, and their feelings callous to the danger of a fellow-creature.

The sea broke with unusual violence on the rocky entrance of our little harbour: generally calm, even severe weather but slightly affected it; but now the convulsion of the ocean without had reached it, and its waters were agitated by the swell. I called on some of the boldest of our tenantry, but they refused to venture; talked of the attempt as madness, and pointing to the heavy surf which broke upon the cliffs, declared no boat could live a moment in the breakers. I was not easily discouraged: with Cavanagh's assistance, and the servants of the tower, we launched the yawl,—and again I tried to persuade the unwilling peasants to assist me to reach the wreck. But vain were my entreaties,—in vain Cavanagh cursed them as cowards,—and at last, despairing of assistance, we determined to attempt to board the vessel. The yawl's painter was cast off, and we had pulled a few boat-lengths from the rocks, now crowded with anxious spectators, when "Paurike Bawn" (White Pat), who had been for thirty years the favourite pilot of the smugglers, called on us to return. We did so. Paurike and his two sons, the ablest boatmen on the coast, deliberately threw off their hats and *cota mores*,* and tossing their jackets to the women who crowded round and vainly strove to dissuade them, they leaped into the yawl. Paurike took the helm; his sons, Cavanagh, and myself, settled ourselves to the oars. While we were preparing for our bold attempt, the populace who lined the cliffs prayed us to desist; one alone encouraged us—it was Devereux. I guessed his object; but he was disappointed.

We pulled through the sheltered water quickly, and approached the entrance of the inlet. The swell burst upon the rocks with deafening violence, while the narrow opening to the ocean was scarcely discernible through the cloud of spray which rose from the broken waters. Paurike Bawn had long been reputed the boldest pilot on

* Large frieze coats used by fishermen.

the coast, and now he proved the best. Our success and our lives depended on his skill and our own exertions; for if we cleared the broken sea, which boiled for a hundred yards between us and the ocean, we might succeed. We entered the breakers. "Pull!" cried Paurike Bawn: "pull!—life and death are in your oars, boys!" Cavanagh and his young companions were counted the flower of our hardy peasantry; and braver hearts or stouter arms never buffeted an angry sea. We strained till the tough ash bent like willow; by main strength we forced the yawl into the surf; a shower of spray concealed us from the land; our oars fell with lightning's quickness into the foaming water; Paurike steered the boat inimitably, and in a few minutes a loud cheer from the cliffs announced that we had crossed the breakers; and over the dark waves, which came rolling on like liquid mountains, our bold skiff rose, as with longer and lighter strokes we directed our course to the wreck.

We pulled indeed for life and death: we neared the unhappy vessel, and as we approached we noticed one living thing—it was a female figure: she saw us, and waved a handkerchief. We came up rapidly. Paurike Bawn was well acquainted with Carrick-a-boddagh; and through a channel in the reef we were enabled to reach the ship, or rather that portion of the wreck where the female stood.

In a moment I gained the deck, and found a beautiful girl of about fifteen, seated beside an elderly man, whose head she supported on her lap, while she occasionally moistened his cold lips with some cordial. The man was not visible till I had got on board, as he was lying on the deck lashed to the stump of the mizenmast. He appeared dying, and hardly noticed the approaching succour. Not so the female: she clung to me in an agony of joy, and called me her dear deliverer.

While Cavanagh and his companions were using every endeavour to recover the exhausted stranger, I collected from the broken narrative of the interesting girl that her father was an Englishman, and had been for many years resident in South America. He had married a Spanish lady, and she was their only child. Her mother died; and finding his health declining, her father decided on returning to his native country. He made the necessary preparations, disposed of his plantation, and invested the produce in the cargo of this luckless ship, and some valuable jewels. They sailed from the Havannah for England. Thick and severe weather came on, and caused them to deviate from their course: they lost their reckoning, and, ignorant of the proximity of the western coast, found themselves close in just as a heavy gale from the south-west came on. The ship worked badly: she was unable to beat out to sea, and night came on while they were vainly struggling to clear a lee shore; and, soon after dark, the ship struck on Carrick-a-boddagh.

For the last fortnight, she continued, her father had been getting worse, and from the commencement of the bad weather he had been unable to leave his cabin. When the vessel struck, in an exertion he made to gain the deck, he was thrown by a violent lurch from the

companion-ladder, and left in a state of insensibility. The captain fired signals of distress, but they were unanswered: the vessel yielding to the sea, began to part amidships, and the crew, believing their situation desperate, hoisted out the long-boat; but she was scarcely in the water when she bilged against a fallen mast. The launch was then got over the ship's side. Adela, as the lovely stranger was called, finding the wreck about to be deserted, implored the captain to assist her wounded father to the boat, and not abandon them to what appeared certain destruction.

Though made upon her knees, her appeal to his humanity was lost upon the monster. The ship's company were crowding into the boat, when the poor girl, with a desperate effort, and almost superhuman strength, assisted her dying father to reach the deck: they only succeeded to find themselves abandoned to their fate; the last man had left the deserted vessel, and the crowded launch was already combating the angry ocean. Adela, in despair, leaned over the bulwark; but little time was left for lamenting the abandonment of her father. By a flash of lightning, she saw the boat, followed by a mountainous sea—it broke right astern of the devoted wretches: in a mass of foaming surge the launch disappeared, and every soul perished!

"And, oh!" she exclaimed, raising her eyes in an agony of despair to Heaven! "would it not have been better that I had shared their fate? I, about to lose my only protector, and be thrown a wretched, helpless outcast on the world! May God support me!"

The deep, the heart-rending misery of the poor sufferer overpowered me. I, too, was young, and ardent, and unhackneyed in the school of life. I knelt beside her—I prayed her to be comforted—I swore to love her as a brother—and called on Heaven to forget me when I ceased to be her protector.

Poor girl! my ardent manner succeeded in partially restoring her tranquillity; and, following her directions, we recovered, from a part of the cabin where the sea had not yet entered, a number of trunks and packages: one she pointed out particularly, and told me in a whisper that it contained the jewels she had mentioned. We placed them, with great exertions, in the yawl, and with still greater difficulty removed her and the dying stranger.

In the interim the tide began to flow, and the wind, which had lulled for a time, sensibly increased. Not a moment was to be lost: with amazing efforts, from the imminent danger of being swamped, we cleared the frightful channel by which we had approached the wreck. Paurike's accurate knowledge of the reef alone enabled us to escape; and we pulled through a mountainous sea in safety, and again drew near the dangerous entrance of our iron-bound haven. Waiting, by Paurike's directions, for a tremendous mass of water which came swelling after us, and was sufficient to shake the nerves of the boldest mariner, we made it the means of our security; mounted on its lofty ridge, we desperately entered the rocky chasm—

exerted a care, an anxious care, over all that related to your father's spiritual wants; and has this estranged my pupil's affections from me? Nay, more: I may have erred in being too solicitous for his earthly prosperity; but He who knows the heart can best testify how faithful was my zeal. But I can correct the latter. In future, as a guest I shall visit you; and to you, the natural director of a parent's property, I surrender all jurisdiction: but for my honoured, suffering, conscience-stricken friend, I cannot—will not abandon him. You wish me to be absent—be it so: your wishes shall be obeyed; the cabin of the next peasant who will shelter me is good enough for the lowly follower of my meek Master;" and Devereux crossed himself devoutly. "From it I can daily visit my sinful brother; and uniting my prayers for mutual mercy with him, we can mingle our devotions together."

I was surprised: this sudden change! Had I mistaken the man? and was he, whom I considered a meddling, intriguing priest, in reality an humble and forgiving churchman? Soon my anger vanished; and before we had been an hour in conversation I had become a partial convert to Devereux; and believing I had wronged him, I entreated him to continue with my father as his spiritual director, and remain an inmate of our lonely dwelling.

From that hour his conduct towards me was totally altered, and he seemed watching opportunities to gain my good opinion. I almost succeeded in conquering my former antipathy. I was nominally the manager of my father's affairs; but Devereux indirectly possessed an influence which controlled the family and myself.

Adela recovered. Wild as our dwelling was, and removed as the tower lay from the dwellings of civilized men, the delicacy of the attention paid to her misfortunes reconciled her to the solitude she was consigned to. I was the first person admitted to her chamber; and that interview—O God! how vividly its recollection returns.

It was evening when I repaired to her apartment, by her own invitation. The winter sun, which through the day had been brilliant and frosty, shed his departing light upon the casement where the gentle mourner was seated. Habited in the deepest black, one solitary band of large pearls secured a little locket, containing some memorials of her parents; and this was her only ornament. I have been no stranger, Jack, to woman's beauty; but I never met any so irresistible as the artless charms of Adela Ramsay. The clear olive of her complexion; the dark soft eye, with its arching brow and silken lashes; and the rich profusion of curling hair, black as the raven's wing, all bespoke her Spanish descent. Her spring of life was verging into summer; and the figure of faultless symmetry, now so light and flexible, would shortly ripen into full and majestic womanhood.

The first burst of filial sorrow had subsided into a soft and winning melancholy, which, with her mourning-dress, well harmonized with the scene and hour of our interview. She rose on my entrance, and,

extending her hand to me, burst into tears. I led her to the window, and seated myself beside her. I strove to soothe her, and gradually my efforts were successful. With the warmth of ardent youth, I devoted myself to her service; and the moon had risen for an hour before I left my gentle charge.

My father, when acquainted with the circumstances of Ramsay's shipwreck and death, had freely assented to Adela's remaining under the protection of his roof, until some information could be collected, or some plan devised, to enable us to make arrangements for her future support. Devereux seemed to take some interest in her welfare; and when her sorrow had sufficiently subsided to allow her to mix with our household; when her guitar was removed from its case, and the monk listened to a splendid voice, accompanied by an instrument touched with masterly execution, his ecstasy was unbounded; and for hours he would linger beneath her window, as by moonlight she sang Spanish ballads or foreign airs, to whose wild but soul-touching music the monk had hitherto been a stranger.

Winter wore fast away, and Adela's natural gaiety returned. The old tower seemed to have lost its melancholy, and assumed an air of social comfort which had long been foreign to its gloomy walls. Devereux seldom left us; and many a sick call was postponed, to allow him to join Adela and me in our music. He was, indeed, an admirable master: his taste was cultivated, and his instrumental performance chaste and brilliant. To a remark of mine on his perfect knowledge of the science, he hinted that he had been brought up in one of the most celebrated of the Italian conservatori; but, as usual, he was no father explicit. It was evident that he had been admirably educated: his voice was a beautiful soprano. Adela's had great power and sweetness; and my own, a fine full counter-tenor, enabled us, under the leading of Devereux, to execute the most difficult and effective pieces of the best composers.

So passed our evenings. In the morning, with Cavanagh, I traversed the heaths for grouse, or clomb the wilder mountains in pursuit of the red deer, which to this day are found among the hills of Erris, and at night the produce of my gun was brought to Adela. When spring came, she was frequently my companion to the lake and river: I trimmed her angle, I dressed her flies; and in six months after the shipwreck of her father, I found that I lived but in her presence, and that I loved Adela Ramsay to distraction.

Summer came; the heath blossomed; the wild flowers clung to the rock; the bee was on the wing; and the birds rejoiced in that lovely season. Although the gun and angle were laid aside, the walks of Adela and me were not interrupted. At evening we strolled up the deep and lonely valley, which opened into the hills some distance from our dwelling. A mountain rivulet, which joined the larger stream that ran past the tower, led up through a lovely dell,

till it reached the springs which gave it rise. The banks were covered with the richest heath; the crystal water rippled in the pool, or brawled down its many rapids, and gave a coolness to the valley that induced us to select it for our evening rambles.

Here was our favourite retreat; here would I carry her guitar, till on some mossy hillock we would rest or sing together. At times, watching the small trout springing in the clear pool, or my faithful dog, our mute companion, as he pointed the young broods of grouse, while the parent bird would challenge the intruder, and try its native artifice to lead the crouching spaniel from the nest.

Why do I dwell on this fond recollection of earlier days? Why, but to mark the contrast between the present and the past; for who, in such a calm and peaceful morning, could have foreseen the dark and blood-stained destiny that awaited Adela and myself?

The sun was sinking in the broad Atlantic, and still my young companion was sitting on her favourite bank. "The fading beams of dying day" had thrown their rich tints upon the western sky: all was at rest but the stream which rippled at our feet, and added to the coolness which, succeeding a burning noon, made the refreshing hour of evening doubly delicious. Adela unconsciously touched the strings of her guitar, and the melancholy sounds the instrument returned told that her thoughts were sad.

"Are you unhappy, Adela?" said I.

"I was thinking," she replied, "of other days, and another clime."

"Then your present situation grieves you, Adela?"

"When I think, Maurice, of my late misfortunes, I cannot but be sad—desolate and deserted as I am."

"You have no parents, Adela."

"Nor friends or kindred," she added, with a sigh.

"Adela," said I, interrupting her, "is this kind? am I not, in affection, a brother?"

"Yes, dear Maurice, *a more than brother.*"

"And why is Adela unhappy?"

"Because, Maurice, this hour of rest, I feel, can only be transitory."

"Why do you think so?"

"You, Maurice, will not always bury yourself in this retirement; you, for whom the world has many charms, with youth, and health, and life, to enter into all its gaieties."

"I have no inclination to do so, sweet Adela. This valley—your tower——"

"Nay, dear Maurice," said the blushing girl, "there are towers and valleys besides these."

"There are none for which I would exchange either," I exclaimed, with ardour.

"Hush," said the playful girl, and she archly placed her pretty hand upon my lip. "What has yonder black tower, or this wild valley?"

"Has it not ——" I stopped; my heart was almost bursting.

I threw myself at her feet, and passionately exclaimed, "Has it not *Adela*?"

In a moment her cheeks were covered with a burning glow. She sprang upon her feet, and in an agitated and broken voice, said, "It grows late; we must hasten home."

"Adela," said I, as I took her hand, "the secret of my heart is told; and my happiness rests on a word. Will you reject my love?"

She trembled violently. "Speak to me, Adela; suspense is intolerable."

"Stop, Maurice; in pity spare me. I may not, dare not, own my feelings."

"Then, Adela, our happy state of confidence is over; and will you not trust your brother?"

The artless child of nature threw her arms around my neck, and hiding her glowing cheeks upon my breast, owned her first love. Her heart was all my own. Blessed Angels! when I think upon that happy hour; when I held her, all innocent and spotless as she was, to my throbbing bosom; when I first pressed my lips to hers, and we knelt, and in the face of Heaven plighted our faith for ever—O God! the torturing contrast that appears, when I recall the memory of that rapturous hour!

We hastened to the tower. Adela, in artless confidence, at once consented to an immediate union: the constraint which maiden modesty, and the peculiar delicacy of her situation, had hitherto placed upon our intercourse, was at an end. I was now her affianced husband: she loved me for myself; and she gave me, poor martyr! fatal proof how ardently, how devotedly she loved!

When I called Devereux aside, and, with a countenance glowing with delight, communicated the tale of my successful suit, he started as if an adder bit him; and when I pressed him to solemnize our marriage, he could not conceal his aversion to my proposal. He spoke of my father's consent being indispensable—stated that inquiries should be made to ascertain Adela's family and prospects; but too happy in the declared attachment of the gentle stranger, I told the monk that nothing should bar my happiness, and gave him time till the following day to determine whether he should marry me or not.

That evening our customary music was interrupted. Adela retired to her chamber, and Devereux, occupied with his own thoughts, soon retreated for the night, while I took Cavanagh to the shore, and apprised my foster-brother of my intended marriage.

Next morning the monk beckoned me to follow him. When we were alone, to my surprise, he at once consented to all my wishes. Delicately hinting at my father's domestic unhappiness, and my poor mother's frailty, the priest observed that Mac Carthy's bodily and spiritual health should not be distracted by a subject likely to agitate his nerves and withdraw his mind from those holy exercises to which he was now devoted. Little preparation was necessary for the union of two young and devoted hearts; and that night, when all within the tower beside were buried in sleep, Adela became mine, in the presence

of Cavanagh and the village girl whom I mentioned as being her attendant.

Six months—months of unequalled happiness—passed over. In Adela I had all that a young and passionate lover could fancy, and there was a romance about our love that can be scarcely credited. Our isolated situation, our seclusion from the world, with nought to break upon our privacy; all this combined to draw our young hearts more closely to each other. If ever love on earth was pure and sublimated, such was the romantic passion of Adela for me. How I loved—O God! a life of desperate, devoted misery can best demonstrate!

From the period of our marriage Devereux resided but little at the tower. His professional duties were an apology for frequent absences. Still he occasionally returned; and the apartment he had always occupied, and which adjoined Adela's and mine, was reserved for his use. My father secluded himself as he had done for years—I seldom saw him.

A peasant returning from the next town, where he had gone to dispose of cattle, brought intelligence to the tower that a foreign letter was lying in the post-office addressed to my father. Simple as this incident may appear, it created with us a considerable sensation, as a similar event had not occurred for years. A messenger was promptly despatched to bring us this unexpected epistle; and our conjectures were curious enough as to what the letter contained, and who might be the writer. So very important was this circumstance considered by our secluded family, that Devereux, who then happened to be absent, was immediately sent for.

The letter and the monk arrived together. Deeming it advisable to ascertain the contents of the epistle before it should be submitted to my father's perusal, we broke the seal. The letter was from Naples, and bore the subscription of a banking-house of that city. It informed us, that a merchant named Roderick Mac Carthy had died in very opulent circumstances, and had bequeathed his entire property—with the exception of a few trifling bequests to charitable purposes—to my father; and that the writers were nominated trustees to the estate. It further stated, that the presence of my father, or some confidential person, to whom he should delegate the requisite legal authority of representing him, would be indispensable; and hinting that property was at present exceedingly insecure in Naples, in consequence of the political state of the kingdom, pressed the urgent necessity of an immediate application being made by the heir. Such was the letter.

The state of my father's mental and bodily health rendered his leaving Ireland an impossibility; and Devereux at once declared that I should act as his representative. Who would be so natural a delegate as myself? I, his son, his heir. It was decided that I should instantly start for Naples, and any documents that might be considered necessary should be forwarded when required. The monk prepared the customary authority from my father. My clothes were

hastily packed, and with money sufficient for the journey I prepared, for the first time, to leave my solitude, and mingle with mankind.

I know not why it was, but to me this unexpected addition to our wealth brought little pleasure. I must leave Adela; and the dread of separation from her alloyed the prospect of increasing opulence. Pride and ambition, however, urged me to a temporary sacrifice of my happiness. Wealth would enable me to produce Adela to the world, not as the wife of Mac Carthy's ruined heir, but with splendour suited to her beauty and the dignity of my ancient and once powerful name. Tenderer feelings, too, were not wanting. I was likely, ere long, to become a father, and the idea of an unborn offspring incited me to secure the good fortune that Providence had thrown in my path. My absence from Adela would be but temporary. I had health and strength to undergo rapid travelling. I conquered my unwillingness to leave my home, and hastily prepared for my departure.

To Adela the announcement of my intended absence was distracting, and she would readily have foregone the brilliant addition to our property rather than risk a separation. The monk, however, united his arguments to mine, and in time we succeeded in reconciling her to the necessity of losing me for a season.

The night before I bade Adela farewell, she opened the jewel-box which I had saved from the wreck, when the residue of Ramsay's property perished. We had examined it soon after our marriage, in the presence of Devereux. It contained several very beautiful ornaments, and a number of stones in a rough state, just as they had been taken from the mine. These last the monk, who professed himself a judge of gems, pronounced as being of inconsiderable value. They were replaced in the box, and since that day till now had remained unopened. Adela selected a ring from the case, and put it on my finger. We again looked over the other gems, and discovered that one of the rough diamonds was missing. No person had access to the box, and the abstraction of the jewel was consequently most unaccountable. But matters of deeper moment pressed heavily on our thoughts; and, after a few remarks at the singularity of the circumstance, the affair remained unnoticed.

Before I left home I determined to disclose my marriage to my father; and the monk undertook to prepare him for an interview with my wife. On the morning of my departure, I led Adela, by Devereux's appointment, to the chamber of the recluse, and placing her in his arms, rushed down stairs, and leaping on a horse which was in waiting, galloped from the tower, nor ventured to look back, till a rising ground intervened, and hid my dwelling from my view.

Adela, when she found that I was gone, fainted on my father's breast, and was carried to her apartment, which for weeks, as I afterwards learned, she never quitted.

On the morning on which I commenced my journey the monk presented to me a letter with an Italian address. He mentioned having

been for a time in Naples, employed in some monastic business; he had lodged at the house of a lady, the widow of a Neapolitan officer; the accommodation was excellent, the expense comparatively moderate, and he recommended me to make this my residence while I remained in Naples. I had only to despatch his letter, he said, on my arrival in the city, and he had no doubt but his friend would be serviceable to me in prosecuting the objects of my visit. This introduction of Devereux to me, a stranger not only to Naples but the world, was useful and agreeable, and I received the monk's letter with suitable thanks.

Cavanagh accompanied me to Dublin; there I learned that in a few days a vessel would leave that port for Lisbon. I took a passage on board, and having bade adieu to my attached fosterer, sailed with a favourable wind.

Our passage, however, was uncommonly tedious, as the winds were light and baffling. We were four weeks before we reached the Tagus, and I was wearied and depressed, when at last I landed on the mole of Naples.

The master of the latteen boat directed me to a house of entertainment, and I lost no time in procuring a messenger, and despatching the confessor's introductory letter. The day was prodigiously hot. I went to bed and slept soundly after my fatigue. Evening was advanced before I was dressed, when a stranger was announced, and a person of gentlemanly appearance introduced himself to me as Signor Vassalli. He stated that he was brother to the lady to whom the monk had recommended me as a lodger; and his sister was delighted to accommodate one so highly praised as I was by her reverend friend. Her house was ready to receive me; and he, the signor, was at my command, and would be proud to render me any service in his power during my sojourn at Naples.

A carriage was waiting for us: my luggage was placed in the vehicle, my companion and I followed, and we drove off quickly. We traversed a considerable portion of the city, and for some time I perceived we were beyond the walls, and the regularity of the streets had been succeeded by detached vineyards and cottages.

On mentioning the circumstance to Vassalli, he observed, that his sister's habitation was in the suburbs; the air was better, and she therefore preferred a respectable retirement to a more noisy and less salubrious situation in the streets of Naples. Soon after the carriage turned to the right, and proceeding down a sort of lane, stopped at a remote villa. The house was situated in a garden surrounded by lofty walls. Vassalli knocked at a wicket, and a man immediately answered the summons: my companion directed him to bring in my trunks, and leading the way, I followed him into the villa, and was presented in form to his sister, the Signora Farrinelli.

The lady's appearance was particularly striking: though rather *passé*, she was still attractive, and must have been when younger irresistible. The contour of her face was exquisite: her eyes were dark and lustrous, and from the beauty of her teeth and mouth her

smile was fascinating. Although her figure had increased to what the French call *magnifique*, the greatest care was bestowed in preserving its fine proportions. Her dress was rich and becoming; and in her hair, and on her neck and arms, she displayed a profusion of jewels. Her manners were insinuating, her address polished, and her whole appearance very superior to what I could have been led to anticipate. The room, though neat, was but plainly furnished; and the attendant, whom I had seen before at the gate, was a mean and ill-dressed man; and it struck me that there was a singular incongruity between the sumptuous and splendid appearance of the lovely hostess, and the humble furniture of the room, and shabby air of the solitary attendant.

Supper was served: it was good, and the wines excellent. Farrinelli's conversation became most interesting: she spoke French fluently; and, notwithstanding my numerous blunders, I perceived she was pleased with my observations. The manner I had hitherto been secluded from the world appeared no secret to her, and my *naïve* remarks betrayed a total ignorance of life that amused her much. She was evidently taken with my appearance, and when her eyes met mine I could not misunderstand their meaning. Turning to her brother, I heard her in a low voice remark, in Italian, "Caracci has only done him justice. He is particularly handsome; and so innocent, too! Mother of God! would it not be a pity to injure him?" Vassalli replied in a low tone: his words did not reach me, but I observed a sneer upon his lip, and a meaning glance of contempt directed at his sister.

The wine circulated fast; and as Vassalli drank freely, his jests became coarse, and his remarks more vulgar. I saw that Farrinelli was displeased at his conversation, for she soon after rose from the table, and politely intimating that it was time to separate, the ill-looking servant conducted me to my apartment.

I slept soundly. While still in bed, Paoli came to my room; and opening the curtains, told me it was later than I had supposed. He added that breakfast was prepared, and the signora, his mistress, was expecting me. I declined his assistance as my valet; and having dressed hastily, was conducted by a female servant to the dressing-room of her mistress.

Farrinelli was half-reclining on a couch; and as she welcomed me with a smile, and placed me beside her, I was struck with her surpassing beauty. The morning dishabille was better calculated to display her numerous charms than even the splendid dress in which I had seen her the preceding night. Her thick dark hair, Madonna-like, was parted on the forehead, and its classic simplicity was happily adapted to her beautifully-shaped head. The robe, put on with studied negligence, scarce concealed her fine bust and round limbs. One satin slipper had fallen from her foot, and that foot a statuary might have chosen for his model. She wore no ornament but a bracelet of dark hair, which rested on an arm, than which the sculptor's marble could not be whiter.

On inquiring for Vassalli, she told me that he had been called from the villa by some important business, but he would return in the evening. Could I but reconcile myself to a day's imprisonment with her, after to-morrow her brother would be at my service.

I purposed setting out for Naples, but my proposal was over-ruled: it was some saint's festival, consequently I could not see the bankers, and of course I remained at the villa. I was left alone with Farrinelli: her seductive manners, her fascinating blandishments, were exerted; and could they but be successful? and with one so young, so unsophisticated as myself, was it surprising that Adela was for a time forgotten? What would have been the consequence, it is not difficult to surmise, and accident alone saved me from the witcheries of the beautiful Italian.

Vassalli returned late: our supper passed as that of the preceding evening. Farrinelli's spirits were exuberant, and the hours flew on delightfully. Her brother took little interest in our conversation, and seemed more devoted to the bottle than his sister wished. Again she gave the signal for us to separate, and I was attended by Paoli to my chamber.

I threw myself without undressing on the couch. I could not sleep. I felt a growing passion for Farrinelli that threatened the happiness of us both. When an Italian loves, the duldest may perceive her feelings, and my hostess took little pains to conceal hers. Farrinelli loved me!

My apartment was in the remotest wing of the villa, and although on the upper floor, its distance from the garden was inconsiderable. A trellis rose from the ground to the casement, and supported some pensile plants and flowers. The night was sultry. I felt disinclined to sleep; for I had, without perceiving it, drunk more wine than I was accustomed to. I unclosed the casement; and, aided by an espalier, descended to the garden, where, beneath the calmness of an Italian sky, I endeavoured to compose my agitated spirits.

The offices belonging to the villa were at a distance from the house, and the path that I had accidentally taken was the one that led to them. I was surprised to see a light gleaming from a window; and curious to know what part of the family were astir, I approached, and heard Vassalli in conversation with the servant Paoli.

"Be quick," said the brother of Farrinelli; "ere this I should have been on the road to Naples."

"Is the stranger in bed?" inquired the attendant.

"Long since," was the reply; "but look to your mistress, Paoli, for by Saint Antonio I never saw a woman so much in love as Marcella is with this stripling."

"Indeed!" said the servant. "Is the count so soon forgotten?"

"Pshaw! she never cared a carlino for him; she loved his jewels, Paoli!"

"Well, Vassalli, the morning the fool shot himself she took on wonderfully, when I told her of his death."

"He was a noble prize," observed Vassalli. "I hope this young one will be worth our trouble, Paoli; but we can seldom get a dupe like Kreutzer. The game was admirably played; for, by St. Julian, the morning the German took himself off he was not worth a Roman crown." And the ruffian laughed hoarsely. "Come, boy, tighten that girth, and give me the pistols from the shelf. I shall be with you to-morrow night: the day does not answer for my travelling. Though it was dusk ere we left the inn last night, I fancied every passenger we met a shirro."

As he spoke, I heard the horse's feet, and saw the shadows passing. Fearing that I might be seen, I retreated up the path, and, mounting by the trellis-work, easily regained my chamber.

I had heard enough to convince me that I had fallen into villanous hands. Devereux was my destroyer! The monk's dark history rushed to my memory; and the cabinet—its strange and fearful contents—the scroll, with Marcella's name—the drugs—all convinced me that Devereux was a deep and dangerous villain. Adela, too, was exposed to the machinations of this ruffian priest; and I, her only protector, absent; and, with the recollection of my gentle love, I found a blush of shame burning on my cheek, as I thought on my recent apostasy. Adela, my own artless devoted wife, almost forgotten, and her place in my heart usurped by a profligate and mercenary courtesan!

My own situation was critical and full of danger. Escape was difficult, from my ignorance of the locality of the villa with the surrounding country. A failure would probably cost me my life; but I determined to attempt it, and trust to fortune and a bold heart. After some consideration, I fixed on the following night to put my design into execution; and in the interim, to prevent any suspicion, I resolved to redouble my attentions to Farrinelli. I passed a miserable night; and when Paoli came to my apartment next morning, mental disquietude and loss of sleep had brought on a feverish attack that induced me to keep my bed.

The attendant was but a short time gone, when I heard a gentle knock at my chamber-door, and my fair hostess entered. Anxiety was apparent in her countenance; and when she took my hand, she exclaimed to the maid, who accompanied her with some aromatic preparation to apply to my temples,—

"Jesu! how it burns! and the pulse is full and quick. Poor boy, you are no fit companion for that sot Vassalli. You must leave the wine-flask to himself to-night, and I shall be your physician. Go, Claudine," and giving her a key, and some directions in a whisper, her maid in a few minutes returned with a phial.

Pouring a small quantity of the liquid it contained into a vase of deliciously iced orangeade, she put the cup to my burning lips. The draught was refreshing; my thirst abated instantly, a pleasing languor insensibly came on, my eyelids became heavy, I heard the curtains softly closed, I felt a woman's lips long and ardently pressed to mine, and sank into a deep and dreamless slumber.

I slept for many hours, for it was twilight when I awoke. I was wonderfully recovered: my skin was cool, my pulse regular, and the fever of the morning removed. While I was collecting my thoughts and preparing to leave my couch, a soft sigh beside my bed told me I was not alone. I looked up; Farrinelli was bending over me, and watching my sleep, with marked solicitude. She took my hand; the fever which had left me had apparently affected her, for her grasp was burning.

As she expressed her pleasure at my recovery, her maid called her from my room. Her absence was short; but I remarked, on her return, that something had ruffled her temper.

"I intended that you and I should have supped quietly together to-night; but an unwelcome visitor has arrived, and I will not expose you to late hours or dissipation. Keep your chamber, MacCarthy. Claudine shall bring your supper, and to-morrow, *dearest*, to-morrow, none shall interrupt our conversation." Claudine's step was heard in the gallery, Farrinelli stooped over me, gave me a parting kiss, and vanished.

The repast my hostess had sent to my room was light and nourishing. I ate; my strength returned, and no lassitude, consequent on illness, remained. I closed my door carefully, when Claudine bade me good night, and prepared to leave the dwelling of this beautiful and dangerous woman. I dressed myself, took out what gold I possessed, and the diamond ring which Adela presented to me at parting, and which I had hitherto secured in my trunk, and, with a determination to succeed or perish, calmly waited till the inmates of the villa should have retired to their respective chambers.

Midnight came; a distant door closed, and all was quiet. Another hour passed; the house was still as death. I opened my casement, and descended to the garden. I cautiously examined the walls that inclosed me; they were unusually high, and I had no means to scale them. I spent a full hour in a hopeless search for some place of egress, and was almost despairing of escape, when, suddenly, the noise of a horse's feet approaching at a rapid pace, riveted me to the spot. I was now close to the stables, which I have described as being detached from the villa. The traveller came quickly on, till I heard him dismount; and next moment Vassalli's voice, calling on Paoli for admission, informed me who the rider was.

After some delay, at which the horseman betrayed evident impatience, the attendant struck a light, and unclosed the gate. "I did not expect you, Vassalli. It is two hours past midnight, and Stephano has long since departed. He waited for you till he quarrelled with Marcella."

"For a kiss or another flask, Paoli?" said Vassalli.

"I know not which; but, by St. Dominic, the stranger may have either! He has been ailing of a trifling head-ache, and Marcella has nursed him like a baby. Claudine says she is distracted about him, and to-night she would have wished Stephano at the devil. I fancy 'visit spoiled a tête-à-tête.'"

"Is the house quiet?" said Vassalli, anxiously.

"Yes, yes; the stripling never left his bed. But, Mother of God!" as he turned the lamp, and saw the situation of the horse, "at what a rate you have ridden!—your cloak torn, too. Have you been attacked?"

"No, no," replied Vassalli, impatiently; "but I am in haste. Change the saddle to another horse—the bay one, yonder—I must be off without delay. I will be here immediately."

Crouching behind some thick shrubs, which effectually concealed me from the ruffians, I heard their conversation, and arranged a plan for my escape. I determined, when the fresh horse was ready, to enter the stable, master Paoli, and trust the rest to fortune. I was, unfortunately, without a weapon; but, confident in my own superior strength and activity, I calculated on success. Vassalli passed my concealment, and went with a stealthy step towards the villa.

I followed him at a safe distance. He soon tapped at the casement of Marcella's dressing-room, the window of which opened to the garden. I heard an indistinct conversation between him and a person within. Presently the casement unclosed, and Farrinelli, with a light in her hand, and partially undressed, as if she had been disturbed from her couch, admitted this unseasonable visitor.

Anxious to discover the cause of this late return, and also the probable duration of his visit to Marcella, as by it my attempt on Paoli should be timed, I drew near the dressing-room. I approached in silence, while the high tone of the voices within favoured my advance. Whatever caused Vassalli's visit, it had irritated the hostess, and through the casement I heard their conversation distinctly.

"Vassalli, what means this intrusion?"

"Marcella," was the reply, "I am ruined. I have been unfortunate at play, and am left without a zechino."

"And why am I disturbed to hear the history of your dissipation? You presume too much, signor."

"Be patient, Marcella, I am in immediate peril; the sbirri are in pursuit."

"And you therefore come here to compromise my safety. Off! leave this; your presence is disagreeable."

The ruffian made a step or two, and laid his hand upon Marcella's arm.

"Come, the worse had better be told. I'm done for at Naples. Rolamo, the cardinal's favourite nephew, and I played. He won every ducat I possessed; and when he refused to play on credit, I lost my temper—words ran high, and —"

"You stabbed him!" said Farrinelli, ironically.

"Even so; I struck this poniard into his bosom."

"Did you not rob him next?" said Marcella, with peculiar bitterness.

"Now, by St. Julian!" said the ruffian, fiercely, "I am in ill humour to be jeered."

"And what brought you here?"

"I came, Marcella, for your advice. I must be off to Rome or Venice."

"Ay, just so."

"For if to-morrow finds me here —"

"Death or the galleys will be your certain destination."

"Therefore, unwilling to break upon the wheel, or row for life, I must depart instantly."

"There is the door, Vassalli. Farewell! Heaven send thee better temper!"

"Marcella, you push me too hard," said the ruffian; "you tell me Rome or Venice can only save me; how can I reach either without a zechin in my purse?"

"Rob, man, rob! You brawl, and cheat, and stab—and why not do the latter?"

"Marcella, you are playing with a desperate man; I tell thee, woman, Rolamo is dead; his friends are powerful; I am known, and denounced as his murderer; and I shall be broken on the wheel, unless I baffle my pursuers."

"No doubt you tell me truth, Vassalli; why then waste minutes here when a moment may cost your life?"

"Simply, Marcella, because I want the means of escaping. I am not worth, by the holy Lady of Loretto, a single carlino; *you* must afford me the means of safety."

"I?"

"Yes, Marcella," and his tones deepened, "*you* must supply me with money, or —"

"*You would plunder me?*" she said, insultingly. "Come, Vassalli, the feat may be spared, I have no money—no means."

"No money! no means! where are the German's jewels? where is the gem Caracci sent from Ireland? where are your numerous trinkets? Marcella, in that bureau lies gold enough."

"Are you prepared to plunder it?"

"No; Marcella will give her friend the means to save him."

"Vassalli, if a zechin would save you, I will not give it. Away! Leave this room, or, by the Virgin, I will summon the stranger, and tell him the infernal plot formed by Caracci for his ruin. Believe me, his is a bold and daring spirit, and his strength would crush you in a second."

"By the holy Mother, I am both desperate and determined; Marcella, will you assist me?"

I heard a movement towards the door, and Marcella in a firm voice reply, "*No!*" Next moment there was a spring—a struggle—a fall—and "*murder!*" was feebly uttered. In an instant the light casement and shutter gave way to my strength. I burst into Farrinelli's dressing-room; she was lying on the ground beneath Vassalli; the ruffian's knee was on her breast: with one hand he grasped her throat, and with the other stopped her mouth, and thus prevented her from calling for assistance.

The crash of the broken casement, and the noise my forcible

entrance had made, quickly alarmed the ruffian. Darting his hand into his breast, I saw a dagger glittering; but my impetuous attack was irresistible, and ere he gained his feet, with a tremendous blow I levelled him to the ground. His head struck against the marble tripod, and the stiletto flew from his nerveless grasp. I seized the weapon; but it was unnecessary for my defence, for Vassalli, deluged in blood, lay insensible on the floor.

I approached Marcella, and raised her gently in my arms. She was nearly exhausted by the villain's attempt. I laid her on the sofa, and brought some essences from the toilet which I applied with success. She soon recovered, and her fervent thanks were offered to Heaven, mingled with professions of eternal gratitude to me, for her providential deliverance from the ruffian hands of the murderer. Farrinelli had a bold heart, and a woman's quickness; she noticed my dress, and instantly conjectured the cause of my being so opportunely in the garden, and to her inquiries I candidly confessed that I was escaping.

"You were flying from *me*, then, Mac Carthy?"

"Marcella," I replied, "I dare not trust myself. I have a wife—a wife I adore; and for whom I would freely shed my heart's best blood. I feel my weakness, and ——"

A momentary flush passed over her pale cheek. "You are right, Mac Carthy; your determination but confirms my half-formed resolve; and this night shall end Farrinelli's career! Start not—I mean not that I shall cease to live, but that I shall live no longer for the world. There is no time to lose. Is Vassalli dead?"

I examined the bleeding ruffian. There was a deep wound in his forehead, from which the blood flowed in torrents. I bound it with a handkerchief. He breathed, but was insensible.

"Come," said Marcella, "we will escape together; in another hour that would be impossible. Can you master Paoli?"

"Easily," I replied.

"Then I will be with you in a few minutes."

She retired to an inner chamber, but soon returned, equipped for travelling; and having unlocked her bureau, took from it a box which she told me contained some gold and jewels. Pointing to Vassalli's cloak, she desired me to take it; and leading the way to the stables, I followed her in silence.

As we approached, she gave me her directions in a whisper. Paoli expected his companion; and, concealed in the ruffian's cloak, I closed with him without being suspected, and before he could offer any resistance I had him on the ground, and Vassalli's weapon at his throat. He begged hard for mercy, and without opposition allowed himself to be bound to the manger. I prepared a horse with a woman's saddle for Marcella; and mounting the one already accoutred for Vassalli, we issued from the court-yard, and found ourselves in the remote avenue which led to the public road.

In an hour we reached the city; and having traversed several streets, stopped, by Farrinelli's directions, at a small house, the exterior of which was most unpromising. At this untimely hour I

was surprised to find the inmates astir; but my astonishment was unbounded when I was ushered into a noble room, where every appurtenance that luxury could require was displayed. Marcella played the hostess; and with her customary warmth pressed me to partake of the splendid supper, which was served in silver. Soon after she observed that the night had worn away, and offered to conduct me to my chamber. She led me to a spacious apartment; within there was a closet looking towards the street, containing a couch and suitable furniture.

"Sleep securely here," she said; "fear nothing; I shall occupy the outer room, and"—while a deep blush overspread her face—"and Mac Carthy shall be alike secure from the attempts of woman on his heart, or man against his person." She took my hand and pressed it to her lips; and, commending me to the Virgin's care, retired, and left me to my repose.

I heard her lock the door. The first light of morning was beaming through the grated lattice. All within the house was quiet. I extinguished the lamp, and, without undressing, threw myself on the couch. The agitation produced by the occurrences of the past night gradually subsided. I offered up a fervent prayer for Adela, and in a short time fell into a deep slumber.

I slept soundly. The morning was far advanced when I awoke. I looked in surprise at the strange apartment where I found myself, and for some moments the transactions of the preceding night had all the indefinite confusion of a troubled dream. However, I was soon aware of their reality: the key turned in the lock; the door opened; I raised my eyes, expecting to see Farrinelli; but in her place an elderly man, whose dress and appearance bespoke him to be a superior servant to some person of eminence, was standing beside my bed. He addressed me respectfully,—

"It is late, signor. I hope your couch was comfortable, and your rest undisturbed?" I answered in the affirmative. "I fear I may have abridged your repose, signor; but it is necessary that you should leave this before noon."

"Where is Marcella?"

"The Signora Farrinelli is long since gone: she left this billet for you."

I broke the envelope: the note was short: it simply directed me to repair to a certain hotel, where it stated that I should hear more of the writer. "May I ask where I am? in what part of the city? in whose house?"

The *maître d'hôtel*, as he seemed to be, smiled. "You are in one of the houses of the highest ecclesiastic in Naples; but as his excellenza is expected here at noon, and as he might not be altogether prepared for the honour of meeting you here, we will not hazard giving the cardinal a surprise, even though, doubtless, an introduction to the signor would render it an agreeable one."

I easily comprehended, from my visitor's *raillerie*, that my absence was indispensable before the reverend proprietor of the mansion should

arrive. I accordingly dressed hastily, and declining to stay for breakfast, followed the steward of his eminence through a beautiful garden planted with the choicest shrubs, and ornamented with grottoes, statues, and water-works. No expense had been spared in completing this luxurious retreat; while the meanness of the exterior of the house, the immense height of the garden-walls, equally calculated to avoid suspicion and effect security, at once bespoke the profligacy and caution of the holy owner.

My conductor led me to a little wicket in the wall: the door was secured with bolt and bar, as jealously as if it opened to an eastern harem. Having undone the numerous fastenings, the cardinal's domestic cautiously looked out; then turning to me he said,—“All is right; you will find a carriage at the bottom of the narrow lane: enter it without speaking. The driver has his directions already.”

I took out some gold pieces from my pocket, and offered them to the steward; but he thanked me, and declined accepting them. The friend of the Signora Farrinelli was always welcome here; that is, when he could come in safety. To no one was he under so many obligations as to Marcella; and he hoped to see me soon, and begged me to present his duty to my beautiful mistress. “Be pleased, signor, to take the right-hand turn;” so saying, he bowed, closed the wicket, and left me standing alone in a narrow passage, caused by two walls of immense height, which ran parallel to each other at the distance of a few feet.

I followed his directions, and issued from the secret approach to the cardinal's gardens. The carriage was waiting near the bottom of the alley I have described, whose entrance I found was from a gloomy and uninhabited outlet. There was nothing in sight but a few ruinous houses; and although within an hour of noon, there was not a living creature to be seen. If the churchman had been anxious to conceal his private hours from the scrutiny of the world, he had selected the scene of his secret pleasures with excellent judgment; and the spot was admirably contrived both for luxury and concealment.

I placed myself in the vehicle, and closed the blinds: the driver whipped his horses, and we proceeded rapidly. In a few minutes we had taken several intricate turnings, and I found myself again in one of the most crowded suburbs of the city.

I threw myself back in the carriage, and mused on the strange succession of adventure which had marked my sojourn in the Neapolitan capital. What was the object of Caracci's villany? Why was I brought to Naples? Was murder his intention? Surely among the lonely rocks and glens of my native wilds, where I was in the constant habit of wandering alone, my death might have been accomplished at home, without the danger and difficulty attendant on the complicated course of villany he had resorted to in removing me from Ireland. Could it be spoliation? The jewels, whose value I now ascertained to be considerable, might have been removed from me without suspicion, by the person who had abstracted the single gem, and who, I was convinced, was the monk. Could he have any dark design on

Adela? My pulse rose, my heart throbbed violently, as the maddening suspicion seized me. I muttered curses on Caracci. In imagination I held him in my grasp—I ground my teeth—I clenched my hands—when the sudden stoppage of the carriage recalled me from my agonizing reverie.

I peeped cautiously through the blinds: we were in a narrow street, crowded with a multitude of people: they followed a rude litter, on which a man was stretched: a strong body of the Neapolitan police surrounded it. The crowd came on: the litter passed the vehicle where I sat concealed, and I started as I gazed on the well-known features of Vassalli! He was just as I had last seen him in Marcella's dressing-room. My handkerchief still bound his bleeding head, and a slight movement of his arm alone led me to conclude that my enemy lived. Paoli, heavily ironed, walked behind the litter.

After the momentary surprise had ceased, a feeling of satisfaction succeeded, when I found the ruffian had not perished by my hand. He and his confederate were now in the hands of justice, and thus one obstacle to my leaving Naples was removed. I determined to quit the city without delay, and that my expected interview with Marcella should be my last: but the pain of bidding her an eternal farewell was avoided, for I never saw her again.

The vehicle stopped at the Florentine Hotel. I was expected; for the host addressed me by name, and conducted me ceremoniously to a suite of apartments, which he stated had been ordered and paid for by a lady, on whose beauty and munificence his encomiums were unbounded. The lovely signora had left that packet for my excellenza. What would I be pleased to order?—himself, his house, and God knows what, were all at my disposal.

I simply ordered breakfast; and having succeeded in getting rid of my obsequious host, I broke the seal of Farrinelli's packet. It contained her picture, magnificently set in brilliants, a ring of exquisite workmanship, and, judging from the beauty of the gems, of immense value, and the rough diamond which had been purloined from Adela's jewel-box. Several closely-written sheets of manuscript accompanied these valuables; and, as the customary hour of repose had arrived, I retired to my chamber, not to sleep, but to examine the packet of Marcella. As I perused this detail, admiration, pity, and contempt, were, by turns, excited in my breast, while I read the memoir of this guilty but gifted woman.

FARRINELLI'S HISTORY.

"When this reaches thee, Mac Carthy, she who has written it will have bidden an eternal farewell to the world and all its transitory concerns. The mirror has silently admonished me that youth had passed; but still I felt a lingering attachment to society that marred my better angel's whispers, which in night and solitude prompted me to renounce the fleeting pleasures of mortality. I might have still remained for years undetermined and irresolute, and the wreck of

former beauty might still have commanded partial admiration. But the delusion is over; you have torn away the film which vanity placed before my eyes. Farrinelli failed in her attempt upon your heart, and this, her *first* defeat—for never did she fail to fascinate till now—tells her the hour of her abandoning the world is come.

"Mac Carthy, before you read my history, look at the miniature I have sent you. A few years have only passed since that portrait was painted. It is a faithful likeness of what I once *was*."

I laid down the manuscript, and opened the case which inclosed Farrinelli's picture. Never had I seen a face so perfectly, so brilliantly handsome; for minutes I gazed upon the heavenly beauty of the countenance. I pressed it with enthusiasm to my lips. No wonder Farrinelli had found her charms irresistible. "To see her was to love her." I could have looked for hours on the painting, if the deep interest I felt to learn the history of this singular woman had not recalled my attention to her memoir.

"Do not expect, Mac Carthy, a detailed narrative of my life. If I could not gain your love, at least let me expect your pity. Let me, in a word, express my guilt; for in crime I was unequalled, as in beauty.

"My mother was an actress; and her fine singing and personal charms made her an object of general admiration. The Count de Floras was her favoured lover, and I believe that I am his daughter. He fell in a duel with a rival, while I was yet an infant, and my mother did not long survive him.

"I was destitute. My mother's unbounded extravagance prevented her from leaving any property for my support. I had no relative living, and I cannot guess what would have been my fate, had not accident thrown me in the way of being seen by the wife of a rich jeweller, to whom my mother had been known. Venoni was long married, and being childless, he consented to my adoption by his wife. I was accordingly removed to a lovely villa, called Casabella, and for ten years resided with my kind protectors. Signora Venoni spared no expense upon my education. I was taught singing and dancing by the best masters in Naples; and, as I had a taste for these accomplishments, I became a proficient in both.

"I was destined to lose my protectress; and from that loss sprang all the subsequent crime and misery of my after-life. Signora Venoni died suddenly, and her husband, considering a religious house the most suitable retreat for an orphan, removed me from Casabella to the convent of the White Carmelites. There I remained four years as a boarder; but, alas! I had little inclination for a conventual life. Retired as had been the jeweller's villa, it appeared a paradise compared with the cloistered gloom which pervaded the austere mansion of the Carmelites; and I wept as I contrasted the hours of my happy infancy with the gloomy prospect which awaited my future life. No wonder, when the superior announced that at the approaching festival of their tutelary saint it was determined that I should commence my novitiate, that the intelligence was distressing. The stern abbess witnessed my grief with little sympathy; and, after much entreaty,

hardly consented to my writing to Venoni, and acquainting him with my objection to a monastic life.

"My letter produced an interview with the jeweller. Little had the superior of the Carmelites foreseen the result, when she allowed me to inform Venoni of my hatred to a convent. Knowing that I was an orphan, and unconnected with my protector by any ties of kindred, she had conjectured that Venoni would insist on my taking the veil, and thus free himself from the expense and responsibility of protecting my orphanage.

"The jeweller had visited me but once since I had become a resident in the convent, and it was shortly after I had removed from Casabella. Occupied in trade, any leisure hours he could command were devoted to the improvement of his villa; and he contented himself with learning from the abbess a favourable report of my health and education, and in return punctually forwarding to her the stated annuity for my support. He had left me an interesting child, and he found me a lovely girl, whose first dawn of womanhood gave promise that at maturity I should be gifted with surpassing beauty. Unfortunately for himself, Venoni was fascinated with my appearance. I had sufficient penetration to remark the favourable impression I had made upon my protector; and so artfully did I turn his weakness to my purpose, that I succeeded in persuading him to remove me from the care of the Carmelites, and carry me again to Casabella.

"Venoni, though passed the noon of life, was still active and healthy. Blinded by my beauty, he forgot the disparity of our ages: he became daily more devotedly attached. The protector gave place to the lover; and in a few weeks he had offered me his hand and fortune.

"I had been secluded from my childhood. My heart was yet a stranger to any feeling but that of gratitude. I abhorred the thought of having been destined for a religious life. Venoni I felt for as a parent. I imagined I should be happy as his wife; for Casabella would be mine, and I should then be secure from returning to the Carmelites. I consented to the jeweller's proposals, and soon after we were united.

"Some months passed quietly. I scarcely ever left the villa, and my knowledge of the world as a wife was limited as before I married. I regarded Venoni with a sort of childish fondness; but to any warmer feeling my heart was perfectly insensible.

"One day, when the jeweller returned from the city, where he usually went to transact business, I perceived an unusual cloud upon his brow, and it was apparent that something had occurred since morning that had disturbed his general equanimity. I pressed him to tell me the cause of his uneasiness: for a time he was silent; but at length, yielding to my entreaties, he spoke thus:—

"Marcella, you are right: I am disturbed by an unwelcome piece of news; and yet it will be necessary to explain some family concerns before you could comprehend that this uneasiness of mine proceeds from the unexpected arrival of my only nephew in Naples."

“ ‘Your nephew’s arrival! How, Venoni, can the coming of a near relative produce anything but pleasure?’ ”

“ ‘Alas! Marcella, little dost thou know the world; but I shall explain the circumstance. I had a sister—an only sister; we were born in humble life, for my father was in his youth an artist. Care and industry crowned his labour with success, and he died an opulent goldsmith, leaving me and his only daughter a respectable competence.

“ ‘My sister was exceedingly pretty; and, unfortunately for herself, attracted the attention of an officer of the royal guard. He was a foreigner—an Irishman, named Devereux. He paid his addresses to Pauline, and succeeded. They were married; and from that time my ill-fated sister never knew an hour of happiness. Devereux dissipated her fortune and destroyed her peace; and death brought her a welcome deliverance, after she had given birth to an infant—that nephew whose return I have announced.

“ Devereux’s career of waste and debauchery had, of course, its termination. His means were dissipated, and at last he was obliged to leave the kingdom, and embark for New Spain, where he obtained a commission in the Spanish service; for with all his failings, he was a brave and experienced soldier. His child he confided to me, and, Heaven knows, I was a father to him.

“ ‘My nephew exhibited precocious talent. He acquired languages with uncommon facility. In painting he was a proficient for his years; but music was his forte. I considered I should but discharge my duty towards this neglected boy by cultivating this profitable talent, and accordingly placed him in the conservatoire of ———. There his progress in the science was extraordinary. But, alas! as he grew up, the germs of a bad disposition were visible. He was impatient of control, irritable, and revengeful. Exhibiting early symptoms of depraved and dangerous vices, I was forced to remove him from the conservatoire, and reluctantly send him to Lima, where his father had contrived to obtain an important command. He has been more than ten years absent from this country. His father is dead; his circumstances far from opulent; and he has returned to Naples. I trust that his early vices have been removed; but, dear Marcella, what can I hope from the bad promise of his youth, fostered by the example of a profligate and desperate parent?

“ ‘But he is *still* my nephew. I cannot, without a trial, abandon my sister’s child. Heaven send my suspicions may be groundless, and that years of absence may have been also years of amendment! I have invited him to my house. You will receive him as a relative, and forget that I have told you anything to his disadvantage. In one respect, at least, you will find him agreeable. He is a masterly musician; and in my absence will assist your study of the science, and make the hours less tedious at Casabella.’ ”

“ Next day Venoni departed. He returned at his customary hour in the evening, and his nephew accompanied him. He presented him to me, and I found him a young man of tolerable appearance. In face and person he was by no means striking; but his address was

gentlemanly and polished. Notwithstanding the unfavourable account I had heard from Venoni of his nephew's earlier days, I was soon disposed to think more lightly of his vices than I had expected I should. There was a gentleness of manner, and an apparent candour, about my new relative, that gradually interested me in his behalf, while an artless avowal of youthful delinquency, and a sincere expression of regret for former dissipation, induced his unsuspecting uncle to believe his professions of repentance; and so entirely did he succeed in the course of deceit which he had adopted, that Venoni discarded every unfavourable recollection from his memory, and reposed in his reformed relative the most unbounded confidence. Venoni's nephew had assumed the name of Caracci: he explained the reason of his dropping his paternal one of Devereux, from his being adopted by a wealthy foreigner in Lima. He had still, he said, expectations from his quondam patron, notwithstanding his father's misconduct had, in some degree, estranged his regard from the son. Still, however, he retained the name; and as so many years had elapsed since he had quitted Naples a boy, no one of his former acquaintances would recognise in Caracci the dissipated Devereux of the conservatoire. Venoni acquiesced in his reasoning; and it appeared to the simple-minded jeweller an additional proof of remorse for early misconduct, with a prudent view towards ulterior advantage.

"Caracci seldom left the villa; he superintended his uncle's improvements, and instructed me in music; I was his companion in the garden, his pupil in the saloon. Venoni forgot that his wife, in years, might have been his grandchild: he placed her in the power of an artful and accomplished villain. How could the result be different from what occurred? I forgot I was the uncle's wife, and became the nephew's mistress.

"Months passed: I now loved for the first time, and my passion for Caracci was ardent and unrestrained. On Venoni I looked with aversion; and, unsuspecting as he was, he soon perceived the marked alteration of my conduct towards him. With Italian jealousy he masked his suspicions, and employed a trusty servant to watch me in the hours of his absence. Too great security had made my lover and myself fearless of discovery, and the wary domestic easily ascertained the existence of our criminal attachment.

"My husband veiled his knowledge of my falsehood, and his nephew's depravity, by additional demonstrations of affection to me, and confidence in him. He told us he was obliged, by important business, to leave us for a few days on a commercial visit to Pisa; and with a cheerful countenance, that baffled Caracci's penetration, he bade us farewell, and departed. That night his villain nephew was admitted to my chamber: in perfect security I had fallen asleep in his arms, when suddenly the door was forced open, and my enraged husband, accompanied by several men with lights and fire-arms, surrounded the bed. I shrieked and hid my face beneath the coverlet, while Caracci was thrown upon the floor, and his irritated uncle's sword was pointed at his breast.

"With wonderful self-command, Venoni forbore to strike the fatal blow. 'Wretch!' he cried, 'is this thy return for my kindness? I, who almost loved thee as my son; I, who trusted thee implicitly! My loved sister's blood circulates in thy veins, and the laws of God and nature alike forbid that it should be spilled by me. Off, damned villain, to some other land! Let some other country be the scene of thy crime, and, God grant, thy contrition. Thou hast, adder-like, stung the bosom that befriended thee! Want shall not urge thee to fresh guilt. Go.' As he spoke, I heard a heavy purse fall upon the floor, and his followers departed at his command, to conduct his ruffian relative beyond the bounds of the villa.

"I shuddered when I found myself alone with the man whom I had irreparably injured. Venoni approached the bed. I looked for a moment; but, as if struck with lightning, I closed my eyes, nor dared to raise them again. Never shall I forget my husband's countenance, as he stood in silent, speechless agony, gazing on his unworthy wife. No reproach passed his pale lips; but the expression of horror and despair with which he regarded me struck me to the soul, and seemed to freeze my blood. For some moments he stood above me, mute as a marble statue; then heaving one long deep sigh, that seemed to rend his bosom, he placed the lamp upon the table, and retired from the chamber.

"I spent the remainder of the night in tears of unavailing anguish; but, alas! my distress was less occasioned by sorrow for the crime than apprehensions for the consequences of its discovery. My mind was distracted by conflicting feelings; now agonized for the misery I had inflicted on my kind protector; and again the fatal passion I felt for my seducer plunged me into wretchedness at the thought of being separated from him for ever. Mine was not the repentant agony of a conscience-stricken sinner. My principles had, I believe, been radically vicious; and, under the tutelage of Caracci, the last feeble struggles of religion were extinguished, and his insidious precepts prepared me too well for the career of vice which marked my guilty history.

"Soon after breakfast my own maid brought me a letter. Her master had given it to her to deliver, and immediately, as she informed me, set off for Naples. I had scarcely courage to break the seal; when I did, I read as follows:—

"'Marcella,—My heart bleeds for thee! so young, so lovely, and so fallen! While I lament thy crime, my conscience upbraids me with being inadvertently an accessory to thy ruin. I was blinded by thy charms, and forgot the disparity of our years; and, infatuated by thy beauty, risked our mutual happiness, by making thee my wife. I exposed thee to the villany of an unprincipled relative; and thy virtue, too weak to bear the trial, fell before his art and my imprudence.

"'Marcella, I must never see thee more. That face which misled my judgment when I wedded, might even yet mar my resolution.

Thou art too lovely, and too abased, to remain beneath my roof; and I hasten to remove thee to a place, where penitence and peace are still attainable for thee. For *me*—but I will not reproach thee—a broken heart like mine will soon find shelter where the weary rest!

“I shall endeavour to prevent temptation from causing thee to err again. Placed in the convent of our Lady of the Pillar, strict discipline, and a total estrangement from the world, may restore purity to thy heart, and peace to thy mind. To-day I shall make the requisite arrangements for your reception into this holy sisterhood, and you shall be amply provided for, at the present, and at the time when I shall be removed from this uncertain life. Farewell! Thine, in bitterness of heart,
“CARLO VENONI.”

“When I read the letter, I dropped upon the floor: a worse fate than any I had pictured had befallen me. I was to be immured within the fearful walls of the severest community in Italy. The convent of our Lady of the Pillar was famed for its stern and unrelaxing discipline. It was the asylum of despairing sin, and was unrivalled on the Continent for gloomy penance and ascetic severity; and to this society I should be committed before the summer of my days had opened; and youth and beauty would ‘blush unseen’ within the gloomy inclosure of a monastic prison.

“How could I avoid my dreadful destiny? I could not fly from it; for in the world I had no one to escape to. Caracci was an outcast; and who would interpose and save me? Again and again I read Venoni’s letter. I perceived that he half feared his constancy of purpose. He would not see me, and this was an acknowledgment of his weakness.

“I determined to use every artifice to change his resolution. He feared to trust himself, and I resolved that he should have an interview, and thus leave the event to fortune and my beauty. I learned from my attendant that he had returned from the city; and I decided that when the villa was at rest, I would repair to his chamber. We then should be secure from interruption. And notwithstanding his conviction of my frailty and unworthiness, I suspected a smothered attachment was lurking in his breast, and I would assail his weakness with woman’s beauty, and, more dangerous yet, a woman’s tears!

“Full of my attempt upon Venoni’s tenderness, I waited impatiently for the hour to execute my plan. The evening seemed interminable: at last the clock struck the hour of midnight, and the inmates of the villa were at rest. I left my room with a trembling heart, and, guided by a taper which I carried, approached the chamber occupied by my husband, which lay at the further end of a long corridor. My hand was on the lock, when the noise of a foot upon the floor within arrested it for an instant. Was Venoni not yet a-bed? I mustered fresh resolution. My situation was hopeless. The convent and its horrible seclusion flashed on my memory, and I desperately pushed the door open.

"Words cannot describe the scene of horror which met my eyes within. Venoni was extended on the floor between the bed and window : a man was stooping over him, whom the glare of the taper and noise of the unclosing door disturbed. The discharge of a pistol at me by the murderer succeeded, and next moment he bounded through the lattice into the shrubbery beneath. Momentary as the occurrence was, I recognised in the terror-stricken countenance of the ruffian the well-remembered features of Caracci. I staggered on to where my husband lay. His throat was frightfully cut, and the floor deluged with blood. The face bore a horrible expression of mortal agony ; while his hands, hacked and wounded by the weapon, and a quantity of hair clenched in his grasp, and torn from the head of the murderer, showed how long and powerfully the old man had struggled with the assassin. Nature could not support me longer. I uttered a piercing shriek, and fell lifeless beside Venoni's body.

"The report of the pistol had alarmed the family, and my cries directed them to the spot. The knife which had done the deed of death was found. It was a foreign implement, and had often been seen in Caracci's hand, while pruning shrubs and training fruit-trees. But the evidence of his guilt did not rest on the fatal weapon. The hair found in the grasp of the murdered man was easily recognised : it was dark, intermingled with one lock of silvery whiteness ; and such was well remembered to have been remarked upon the right temple of the jeweller's nephew."

I dropped the manuscript. The identity of Devereux with the murderer of Venoni was undoubted. Often at the tower had I remarked that singular ringlet on the monk's forehead. For some moments an indescribable feeling of horror and dread prevented me from perusing Marcella's narration ; but I mastered my agitation, and continued to read the guilty memoir.

"I shall not dwell upon the subject of my husband's murder, and the events which followed I shall briefly detail. Caracci was apprehended in a day or two, and I was committed to prison as the abettor of his guilt. My criminal intimacy with the murderer naturally occasioned my being suspected as accessory to my husband's death. The day of trial came on, and the hall of justice was crowded to excess ; for exaggerated accounts of my beauty had been circulated throughout Naples, and numbers of persons of rank assembled to view the beautiful criminal. The result was that Caracci, on the clearest evidence, was sentenced to be broken on the wheel ; and I, although acquitted of the charge of murder, was condemned to confinement for life in the penitentiary, where convicts of the better order were incarcerated ; and Venoni's property was escheated to the crown.

"Neither decree, excepting the forfeiture to the king, was carried into execution. Caracci's punishment was commuted, and he was consigned for life to the galleys. It was said that a diamond ring, which he had taken from his uncle's finger, and contrived to conceal about his person, was his passport to the ear of mercy. For me,

my beauty opened the prison doors. The president of the court had been struck with my charms; and I was removed from the walls of the penitentiary to a retired house in the suburbs of Naples, and became the mistress of the judge.

"A detailed account of the following years of my life would be a record of splendid criminality. My lovers were numerous. Wealth and power were at my disposal; for princes were my worshippers, and even cardinals were ranked among my slaves. I resided at a splendid mansion given me by the young Duc d'Ossuno, one of the richest and noblest of the Neapolitan court.

"One night I had returned from the theatre, and my saloon was crowded with admirers. I left the gay party for a moment, and retiring to my dressing-room, despatched my attendant to a distant part of the mansion with some orders to my servants. I was alone, and with all a woman's vanity contemplated my face and person in the full-length mirror. I was then in the meridian of my beauty. I was superbly dressed; the choicest pearls rested on my bosom; the brightest diamonds sparkled in my hair. I viewed with exultation the unequalled elegance of my costume; and my heart beat with pleasure, and my eyes lightened with pride.

"Suddenly, in the reflection of the glass, a face, wan and wretched beyond description, appeared at my very shoulder! I screamed in terror: I turned hastily round; it was no delusion of disturbed fancy: a man, or rather the skeleton of a man, was standing at my back; his tattered garments were foul and squalid, his sunken eye spoke want and misery, and a broken fetter was still upon his limbs. Heavens! it was Caracci!

"'Dost thou know me, Marcella?' said the well-known voice, in hollow and unearthly tones. I staggered to a sofa, while the wretch continued, with bitter irony, 'We are differently attired, Marcella; but there was little time for dressing in the house I quitted to-night.'

"'What, in the Virgin's name, has brought you hither?' I asked, in a paroxysm of alarm.

"'Despair!' replied the felon, fiercely.

"'Your business?'

"'Shelter and protection,' he answered, boldly.

"'How could I conceal you? Impossible!'

"'Easily, Marcella; *here* you must conceal me—ay, *here*, in this very chamber. Who will suspect that a mass of rags and wretchedness shelters his misery in this splendid saloon? or that the galley-slave is harboured in the private closet of the mistress of the proudest peer in Italy?'

"I could not speak for terror. Caracci saw it, and continued in a lower and milder tone,—'Nay, Marcella, fear nothing. I will soon rid thee of my hated presence. Give me the means of safety; bring me food and wine, a file to cut this manacle, a change of dress to disguise my person, arms for my defence, and a purse of gold to insure escape: give these, and I leave thee to my noble rival.'

"I feared the desperate state of Caracci too much not to comply promptly with his demand. I concealed him in my cabinet, provided the articles he required, and before morning had the satisfaction to see the man I once loved to madness, and whom I now dreaded as a demon, depart.

"I heard of him but seldom afterwards. For a time he led a precarious life in Germany and France; his crimes having shut him out from Italy. At last, some detected villany obliged him to quit the Continent altogether, and I learned that he had retired to Ireland, and assumed the character of a priest. There he has since resided; and is, as he has informed me, a spy in the service of the French government.

"Mac Carthy, I will bring my history to a close; for a description of a career of infamy, however splendid, is disgusting. Think not that brilliant dissipation atones for a blighted reputation. Conscience may be blunted, but cannot be entirely quenched; and, God knows, often have I felt its sting!

"As years rolled on, rival beauties appeared; my lovers decreased; and the sphere in which I moved, a bright but fallen star, gradually was narrowed and overcast. In the death of the young Duc d'Ossuno, my influence received a fatal blow. The noblest in the land no longer waited in my saloon, and lived upon my smiles; and those who, in the zenith of my beauty, would not have presumed to approach my dwelling, now found a ready entrance.

"The death of a foreigner, under distressing circumstances, accelerated my fall. He was connected with some of the proudest of the Neapolitan court, and his death was made a pretext for my persecution by some who, in other days, would have professed themselves honoured by an admission to my conversazione. I found it advisable to yield to the storm, and, leaving Naples, retired to the villa where you found me.

"Vassalli, a man of family and fortune, whose vices had ruined and reduced him, with others of a similar caste, had been accessories to the plundering of the unhappy foreigner I alluded to before; and they were employed by your bitter enemy, the pretended monk, to forward his designs against yourself. What are the precise objects of his villany I cannot exactly say. His ostensible motive, in engaging our assistance, was to keep you here, while he should carry off a quantity of jewels, which, if his account be true, must be immensely valuable. One rich gem he sent us to prove their worth, and secure our services. As to yourself, Caracci depended on my blandishments succeeding in keeping you here a willing captive; and had they failed, you would have been provided for otherwise, and death would have removed from the monk's path one whom he equally hates and fears.

"And now, Mac Carthy, as you value life and fortune, stay not another hour in Naples. Hasten to your home, and you may yet reach Ireland in time to mar the ruffian's plans. If ever fiend lurked in a human form, it is the catiff monk's you left behind. No danger

daunts him; and from no crime, however desperate, will he hold back: he is daring in deed, and unrivalled in artifice and dissimulation. You are now forewarned; act boldly and promptly, and you may escape the impending danger.

"Mac Carthy, farewell! The last act of my connection with the world I shall ever look back upon with satisfaction. If my warning succeeds in saving you from the deep villany of the pseudo-monk, I shall have at least marred the schemes of a ruffian, and saved the man I loved—the man I would have followed to a wilderness. But I must forget thee, save in my prayers. Farewell! While fast and penitence shall be the lot of Farrinelli, may every happiness be thine, Mac Carthy! Farewell for ever!

"MARCELLA."

Mac Carthy paused:—"Now comes the sequel, Jack. Give me thy flask, boy, I must steel my nerves." He raised the liquor to his lips, then stooping his head on the pommel of his saddle, appeared for a few minutes lost in meditation; but he soon shook off his sombre mood, raised his head proudly, and thus continued:—

I must hurry to the last scene of the tragedy. I left Naples, travelled with a rapidity seldom equalled, and in an incredibly short time again landed in Ireland.

I left my baggage in Dublin, and travelled the island from east to west in two days, and on the second evening reached the heights above the tower. My jaded horse refused to proceed farther, and I dismounted, and took the well-known paths which led across fens and moorland to my father's dwelling. Late as the hour was, lights were gleaming from the casements, and human figures crossed and recrossed them frequently: fancy induced me to believe that my return was anticipated, and that the lights and bustle in the tower were consequent on preparations for my reception.

I passed the ruined inclosure of what had once been the court-yard. A female servant was crossing at the instant, addressing a question to a man. "She cannot live," he answered, in an agitated voice. "*She cannot live!*" I wildly exclaimed, advancing from the cover of the broken wall. The woman screamed—"It is his ghost!" while the man uttered with an oath—"It is himself—God help him!"

Cavanagh would have detained me, but I burst from his hold, and entered the hall of the tower. Heedless of the exclamation of welcome which my unexpected appearance drew from the crowd within, I bounded upstairs towards the chamber of my wife. The door was open: I paused upon the threshold, and, horror-struck, gazed on the scene the interior of the apartment disclosed to my view.

Adela, pale as a corpse, was lying on the bed, her head supported by her attendant, and her hand in that of an elderly man. Two old women were standing at her feet, and the lights were so disposed as enable me to see her face distinctly. O God! how changed it!

The youthful and lustrous beauty of that once lovely counte-

nance was gone. Death had put his pale hand upon her brow; and the sparkle of her dark and lucid eye had given place to a fixed and frenzied stare. The man turned his head, and I recognised my father. I entered silently, and was for a moment unperceived, till Adela's dull glance fell upon me. She shrieked; and instantly I was on my knees beside her, covering her faded cheek with kisses.

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The room was cleared at her request, and my father and I alone remained. She had become more composed, and the cordial she had taken from my hand revived her wonderfully. "Maurice," she said, "idol of my soul! hast thou strength and courage to hear my fatal disclosure?" I murmured for her to proceed; but I cannot repeat the desperate story of poor Adela's ruin. The night before I arrived, the villain monk, finding that her attendant was to be absent at a village dance, contrived to administer some damned drug. Adela went to sleep, pure and innocent as an angel. A prayer for *me* was on her lips, when her eyes were sealed in slumber. She awoke as morning dawned, and found herself in the arms of the demon Devereux!

* * * * *

Labour, premature and severe, came on,—and I was forced from the room. My brain was on fire. I knew not what I did. I fled distractedly from the tower; and, heedless of darkness and a rising storm, rushed madly towards the mountains, by that wild path which overhung the precipice, beneath which the disturbed ocean was beating.

The wind, all evening threatening and gusty, was increasing to a gale. Dark clouds careered rapidly across the moon, now revealing, and now obscuring her brilliancy. The storm came on—the darkness grew denser—a few large drops fell on my naked head, and a low and sullen roll of thunder told that the tempest was on the wing.

I had reached the chasm in the rocks where the path hung over the sea, and scarcely afforded room for two persons to pass in safety. The ocean lashed the base of the precipice three hundred yards beneath me. I paused on this fearful cliff. I looked down on the little bay, and, by a passing gleam of moonlight, observed a smuggling vessel at anchor below. Next moment a low whistle was heard among the rocks, and I lay back in a fissure of the cliff, as a man's footsteps approached by an opposite direction.

"Is Phillippi there?" inquired a low and well-remembered voice in French. I cowered closely to the rock, and, tiger-like, waited in my concealment. On came a figure, with a cautious and stealthy pace; he neared me, and I folded in my deadly grasp the murderer of Adela's honour!

Writhing in my arms, he sought in vain for a weapon in his bosom; but mine was a desperate embrace, and his ribs seemed almost yielding to the pressure. "Have I thee, then, mine enemy?" I muttered, while my eyes shot at my victim a maniac glare of hate and vengeance.

"For the sake of Jesus, spare me, spare me!" A deadly execra-

tion answered the vain appeal. "Thy jewels are safe, Maurice; I will restore them."

"Jewels!" I exclaimed. "Monk! the gem does not exist that would buy one drop of thy devoted blood!" I clenched the villain's throat: still a half-uttered prayer escaped for "mercy!" He struggled hard for life: he strove to fasten his hands around my limbs; but with a blow I beat him to the ground.

He lay upon the very brow of the precipice: he shrieked in agony—"Mercy! mercy! mercy!"—"Mercy!" I cried; and my maniac laugh was heard by Cavanagh, who was following me. "Mercy! for the murderer of Venoni—the destroyer of Adela!" Spurning him with my foot from the path, he crossed the ledge of rock, and next moment was in eternity!

Cavanagh carried me back. My strength, which was just now prodigious, had left me, and I was feeble as an infant. From the agony of seeing Adela expire I was saved. In my absence she had given birth to a still-born child, and departed to a better world with my name upon her lips. According to the custom of the country, the body, when laid out, was surrounded by numbers who lamented her; but I expelled the living from the chamber, and sat down in desperate composure beside the cold remains of what had once teemed with life, and loveliness, and spirit.

* * * *

She was buried, Jack. I sank into the deepest melancholy, stole nightly to her grave, and sat on the turf till morning. Many days after, Caracci's body, foul and disfigured beyond imagination, drifted on the beach, and the fishermen placed it in the grave. But to my diseased imagination, that caitiff corpse reposing in the same earth appeared like contaminating the hallowed ground that covered my sainted Adela. That night I disinterred the villain's coffin, and with a gigantic effort I carried it to the sea-side, and again committed the felon to the waves. The wind blew freshly from the shore, and I had the miserable satisfaction of knowing that the murderer's bones whitened in the ocean, while his victim's rested in the grave.

* * * *

My narrative will soon close. The betrayal of his confessor's guilt had a fatal effect upon his wretched dupe, my father. He became at once an idiot, and in a few weeks more a corpse. For months afterwards I was partially insane; but my malady became milder, and its attacks less frequent; and time restored my mental health. I left my country—conveyed the property of the tower and lands to my foster-brother; for Adela's valuable jewels were found in the monk's cabinet, which was secured by Cavanagh. It would have been conveyed away by the smugglers; but the death of Devereux, and my foster-brother's vigilance, saved it.

The disposal of my wife's effects in London produced a sum of money more than adequate to my wants, and the furtherance of any plan of life I might select. War is the natural refuge for outcasts from happiness like me. I hastened to the continent; and, entering

the Prussian service, was present at the disastrous battles of Eylau, Wagram, and Jena. Cavanagh, with more than brotherly devotion, would not remain behind. He divided his newly-acquired property among his relatives, and followed my fortunes. His career closed in his first battle. He died sword in hand beside me at Austerlitz. Peace to his ashes!

When the campaign of 1807 closed, I left the Prussian service. A moody mind like mine is ever wayward and unsettled; and from war I retired to solitude—from solitude I plunged into dissipation. For years my life was a series of extremes; now the ascetic of a desert, and now a meteor in society. But war was still my favourite resource; and when the Peninsular struggle became more sanguinary, I joined the British cavalry.

You have now heard my tale: none but yourself knows the secret history of Maurice Mac Carthy. Few have concealed a broken heart so well; and few have hidden from the cold pity of a faithless world sorrows that despised its sympathy, and sufferings for which it had no cure. At times, on the anniversary of Adela's death and Caracci's execution, my soul sank; and, to hide the despondency I could not conquer, I was obliged to retire from society; but you know, Jack, how successfully I combated this mental morbidness, and how soon Mac Carthy resumed his place among those whose hearts and spirits were unbroken.

You are my heir, Jack. You will find at my banker's some money, and Marcella's picture. Where is Adela's? where it must perish with me, boy—engraven on this scathed and blighted heart!

A gun boomed sullenly from the French lines—the signal that morning had broken: bugles and drums replied in different directions—orderlies recalled the advanced pickets—and Maurice Mac Carthy again was in his saddle.

Hepburn, with astonishment, looked at his fellow-soldier. Was this the narrator of the tale of blood that he had been listening to? He sat gallantly on his noble horse, and bandied some wild jests with the officer who had recalled the picket. The troop moved off to join the regiment in the rear; and as the young cornet viewed the proud and reckless bearing of Mac Carthy, he marvelled, how even that stately and warlike frame could support the broken heart it covered.

WATERLOO.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?

GRAY.

WHEN morning broke, the rival armies were visible to each other. It was said that Napoleon betrayed a mixed feeling of surprise and pleasure when it was announced to him that the British army were on the same ground they had occupied the preceding evening. "*Ah! Je les tiens donc, ces Anglais!*" was his observation; for he believed that Wellington would have retreated, and waited for the advance of the Prussians, rather than hazard a decisive battle, assisted only by the small portion of the allies who fought with the British troops at Waterloo. Little did the French emperor know the man opposed to him; and still less, the *matériel* of the gallant army which the English duke commanded.

Wet and unrefreshed, the soldiers rose from their cheerless bivouack, and commenced preparations for the approaching combat. They cleaned their arms, injured by the rain, and endeavoured to procure the means for cooking their scanty breakfast. The rain still continued, but with less severity than during the preceding night; the wind fell, the day lowered, and the morning of the 18th was gloomy and foreboding. The British soon recovered from the chill cast over them by the inclemency of the weather; and from the ridge of their position calmly observed the enemy's masses coming up in long succession, and forming their numerous columns on the heights in front of La Belle Alliance.

The bearing of the French was very opposite to the steady and cool determination which marked the feelings of the British soldiery: with the former, all was exultation and arrogant display, for, with characteristic vanity, they were excited by their imaginary success at Quatre-Bras, and the less equivocal victory at Ligny. Although, in point of fact, beaten by the British on the 16th, they tortured the retrograde movement of the Duke on Waterloo into a defeat; and winning a field from Blücher, attended with no advantage beyond the capture of a few disabled guns, they declared the Prussian army routed and disorganized, without a prospect of being rallied.

The morning passed in mutual arrangements for battle. The French dispositions for the attack were commenced soon after nine o'clock. The 1st corps, under Count D'Erlon, was in position opposite La Haye Sainte, its right extending towards Frichermont, and its left leaning on the road to Brussels. The 2nd corps, uniting its right with D'Erlon's left, extended to Hougomont, with the wood in its front. The cavalry reserve (the cuirassiers) were immediately in the rear of these corps; and the Imperial Guard, forming the grand

reserve, were posted on the heights of La Belle Alliance. Count Lobau, with the 6th corps, and D'Aumont's cavalry, were placed in the rear of the extreme right, to check the Prussians,* should they advance from Wavre, and approach by the defiles of Saint Lambert. Napoleon's arrangements were completed about half-past eleven, and the order to attack was given immediately.

The place from which Buonaparte viewed the field was a gentle rising ground beside the farm-house of La Belle Alliance. There he remained for a considerable part of the day, dismounted, pacing to and fro with his hands behind him, receiving communications from his aides-de-camp, and issuing orders to his officers. As the battle became more doubtful, he approached nearer the scene of action, and betrayed increased impatience to his staff by violent gesticulation, and using immense quantities of snuff. At three o'clock he was on horseback in front of La Belle Alliance; and in the evening, just before he made his last attempt with the Guard, he had reached a hollow close to La Haye Sainte.

Wellington, at the opening of the engagement, stood upon a ridge immediately behind La Haye; but as the conflict thickened, where difficulties arose, and dangers threatened, *there* the Duke was found. He traversed the field exposed to a storm of balls, and passed from point to point uninjured; and more than on one occasion, when the French cavalry charged the British squares, the Duke was there for shelter.

A slight skirmishing between the French tirailleurs and English light troops had continued throughout the morning; but the advance of a division of the 2nd corps under Jerome Buonaparte against the post of Hougoumont was the signal for the British artillery to open, and was, in fact, the beginning of the battle of Waterloo. The first gun fired on the 18th was directed by Sir George Wood upon Jerome's advancing column; the last was a French howitzer, at eight o'clock in the evening, turned by a British officer against the routed ruins of that splendid army with which Napoleon commenced the battle.

Hougoumont was the key of the Duke's position,—a post naturally of considerable strength, and care had been taken to increase it. It was garrisoned by the light companies of the Coldstream and 1st and 3rd Guards; while a detachment from General Byng's brigade was formed on an eminence behind, to support the troops who defended the house and the wood on its left. Three hundred Nassau riflemen were stationed in the wood and garden; but the enemy's first attack dispersed them.

* There have been conflicting statements as to whether Buonaparte did or did not know that Bulow was in force in the rear of his right. Ney says, that Labedoyere brought him a message from the Emperor, that Grouchy at seven o'clock had attacked the extreme left of the Anglo-Prussian army; while Girard states, that at nine in the morning Napoleon knew that a Prussian column, which had escaped the marshal (Grouchy) was advancing in his rear. Gneisenau affirms, that the 4th Prussian corps (Bulow's) moved from Dion-le-Mont, by Wavre, on Saint Lambert at daybreak. Certainly Buonaparte might have been acquainted with its advance early in the day; whether he was or was not, its arrival at Waterloo in the evening decided that day and his destiny.

To carry Hougomont, the efforts of the 2nd corps were principally directed throughout the day. This fine corps, 30,000 strong, comprised three divisions; and each of these, in quick succession, attacked the well-defended farm-house. The advance of the assailants was covered by the tremendous cross-fire of nearly one hundred pieces; while the British guns in battery on the heights above returned the cannonade, and made fearful havoc in the dense columns of the enemy, as they advanced or retired from the attack. Although the French frequently occupied the wood, it afforded them indifferent shelter from the musketry of the troops defending the house and garden; for the trees were slight, and planted far asunder. Foy's division passed entirely through and gained the heights in the rear; but it was driven back with immense loss by part of the Coldstream and 3rd Guards, leaving in its different attempts 3,000 of its number in the wood and garden.

At last, despairing of success, the French artillery opened with shells upon the house: the old tower of Hougomont was quickly in a blaze; the fire reached the chapel, and many of the wounded, both assailants and defenders, there perished miserably. But, though the flames raged above, shells burst around, and shots ploughed through shattered walls and windows, the Guards nobly held the place, and Hougomont remained untaken. It was computed that Napoleon's repeated and desperate attacks upon this post cost him 10,000 men, while the British lost 1,000.

The advance of Jerome on the right was followed by a general onset upon the British line. Three hundred pieces of artillery opened their cannonade, and the French columns, in different points, advanced to the attack. Charges of cavalry and infantry, sometimes separately, and sometimes with united force, were made in vain. The British regiments were disposed in square, with triple files, and each placed sufficiently apart to allow its deploying when requisite. The squares were mostly parallel; but a few were judiciously thrown back; and this disposition, when the French cavalry had passed the advanced regiments, exposed them to a flanking fire from the squares behind. The English cavalry were in the rear of the infantry: the artillery in battery over the line. Waterloo may be easily understood by simply stating, that for ten hours it was a continued succession of attacks of the French columns on the squares; the British artillery playing upon them as they advanced, and the cavalry charging them when they receded.

But no situation could be more trying to the unyielding courage of the British army than the disposition in square at Waterloo. There is an excited feeling in an attacking body that stimulates the coldest, and blunts the thought of danger. The tumultuous enthusiasm of the assault spreads from man to man, and duller spirits catch a gallant frenzy from the brave around them. But the enduring and devoted courage which pervaded the British squares, when, hour after hour, mowed down by a murderous artillery, and wearied by furious and frequent onsets of lancers and cuirassiers; when the constant order

—"Close up!—close up!"—marked the quick succession of slaughter that thinned their diminished ranks; and when the day wore later, and the remnants of two, and even three, regiments were necessary to complete the square, which one of them had formed in the morning—to support this with firmness, and "feed death," inactive and unmoved, exhibited a calm and desperate bravery which elicited the warmest admiration of Napoleon himself.

At times the temper of the troops had nearly failed; and particularly among the Irish regiments, the reiterated question of "When will we get at them?" showed how ardent the wish was to avoid inactive slaughter, and, plunging into the columns of the assailants, to avenge the death of their companions. But the "Be cool, my boys!" from their officers, was sufficient to restrain this impatience; and, cumbering the ground with their dead, they waited with desperate intrepidity for the hour when victory and vengeance would be their own!

While the 2nd corps was engaged at Hougomont, the 1st was directed by Napoleon to penetrate the left centre. Had this attempt succeeded, the British must have been defeated, as one wing would have been severed and surrounded. Picton's division was now severely engaged. Its position stretched from La Haye Sainte to Ter la Haye in front, with an irregular hedge; but this being broken, and pervious to cavalry, afforded but partial protection. The Belgian infantry, who were extended in front of the 5th division, gave way as the leading columns of D'Erlon's corps approached. The French came boldly up to the fence, and Picton, with Kempt's brigade, as gallantly advanced to meet them.

A tremendous combat ensued, as the French and British closed; for the cuirassiers had been received in square, and repulsed with immense loss. Instantly Picton deployed the division into line, and pressing forward to the hedge, received and returned the volley of D'Erlon's infantry, and then crossing the fence drove back the enemy with the bayonet. The French retreated in close column, while the 5th mowed them down with musketry, and slaughtered them in heaps.

Lord Anglesey seized on the moment, and, charging with the Royals, Greys, and Enniskilleners, bore down everything that opposed him. Vainly the mailed cuirassier and formidable lancer met this splendid body of heavy cavalry. They were overwhelmed; and the French infantry, already broken and disorganized by the "fighting 5th," fell in hundreds beneath the swords of the English dragoons. The eagles of the 45th and 105th regiments, and upwards of 2,000 prisoners, were the trophies of this brilliant charge.

But, alas! like most military triumphs, this had its misfortune to alloy it. Picton fell! but where could the commander of the gallant 5th meet with death so gloriously? He was at the head of his division as it pressed forward—he saw the best troops of Napoleon repulsed—the ball struck him; and as he fell from his horse he heard the Highland lament answered by the deep execration of Erin; and while the Scotch slogan was returned by the Irish hurrah, his fading

sight saw his favourite division rush on with irresistible fury: the French column was annihilated, and two thousand dead enemies told how desperately he had been avenged. This was, probably, the bloodiest struggle of the day. When the attack commenced—and it lasted not an hour—the 5th division exceeded 5,000 men; when it ended, they reckoned scarcely 1,800!

While Picton's division and the heavy cavalry had repulsed D'Erlon's attack on the left, the battle was raging at La Haye Sainte, a post in front of the left centre. This was a rude farm-house and barn, defended by 500 German riflemen. The attack was fierce and constant, and the defence gallant and protracted. While a number of guns played on it with shot and shells, it was assailed by a strong column of infantry. Thrice they were repulsed; but the barn having caught fire, and the number of the garrison decreasing, it was found impossible, from its exposed situation, to supply the loss and throw in reinforcements. Still worse, the ammunition of the rifle corps failed, and, reduced to a few cartridges, their fire almost ceased.

Encouraged by this casualty, the French, at the fourth attempt, stormed the position. Though the doors were burst in, still the gallant Germans held the house with their bayonets; but, having ascended the walls and roof, the French fired on them from above, and, when reduced to a handful, the post was surrendered. No quarter was given, and the remnant of the defenders were bayoneted on the spot.

This was, however, the only point where, during this long and sanguinary conflict, Buonaparte succeeded. He became master of a dilapidated dwelling, its roof destroyed by shells, and its walls perforated by a thousand shot-holes; and when obtained, an incessant torrent of grape and shrapnels, from the British artillery on the heights above, rendered its acquisition useless for future operations, and made a persistence in maintaining it a wanton and unnecessary sacrifice of human life.

There was a terrible sameness in the battle of the 18th of June, which distinguishes it in the history of modern slaughter. Although designated by Napoleon "a day of false manœuvres," in reality there was less display of military tactics at Waterloo than in any general action we have on record. Buonaparte's favourite plan was perseveringly followed. To turn a wing or separate a position was his customary system, and both were tried—at Hougomont to turn the right, and at La Haye Sainte to break through the left centre. Hence the French operations were confined to fierce and incessant onsets with masses of cavalry and infantry, supported by a numerous and destructive artillery.

Knowing that to repel these desperate and sustained attacks a tremendous sacrifice of human life must occur, Napoleon, reckless of their acknowledged bravery, calculated on wearying the British into defeat. But when he saw his columns driven back in confusion—when his cavalry receded from the squares they could not penetrate—when battalions were reduced to companies by the fire of his cannon,

and still that "feeble few" showed a perfect front, and held the ground they had originally taken, no wonder his admiration was expressed to Soult—"How beautifully these English fight! but they must give way!"

And well did British bravery merit the proud encomium which their enduring courage elicited from Napoleon. For hours, with uniform and unflinching gallantry, had they repulsed the attacks of troops who had proved their superiority over the soldiers of every other nation in Europe. When the artillery united its fire, and poured its exterminating volleys on some devoted regiment, the square, prostrate on the earth, allowed the storm to pass over them. When the battery ceased, to permit their cavalry to charge and complete the work of destruction, the square was on its feet again: no face unformed, no chasm to allow the horsemen entrance, but a serried line of impassable bayonets before, while the rear rank threw in its reserved fire with murderous precision. The cuirass was too near the musket to avert death from the wearer: men and horses fell in heaps; each attempt ended in defeat; and the cavalry retired, leaving their best and boldest before the square, which to them had proved impenetrable.

When the close column of infantry came on, the square had deployed into line: the French were received with a destructive volley, and next moment the wild cheer, which accompanies the bayonet-charge, told that England advanced with the weapon she had always found irresistible. Seldom the French crossed bayonets with the British; when they did, the ground, heaped with corpses, attested England's superiority.

But the situation of Wellington momentarily became more critical; though masses of the enemy had fallen, thousands came on anew. With desperate attachment, the French army pressed forward at Napoleon's command, and while each advance terminated in defeat and slaughter, fresh battalions crossed the valley, and, mounting the ridge with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" exhibited a devotion which never has been equalled. Wellington's reserves had gradually been brought into action; and the left, though but partially engaged, dared not, weakened, to send assistance to the right and centre. Many battalions were miserably reduced. The 5th division, already cut up at Quatre-Bras, on the evening of the 18th, presented but skeletons of what these beautiful brigades had been when they left Brussels two days before.

The loss of individual regiments was prodigious. One* had four hundred men mowed down in square without drawing a trigger: it lost almost all its officers; and a subaltern commanded it for half the day. Another,† when not two hundred men were left, rushed into a French column and routed it with the bayonet; a third,‡ when nearly annihilated, sent to require support: none could be given, and the commanding officer was told that he must "stand or fall where he was!"

* 27th regiment.

† 92nd regiment.

‡ 33rd regiment.

No wonder that Wellington almost despaired; he calculated, and justly, that he had an army who would perish where they stood. But when he saw the devastation caused by the incessant attacks of an enemy, who appeared determined to succeed, is it surprising that his watch was frequently consulted, and that he prayed for night or Blücher?

When evening came, no doubt Buonaparte began to question the accuracy of his "military arithmetic," a phrase happily applied to his meting out death by the hour. Half the day had been consumed in a sanguinary and indecisive conflict; all his disposable troops but the Guard had been employed, and still his efforts were foiled; and the British, with diminished numbers, showed the same bold front they had presented at the commencement of the battle. He determined on another desperate attempt upon the whole British line; and while he issued orders to effect it, a distant cannonade announced that a fresh force was approaching to share the action. Napoleon, concluding that Grouchy was coming up, had the glad tidings conveyed to his disheartened columns. An aide-de-camp, however, quickly removed the mistake; and the emperor received unwelcome intelligence that the strange force, debouching from the woods of Saint Lambert, was the advanced guard of a Prussian corps. But still he appeared, or affected to appear, incredulous, until the fatal truth was ascertained; and while the delusive hope of immediate relief was industriously circulated among his troops, Count Lobau, with the 6th corps, was despatched to employ the Prussians, while himself in person directed a general attack upon the British line.

Meanwhile the Prussian advance debouched from the wood of Frichermont; and the operations of Blücher on the rear of Napoleon's right flank became alarming. If Blücher established himself there in force, unless his success against the British in his front was rapid and decisive, or Grouchy came promptly to his relief, Buonaparte knew well that his situation would be hopeless. Accordingly, he directed the 1st and 2nd corps, and all his cavalry reserves, against the Duke: the French mounted the heights once more, and the British were attacked from right to left. A dreadful and protracted encounter followed; for an hour the contest was sustained, and, like the preceding ones, it was a sanguinary succession of determined attack and obstinate resistance. The impetuosity of the French onset at first obtained a temporary success. The English light cavalry were driven back, and for a time a number of the guns were in the enemy's possession; but the British rallied: again the French were forced across the ridge, and retired to their original ground, without effecting any permanent impression.

It was now five o'clock, and the Prussian reserve cavalry under Prince William was warmly engaged with Count Lobau. Bulow's corps, with the 2nd, under Pirch, were approaching rapidly through the passes of St. Lambert; and the 1st Prussian corps, advancing by Ohain, had already begun to operate on Napoleon's right. Bulow pushed forward towards Aywierre, and, opening his fire on the French, succeeded in driving them from the opposite heights.

The Prussian left, acting separately, advanced upon the village of Planchenait, and attacked Napoleon's rear. The French maintained their position with great gallantry; and the Prussians being equally obstinate in their attempts to force the village, produced a bloody and prolonged combat. Napoleon's right now began to recede before the 1st Prussian corps; and his affairs assumed a disastrous appearance, which nothing but immediate success against the British, or instant relief from Grouchy, could remedy. The Imperial Guard, his last and best resource, were ordered up. Formed in close column, Buonaparte in person advanced to lead them on; but dissuaded by his staff, he paused near the bottom of the hill, and to Ney, that "spoiled child of fortune," the conduct of this redoubted body was intrusted.

In the interim, as the French right fell back, the British moved gradually forward; and, converging from the extreme points of Merke Braine and Braine la Leud, compressed their extent of line, and nearly assumed the form of a crescent. The Guards were considerably advanced, and having deployed behind the crest of the hill, lay down to avoid the cannonade with which Napoleon covered the onset of his best troops. Ney, with his proverbial gallantry, led on the middle guard; and Wellington put himself at the head of some wavering regiments, and in person brought them forward, and restored their confidence. As the Imperial Guard approached the crest where the household troops were couching, the British artillery, which had gradually converged upon the *chaussée*, opened with canister-shot. The distance was so short, and the range so accurate, that each discharge fell with deadly precision into the column as it breasted the hill. Ney, with his customary heroism, directed the attack; and when his horse was killed, he headed the veterans, sword in hand, whom he had so often cheered to victory. Although the leading files of the Guard were swept off by the exterminating fire of the English batteries, still their undaunted intrepidity carried them forward, and they gallantly crossed the ridge.

Then came the hour of British triumph. The magic word was spoken—"Up, Guards, and at them!" In a moment they were on their feet: then waiting till the French closed, they delivered a tremendous volley, cheered and rushed forward with the bayonet. Wellington in person directed the attack. With the 42nd and 95th he threw himself on Ney's flank, and rout and destruction succeeded. In vain their gallant leader attempted to rally the recoiling column: driven down the hill, they were intermingled with the Old Guard, who were formed at the bottom in reserve.

In their unfortunate *mêlée*, the British cavalry seized on the moment of confusion, and plunging into the mass, cut down and disorganized the regiments which had hitherto been unbroken. The artillery ceased firing, and those who had escaped the iron shower of the guns fell beneath sabre and bayonet.

The irremediable disorder consequent on this decisive repulse, and the confusion in the French rear, where Bulow had fiercely attacked

them, did not escape the eagle glance of Wellington. "The hour is come!" he is said to have exclaimed, as, closing his telescope, he commanded the whole line to advance. The order was exultingly obeyed, and, forming four deep, on came the British. Wounds, and fatigue, and hunger, were all forgotten! With their customary steadiness they crossed the ridge; but when they saw the French, and began to move down the hill, a cheer that seemed to rend the heavens pealed from their proud array, and with levelled bayonets they pressed on to meet the enemy.

But, panic-struck and disorganized, the French resistance was short and feeble. The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear: the British bayonet was flashing in their front; and, unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled. A dreadful and indiscriminate carnage ensued. The great road was choked with the equipage, and cumbered with the dead and dying; while the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with a host of helpless fugitives. Courage and discipline were forgotten. Napoleon's army of yesterday was now a splendid wreck. His own words best describe it—"It was a total rout!"

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

— wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood.

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V.*

THE last gleam of fading sunshine fell upon the rout of Waterloo. The finest army, for its numbers, that France had ever embattled in a field was utterly defeated; and the dynasty of that proud spirit, for whom Europe was too little, was ended.

Night came: but it brought no respite to the shattered army of Napoleon; and the moon rose upon the "broken host" to light the victors to their prey. The British, forgetting their fatigue, pressed on the rear of the flying enemy; and the roads, covered with the dead and dying, and obstructed by broken equipages and deserted guns, became almost impassable to the fugitives—and hence the slaughter from Waterloo to Genappe was frightful. But, wearied with blood (for the French, throwing away their arms to expedite their flight, offered no resistance), and exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the British pursuit relaxed, and at Genappe it ceased altogether. The infantry bivouacked for the night around the farm-houses of Caillon and Belle Alliance, and the light cavalry halted some miles further on, and abandoned the work of death to their fresher and more sanguinary allies. Nothing, indeed, could surpass the desperate

and unrelenting animosity of the Prussians towards the French. Repose and plunder were sacrificed to revenge: the memory of former defeat, insult, and oppression, now produced a dreadful retaliation, and overpowered every feeling of humanity. The *væ victis* was pronounced, and thousands, beside those who perished in the field, fell that night beneath the Prussian lance and sabre. In vain a feeble effort was made by the French to barricade the streets of Genappe, and interrupt the progress of the conquerors. Blucher forced the passage with his cannon; and so entirely had the defeat of Waterloo extinguished the spirit and destroyed the discipline of the remnant of Napoleon's army, that the wild hurrah of the pursuers, or the very blast of a Prussian trumpet, became the signal for flight and terror.

But, although the French army had ceased to exist as such, and now (to use the phrase of a Prussian officer) exhibited rather the flight of a scattered horde of barbarians, than the retreat of a disciplined body, never had it, in the proudest days of its glory, shown greater devotion to its leader, or displayed more desperate and unyielding bravery, than during the long and sanguinary battle of the 18th. The plan of Buonaparte's attack was worthy of his martial renown: it was unsuccessful; but let this be ascribed to the true cause—the heroic and enduring courage of the troops and the man to whom he was opposed. Wellington without that army, or that army without Wellington, must have fallen beneath the splendid efforts of Napoleon.

While a mean attempt has been often made to lower the military character of the great warrior who is now no more, those who would libel Napoleon rob Wellington of half his glory. It may be the proud boast of England's hero, that the subjugator of Europe fell before him, not in the wane of his genius, but in the full possession of those martial talents which placed him foremost in the list of conquerors; leading, too, that very army which had overthrown every power that had opposed it—now perfect in its discipline, flushed with recent success, and confident of approaching victory.

At Genappe, and not, as generally believed, at La Belle Alliance, Wellington and Blucher met after the battle. The moment and spot were fitting for the interview of conquerors. To Blucher's fresher troops the task of an unabating pursuit was intrusted; and Wellington returned to Waterloo at midnight, across the crimson field which that day had consummated his military glory. 'Twas said that he was deeply affected, as, "by the pale moonlight," he surveyed the terrible scene of slaughter he passed over, and that he half lamented a victory which had been achieved at the expense of many personal friends, and thousands of his gallant soldiery.

When the next sun rose, the field of battle presented a tremendous spectacle of carnage. Humanity shuddered at the view; for mortal suffering, in all its terrible variety, was frightfully exhibited. The dead lay there in thousands—with them human pain and agony were over; but with them a multitude of maimed wretches were inter-

mingled, mutilated by wounds, and tortured by thirst and hunger. A few short hours had elapsed, and those who but yesterday had careered upon the plain of Waterloo in the full pride of life and manhood, were stretched upon the earth; and many who had led the way to victory, who with exulting hearts had cheered their colder comrades when they quailed, were now lying on the field in helpless wretchedness.

Nor was war's misery confined to man, for thousands of wounded horses were strewn over this scene of slaughter. Some lay quietly on the ground, cropping the grass within their reach; some with deep moaning expressed their sufferings; while others, maddened with pain,—

"Yerk'd out their arm'd heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice."

When day came, and it was possible to send relief to the wounded, many circumstances tended to retard the welcome succour. The great road to Brussels, from heavy rains, and the incessant passage of artillery and war equipages, was so cut up, as to materially retard the carriages employed to bring in the wounded. Dead horses and abandoned baggage choked the causeway, and the efforts of Belgic humanity were rendered slow and difficult. Up to the very gates of Brussels, "war's worst results" were visible: the struggles of expiring nature had enabled some to reach the city, while many perished in the attempt; and, dying on the roadside, covered the causeway with their bodies. Pits, rudely dug, and scarcely moulded over, received the corpses, which daily became more offensive from the heat; and the same sod, at the verge of the forest, covered "the horse and his rider."

When such evidence of destruction was apparent at a distance from the field, what a display of devastation the narrow theatre of yesterday's conflict must have presented! Fancy may conceive it, but description will necessarily be scanty and imperfect. On the small surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that 50,000 men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter and beaten into the earth; and the surface, trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by cannon-wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords: all the variety of military ornaments: lancer caps and Highland bonnets, uniforms of every colour, plume and pennon, musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles: but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of "a foughten field!"—each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle.

Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amidst its desolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers, and wives, and children for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognising individuals difficult, and, in some cases, impossible.

In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the bootless essay by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on, you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horse of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay, side by side, together; and the heavy dragoon, with "green Erin's" badge upon his helmet, was grappled in death with the Polish lancer.

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with dead, and trodden fetlock-deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where the last effort of Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favoured corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up; and here the bayonet closed the contest.

It was at the first light of morning that a solitary party were employed in the place we have described, examining the dead, who there lay thickly. They were no plunderers: one, wrapped in a cloak, directed the researches of the rest, who acted under the stranger's control, and, from their dress, appeared to be Belgian peasants. Suddenly the muffled person uttered a wild cry, and, rushing over a pile of corpses, hurried to a spot where a soldier was seated beside a fallen officer. Feeble as his own strength was, he had exerted it to protect the wounded man. His musket was placed beside him for defence, and his own sufferings forgotten in his solicitude for the person he was watching. The noise occasioned by the hasty approach of the muffled stranger roused the wounded officer, and he raised his head: "It is herself!" he feebly muttered; and next moment sank in the arms of Lucy Davidson!

NAPOLEON AND HIS ARMY.

Oh! such a day,
So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE French army, at the opening of this short and disastrous campaign, amounted, by the best accounts, to upwards of 150,000 men. Of this number, 25,000 were cavalry, and 7,500 artillery, composed of veteran troops, with a park of three hundred pieces; and in splendid *matériel* and military equipment it had never been surpassed.

Although Buonaparte commenced offensive operations only on the 14th, the night of the 18th left him without an army; and a campaign of but four days' duration had closed his martial career. Of that magnificent force, with which he had crossed the frontier in all the exultation of anticipated victory, what re-entered France? Straggling bands of heartless fugitives, cavalry without horses, and infantry without clothes or arms. His cannon remained with the conquerors; and the ruins of the proud corps which had so lately left Phillipville and Avesnes returned to these points of re-union in such a state of disorganization, as proved to their amazed countrymen how complete the defeat of Waterloo had been.

When Napoleon's last hope, the Old Guard, was broken, his face became deadly pale; and, retiring a short distance from the place he occupied during the final attack, he saw the British cavalry mixing in the crowd, and completing its destruction. Turning to his staff, he exclaimed—“*A présent c'est fini :—sauvons-nous ;*” and galloped off towards Charleroi, accompanied by his aides-de-camp and guide.

He reached Genappe at half-past nine; and here his flight was so materially retarded, as to render his chance of escape more than doubtful. The single street which forms the village was already crowded with fugitives, and was almost impassable from the equipages, cannon, and caissons, which, from the terror of the drivers, had been overturned on the causeway, or so confused as to become inextricable. Through the wreck of his *matériel* he at last effected a passage, and, hurrying on to Quatre-Bras, proceeded with great rapidity. There was another bridge across the river, with which his guide was unacquainted, and thus Napoleon was directed to the defile of Genappe, and narrowly escaped being made prisoner. He seemed fully aware of his critical situation, and dreaded to find the Prussians before him at Quatre-Bras, or hear the bugles of their light cavalry in his rear. At Gossillies, however, he recovered his tranquillity, and dismounting from his horse, proceeded on foot to Charleroi. He passed through that town without delay, and continued his flight to the meadow of Marcinelle, where he halted with his staff.

His attendants pitched a tent upon the green, and lighted a fire. A sack of corn was loosely thrown on the ground, and the jaded horses of the fugitive group were permitted to refresh themselves. Wine and food having been procured, Napoleon partook of both; and this was the first nourishment he had received since he had breakfasted at eight o'clock at the farm-house of Bossu.

From the moment he left his last position in front of Belle Alliance, till he rested at the bridge of Marcinelle, he preserved a gloomy silence. The observations of his staff, when obstacles occurred upon the road, were only noticed by a sullen reply; but now, standing with his back to the fire, and his hands in their customary position behind his back, he conversed freely with his aides-de-camp. About two in the morning he called for his horse: his staff immediately mounted theirs; and Bertrand having procured a fresh guide, they followed the route to Paris.

Absurd stories have been circulated, imputing pusillanimity to Napoleon during the battle of Mont St. Jean, but no charge could be more ridiculous and unfounded. Buonaparte was frequently exposed to imminent peril; and throughout the day, in all the fluctuations of the battle, he manifested a calm and collected demeanour, which evinced a disregard of personal danger: his dispositions were clearly and deliberately made, and his orders issued as coolly as if he directed a review. Frequently the gallantry of the British elicited his warmest admiration. "How steadily those infantry take their ground!—how splendidly the cavalry form!—*Quelles braves troupes!*" And as the chasms made in the squares by his artillery were coolly and rapidly filled up, he was heard to exclaim, with unfeigned delight, "*Comme ils se travaillent, très bien, braves troupes, très bien!*"

When his guide, terrified by the storm of bullets which whistled over them, betrayed his uneasiness, "Be steady, my friend," said Napoleon, calmly, "a ball will find the back as readily as it will the front;" and pulling out his snuff-box, presented it to his trembling companion. Surely, the man who could examine an enemy's movements under a heavy fire, and coolly express his admiration, who could remark a defective cannon in battery, and personally adjust its range, and combat the terrors of a peasant, while a storm of shot fell round them,—to tax the courage of this man must proceed alone from malignant motives, or absolute fatuity.

From the meadow of Marcinelle, Buonaparte hurried on to Paris, and arrived in the capital late in the evening of the 20th, and remained in great retirement at the Tuileries until he finally left the city.

If the bravery of the British army could be enhanced by any circumstances connected with the battle of Waterloo, other than its victory, it would arise from the matchless intrepidity of the troops they had defeated. Wellington has borne honourable testimony to the gallantry of his opponents; and many individual instances are recorded of enthusiastic attachment to Napoleon, and a devotion to his person, which neither sufferings nor defeat could overcome.

The efforts of the French cavalry are described by British officers

to have been, throughout the conflict, "unparalleled."—"They swept along the whole line of our artillery, and passing fearlessly among the squares, received the fire of the guns and the musketry of the infantry. Failing of success, after brave but fruitless efforts, they were forced to retire, followed by the British horse pell-mell."

Again, another officer continues:—"The repeated charges of the enemy's noble cavalry were similar to the first; each was fruitless; not an infantry-man moved; and on each charge, abandoning their guns, our artillery-men sheltered themselves between the flanks of the squares. Twice, however, the enemy tried to charge in front: these attempts were entirely frustrated by the fire of our guns, wisely reserved till the hostile squadrons were within twenty yards of the muzzles."

The final charge is thus described:—"This brigade [horse-artillery], about the close of the day, was stationed on the right of our guards commanded by Captain Napier, after Captain Bolton's fall, when the Imperial Guards, led on by Marshal Ney, about half-past seven o'clock, made their appearance from a corn-field, in close columns of grand divisions, nearly opposite, and within a distance of fifty yards from the muzzles of the guns. Orders were given to load with canister-shot; and literally five rounds were fired from each gun, with this destructive species of shot, before they showed the least symptom of giving way."

Nor was the desperate courage of the celebrated guard of Napoleon superior to that of his heavy cavalry. "The cuirassiers* walked their horses round a square, to find an opening through which they might penetrate. Sometimes, with a degree of courage worthy of admiration, a few of them would ride out of the ranks and fire their pistols at our men and officers, hoping to provoke a return of fire from the face of the square, which would have rendered it an easy prey."

Another anecdote is mentioned by the same author:—"So rapid and impetuous were the assaults of the cavalry, that our guns were frequently in their possession, the artillery-men being forced to seek shelter in the squares behind. But the well-directed fire of the infantry, and the charges of the cavalry, who rushed forward at every opportunity, prevented them from ever removing any of the cannon."

"On one occasion, the activity of two artillery officers enabled a single gun to do much execution. As often as the enemy's squadrons retired, these officers, issuing from the square, loaded and fired the gun, which was sure to destroy six or eight. This manœuvre was repeated several times, when the French officer (a colonel of cuirassiers) who commanded the corps, by a noble act of self-devotion, saved his men from at least one discharge. As the squadron recoiled, he placed himself singly by the piece, and waved his sword, as if to defy any one to approach it. He was killed by a Brunswick rifleman."

A still stronger instance of determined personal attachment is taken from the letter of a commissary.† "We have picked up several wounded. I cannot omit a circumstance which occurred yesterday:

* Mudford's Hist. Account, &c.

† Booth's Narrative.

while on the field among the wounded, we discovered a French soldier most dreadfully cut down the face, and one of his legs broken by a musket-ball. Common humanity induced me to offer him assistance: he eagerly requested some drink: having a flask of weak gin and water I had taken purposely for the wounded, I gave it him, and could not help observing how many thousands had suffered for the ambition of one man. He returned me the flask, and looking with a savage pride on the dead bodies that lay in heaps around him, he cried as strongly as his weakness would allow him, '*Vive Napoléon! la gloire de la France!*'"

Surely, when such heroism was displayed in the field, and such enthusiasm in the agonies of death, it should be Wellington's proudest boast that he beat the man who could excite, and the army that could exhibit, this desperate devotion!

The news of the disastrous field of Mont St. Jean reached the French capital with extraordinary despatch. Bad as it was in reality, rumour had added to its extent. Grouchy's corps was said to be surrounded beyond the chance of extrication; and no hope remained for France, as the allies were advancing by forced marches, and, as report said, by masking some fortresses, and carrying others by assault, a few days would bring them before the gates of Paris.

When Grouchy separated from Napoleon, on the morning of the 17th, his *corps d'armée* amounted to forty thousand men. His directions were to prevent a junction of the Prussians with the British. He reached Gembloux shortly after the Prussian rear-guard had left it, on their route to Wavre. Early next day (the 18th) Excelman's cavalry came up with the enemy at Baraque, and Grouchy arriving with Vandamme's division, the Marshal pressed on towards Wavre, his 2nd corps of cavalry having defeated and driven back the Prussian rear. At one o'clock the cannonade at Waterloo was distinctly heard, and Girard urged Grouchy to pass the Dyle, and, leaving a corps of observation before the Prussians, to march with his whole force to Napoleon's assistance. Vandamme, on the other hand, advised the Marshal to press on at once for Brussels. Thus circumstanced, Grouchy allowed the day to pass in useless attempts to bring the Prussians to action; and when one of the many officers despatched by Napoleon to apprise him (Grouchy) of his danger, and to hurry up his *corps d'armée* to his assistance, arrived, it was six o'clock in the evening, and the time for effect was past. Grouchy crossed the Dyle at Limale; but Waterloo was already won.

On the 19th, in the forenoon, the Marshal learned the fatal tidings of Napoleon's defeat; his intended operations against Brussels were abandoned, and he repassed the Dyle in four divisions, by Wavre, Limale, Limilet, and Ottignies. That evening Excelman's cavalry reached Namur, and Grouchy joined him there next day. Although rapidly pursued and vigorously attacked, he obstinately defended Namur; and Vandamme's corps, which formed the French rear-guard, severely checked the Prussians. Grouchy retired by Dinant; and,

- after a masterly retreat, brought his army to Paris in eight days, sustaining but a trifling loss.

Much obloquy has been cast on Grouchy, by Napoleon and his partisans, and to his imputed mistake has been attributed the loss of Waterloo. But would the Marshal have been authorized, after Napoleon's direct instructions to the contrary, to leave the Dyle, and abandon the pursuit of the Prussian corps, to follow which he had been specially detached? Had he turned to the left, and, adopting Girard's advice, pushed forward without delay on the 18th, and come up to Napoleon's assistance, Waterloo might have terminated, for that day, in a drawn battle. But the Prussian corps would have united with Wellington during the night; and the Anglo-Prussians would have been assailants in the morning, with an army numerically superior to Napoleon's.

We may, therefore, without laying claim to superhuman knowledge, be allowed to affirm, that the defeat of Buonaparte, if attacked on the 19th by the allies, would have been just as certain and decisive as it was when he assailed Wellington the previous day.

BRUSSELS.

O come, thy war-worn limbs to cheer
On the soft couch of joy and love!

SPENSER.

EARLY on the 19th the Duke of Wellington resumed his operations; and, crossing the frontier, directed his march on Paris, by Binch, Malplaquet, and La Cateau Cambresis. Sir Charles Colville's brigade, the sixth British and sixth Hanoverians, formed a corps of observation, and were stationed at Halle, during the battle of Waterloo, to protect Brussels, and prevent a division of French cavalry, detached by Napoleon on the evening of the 17th, from getting in Wellington's rear by the roads of Enghien and Brain-le-Comte. Colville's brigade were immediately pushed forward, and, forming the right of the army, advanced by Cambray, which they carried by assault on the evening of the 24th. Peronne, the virgin fortress of France, was stormed next day by the Guards, under General Maitland; and on the 30th the Duke's advanced cavalry were under the walls of Paris.

Meanwhile Gneisenau, with the Prussian light troops, was marching in pursuit of Grouchy. The Marshal conducted his retreat with great skill; and, notwithstanding the vigorous operations of his active enemy, his loss, principally in cannon, was inconsiderable. Blucher, leaving his 2nd corps to besiege or mask the fortresses of Maubenge, Landrecy, and Phillipville, took possession of Saint Quentin without opposition. Guise fell to Ziethen, who had defeated part of Grouchy's corps at Villers Cotterets; and on the 29th the indefatigable Blucher,

who had gained a day's march upon the Duke of Wellington, halted in front of the French position between St. Denis and Vincennes, where, including Grouchy's corps, which had retreated by Dinant and Soissons, the enemy, amounting to 60,000 men, were strongly posted.

Here the operations of the allies terminated. On that evening Napoleon left his capital, never to return. After several days of indecision, and numerous projects for escaping from France had been discussed and attempted, the fallen conqueror of Europe surrendered to a British captain. He approached the English shores, not the leader of an invading army, and accompanied by a countless armada, but an exile and a captive, attended by a faithful few whose devotion survived the adversity of their master and the overthrow of his power. He came not as a spoiler, but a suppliant. The pride of conquest, the hopes of ambition, with him were ended. He sought an asylum in the land of his enemy;—a calm spot of repose wherein to pass the evening of a life wearied as much by the splendour of his victories as the immensity of his reverses. That request was refused—his prayer was rejected—and he was sent to solitude—to exile—to death!

Great God! how could England stoop from her height of pride, and deny a shelter to her humbled enemy? That dark stain will rest on British honour when all the actors are in the dust, and, when the meridian blaze of Napoleon's fame shall be contrasted with his fall, to point a moral of the uncertainty of human greatness. Then shall that mean act of national jealousy be lamented by posterity; that act, which compromised the dignity of England, and dimmed the glory of the field of Waterloo!

While the conquerors pressed on to fresh successes, and without a check to arrest their career, consummated a short but splendid campaign, by taking possession of the capital, and restoring her ancient dynasty to France, "pale Brussels," while exulting in her deliverance, was doomed to witness scenes of human misery ever consequent on war. The victors of Quatre-Bras, Ligny, and Mont St. Jean, rested in Paris, the trophy of their conquest. The spoils of Europe, the proud memorials of a hundred "foughten fields," had now become theirs; and thousands lay beneath the red turf of Waterloo, or pined in the hospitals of Belgium, while in Paris there was joy, and pride, and exultation, and all but the glory of victory was forgotten.

Brussels, from the departure of the troops on the morning of the 16th, until the conclusion of the day of Waterloo, presented a fearful scene of anxiety and alarm. The proximity of the city to the field of battle rendered its situation most perilous, as, in the event of the British arms proving unsuccessful, it must have fallen a prey to violence and rapine. Every hour added to the general apprehension, and each messenger, as he came in, brought such conflicting intelligence, that instead of removing the public anxiety, it only tended to confirm the universal dismay. At length a distant cannonade was faintly heard,—it increased momentarily; and at three o'clock in the after-

noon the sustained roar of artillery announced that the battle had begun.

Contradictory reports were circulated, according to the temper and feelings of the narrators. With some, the scene of battle was stated to be six miles distant, while others increased it to six-and-twenty. One courier brought the news of Napoleon's defeat; the next, intelligence of his immediate approach, and that the British army were retreating. At six in the evening a wounded officer rode in; he left the field of battle; the fight was then raging, and the troops who had marched in the morning from the city were engaged at Quatre-Bras, covering the plain with their dead, and scattering destruction around them.

Another hour passed, and another came from "the field of the slain;"—the British were outnumbered—Blucher fiercely engaged with Napoleon—neither the English cavalry nor artillery had come up—the gallant few were falling fast; but, impervious to the frequent and desperate attempts of a superior enemy, they remained unbroken, and "all went well."

Evening fell. Numbers of distracted women crowded the streets, and wandered on the ramparts. The roar of cannon became louder and more continued; it seemed, in the stillness of the night, to be approaching, but with the darkness became fainter, and at last totally died away.

The battle was over. It was night, and still the fortune of the field was uncertain. Some Belgian-stragglers came in, and the alarm they created was unbounded. They reported that the British were defeated, and the French actually advancing by the forest of Soignies to attack the town. Fortunately, a troop of horse-artillery at the moment passed through the streets, on its way to the village of Waterloo; and thus, by moving forward to the army, proved that the British still held their ground.

It was a long and dismal night; none slept, and few even retired to bed. Morning came, and an aide-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington arrived soon after, and brought the welcome news, that in spite of numerical superiority, the want of cavalry and cannon, and other discouraging contingencies, the British infantry had withstood the repeated attacks of Ney; and when night put a stop to the conflict, the French had left them masters of the field.

In Brussels, many a fair bosom was agonized with apprehension, and wives, and daughters, and mistresses waited in torturing suspense for some intelligence from the beings they loved best. As the day advanced, the wounded began to come in; and it was a melancholy sight to see women recognising, among those mutilated wretches, those whom, but yesterday, they parted from in the pride of beauty, strength, and manhood.

Among the many who crowded the park and ramparts,—for community of misfortune had removed the distinctions of society, and females of exalted rank were seen intermingled with the soldiers' wives, in the hope of learning the fate of their beloved ones,—a girl,

whose beauty and appearance were remarkable, attracted the notice of the rest, by seeming to be more wretched than themselves. There was an expression of agony in her countenance, as each waggon, with the wounded, arrived, which elicited the compassion of the crowd. She examined every equipage attentively, and listened in breathless anxiety to the narratives of all who came from the field of death. At last, a long string of tilted carts filled the streets. "It is the 28th!" exclaimed the wife of a Highland soldier. "Blessed be God! my Donald is not there." These words were hardly uttered, when the young female rushed forward to the foremost vehicle. A fine-looking man, in a serjeant's uniform, was being assisted from it by some Belgian peasants; and next moment he was folded in the embrace of a woman, whose beauty and situation created general interest.

"O God! how pale he is!" she murmured, as she removed her lips from his, and continued gazing on his death-like features with looks of indescribable affection. The wounded man raised himself feebly in her arms, and with a faint voice replied,—

"Fear not, love; believe me, I am not badly wounded; I am exhausted by loss of blood, and the painful motion of the waggon. Give me some water!"

His wife, with trembling hands, placed the cup to his lips. He drank eagerly. "Let me rest, love, for a little, and I shall be well presently." They placed him on a knapsack, and the lady we have before described approached the wounded serjeant.

"Soldier," she said, and as she asked the question a slight convulsion was visible on her handsome face—"Soldier, has your regiment suffered much?"

"Alas! lady," said the serjeant, "half of the gallant 28th are stretched to rise no more!"

"O God!" She paused. "Is—is—Captain Kennedy among the dead?"

"No, lady—he lives, but he is wounded."

"Is he here?" was quickly asked.

"He is not," said the soldier; "he remains with the remnant of the regiment. He was slightly wounded early in the battle, and in the afternoon a ball passed through his arm. I bound it with a handkerchief; for he would not go to the rear, and I remained beside him till we were masters of the field. There, as through the battle, his foot was foremost in the charge, his voice the loudest in the cheer. I was struck again, and fainted; and, when all was over, Captain Kennedy, with one arm, for the other was in a sling, assisted me into the cart."

The lady listened without interrupting the serjeant, and then silently offered up a prayer to Heaven. Turning to the soldier's companion, she looked anxiously at her countenance, as if she recognised the features, "Is this your wife?"

"I am," said the young woman, as she proudly raised her head; "and I would not give what I now hold in my arms for a kingdom," and stooping over her husband, she pressed him gently to her bosom.

"Where is your residence?" said the lady; and on being told the street, she put a piece of gold into the hands of the Belgian who drove the cart, and desired him to remove the soldier to his quarters. Then placing the remainder of her purse in the lap of the serjeant's wife, she left them, followed by their prayers and blessings.

Lucy Davidson, for she was the inquirer, hurried to the hotel she lived in; and when she found herself in her apartment and alone, she burst into tears, and indulged in all the fulness of a woman's sorrow. Deep as her distress was, a ray of hope, however feeble, brightened the gloom of her previous despair; Kennedy, the suspected, ill-used Kennedy, was still living, and it was possible that even yet they might be happy and re-united.

Poor Lucy was to be pitied. She was a noble, high-minded girl, an enthusiast in temper, and no wonder that her love was tinged with romance. She had long cherished her first passion for young Kennedy. She had seen him as he came from his retired home, ignorant of man, and a stranger to the world. She loved the unsophisticated youth; and, with natural pride, followed the brave career of the object of her love, as he rose in reputation, and won a gallant name in arms.

The strange dislike evinced towards Frank Kennedy by his uncle prevented the possibility of any intercourse subsisting between Lucy and her lover. A long and painful separation intervened; and those circumstances, which in common minds would have erased earlier impressions, strengthened the ardent and romantic passion of Lucy Davidson. When, on the death of Duncan, fortune and free-will were given her, her long-concealed but cherished love prompted her to hasten to the Continent, and in person announce her constancy; and, under the protection of the lady of a staff-officer of distinction, she came to Belgium.

But, alas! a series of singular mistakes blighted her hopes in the very outset. The packet was crowded; and, amid a multitude of military names, that of her lover was casually mentioned. He was no longer the brave and chivalrous soldier; he had become a male flirt, a professed lady-killer. She landed at Ostend, and there she heard of Kennedy. She proceeded to Bruges, and Kennedy was again the theme; and, if fame told truth, that man's wife, and this man's daughter, had favoured the successful libertine. She stopped at Ghent; the eternal Captain Kennedy had been there; and Brussels consummated his renown, and her wretchedness.

But all the while Lucy was unnecessarily miserable. There was a second person, bearing the same rank and name as her lover. The lady-killer was in Brussels; and the puppy dragoon, the "carpet knight,"—

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knew
More than a spinster—

was unhappily mistaken for the leader of the forlorn hope at Badajoz. Poignant as her disappointment was, Lucy determined to learn the

change of her lover's sentiments and character from no lips but his own. In their interview in the park she half doubted his apostasy; but the warm language she accidentally overheard him use to Lady Harriette Clavering in the ball-room fatally confirmed her mistake. When she went to his hotel to reproach him for his falsehood, and leave him for ever, Kennedy was unfortunately absent, in a vain pursuit of his eccentric mistress; and Mac Dermott's unlucky friendship increased a jealousy, which the *mal-à-propos* appearance of Dwyer's wife confirmed. Poor Lucy left the soldier's hotel heart-broken; and the immediate march of the 28th regiment to battle precluded any chance of her being undeceived.

But the proofs of Kennedy's innocence came fast upon his now half-distracted mistress. While Poor Frank was marching to the field, the lady-killer had levanted to the Hague with his colonel's wife; and, too late, she learned enough of her lover's character to prove how much she had injured him when she arraigned his fidelity. Regret was unavailing, and she endured the misery of knowing she was near him; and, while conscious of his danger, and aware that he was suffering from bodily pain, she had the additional feelings of remorse to contend with, as she had ascertained the mental distress her unfortunate jealousy had occasioned.

There was, however, a buoyancy of spirit in Lucy Davidson which rose with the exigency of the moment. A general engagement was inevitable; and at noon, on the 18th, the tremendous roar of artillery conveyed the dreadful tidings to the trembling inhabitants of the city that the battle had begun. To provide for Kennedy's safety was now Lucy's only care; and, with extraordinary coolness, she made all necessary preparation to succour him if wounded, and, *if he fell*, to pay him the last sad rites of sepulture. A carriage and attendants were engaged and kept in readiness; and, while others were anxiously securing the means of flight, Kennedy's faithful mistress was fearlessly awaiting the issue of the doubtful conflict. When day broke on the 19th, she left Brussels; and, directed by a wounded soldier of the 28th, she traced her road over the field of death till, on the scene of the last grand struggle of the preceding evening, she found the object of her love.

He was feeble from exhaustion, and chilled by exposure to the cold. Carty, who bore the marks of more than one French sabre on his person, was seated beside his master with a loaded musket across his knee; and, while the dead around them had been already stripped and plundered, it was evident that the marauders had kept at a respectful distance from Pat Carty and the wounded grenadier.

We shall not describe the meeting of lovers so long separated, and so strangely reunited. Noon found Frank Kennedy comfortably established in the Hôtel Royal; and when, after a long and refreshing sleep, he awoke late in the evening, Lucy Davidson was hanging over his pillow, and the first voice he heard was that of his affianced bride.

Nor was Pat Carty neglected. His head had been in frequent con-

tact with French steel; but being formed of enduring materials, as had been repeatedly proved in fair and pattern, "before he was drawn into the South Mayo," it bore the collision bravely. "A few patches," he said, "would set all right: they were *clane* cuts, and a *clip* of a cudgel would be worse than them all. He had been ridden over by a troop or two of dragoons; but what matter? Thank God! it was not the first bone-bruising he had got in his time."

And truly enough did Mr. Carty calculate on the durability of his carcass. In a few days his master and himself were seen slowly walking in the park,—the one supported by a lovely woman, and the other by what he, Pat Carty, valued nearly as highly, a real twig of Irish oak, "cut by his own two hands in the wood of Curnagush-lawm."

THE DEAD DRAGOON.

Wreck of a warrior pass'd away;
Thou form without a name!
Which fought and felt but yesterday,
And dreamt of future fame.

* * * * *
Though from that head, late tow'ring high,
The waving plume is torn,
Yet death's dark shadow cannot hide
The graven characters of pride,
That on that lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

MALCOLM.

It was on the sixth day after the action of Waterloo that an officer, whose bandaged forehead, and arm suspended in a sling, bespoke him to have been a sufferer in the recent battles, entered a spacious hotel in the Rue de Musée. Although his face was pale, and his step still feeble, a lively eye and animated look showed that he was convalescent, and that the traces only of his illness remained.

The house he stopped at was a large and handsome building; it was the hotel of a Belgian gentleman, who, having been discovered in traitorous correspondence with the French, had been denounced by his government. He evaded the punishment of treachery by flight, while his property had been confiscated, and his hotel converted into an hospital for the wounded. Its showy exterior, loaded with architectural ornament, and distinguished with heraldic blazonry, would have led the passenger to conclude that *there* opulence and luxury abode; but death and misery were within. A rough shell was leaning against the pillar of the lofty vestibule; and a few persons were collected at the door, waiting for the funeral party to escort to its last resting-place the body of a departed officer.

To a remote chamber in one of the wings of the extensive building

we have described, the military visitor was conducted by an hospital serjeant of the 28th regiment. "I sent for you, Captain Kennedy," said the officer's conductor, "as none of our gentlemen but yourself were able to venture out. The French colonel, who behaved so gallantly at Waterloo, died this morning. We got particular directions about him from the inspector, and I attended him myself from the time he was brought in. Anything he wanted he asked for in broken English, and sometimes by signs; but this morning, when I came to his room, he spoke to me as plainly as I now do to you. He said he was dying, and that in a private pocket of his jacket I should find a case containing some money and a few papers. He then thanked me for my attention, and desired me to keep the money for my own use, and give the papers to some British officer. You were the only one I could apply to, and I left the room to send for you, and fetch one of the doctors. When I returned he was dead; and this leather case, in which I found fifty napoleons and these orders and papers, was lying beside him. He thought, until this morning, that he should recover, and so did the doctors; but they say some artery had been injured by a ball, and that it burst suddenly and suffocated him."

While the serjeant was speaking, they reached the apartment where the dead man had breathed his last. Kennedy unclosed the shutters: the tattered and blood-stained uniform lying on the floor, was that of the cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard; and the tarnished embroidery upon the jacket told that the deceased had borne the rank of a field-officer in that distinguished corps. He was stretched upon his humble mattress just as he had departed: no friend had closed his eyes, no gentle hand had smoothed his pillow. The slight coverings had been thrown off the body by an effort of expiring nature; and a finer form was never presented to a sculptor's eye than that of the dead dragoon. He was above six feet in height: the chest was finely expanded, and the limbs moulded to the best proportions of muscular beauty; the eye was open, and the lip curled upwards, as if the departed soldier smiled at the coming of the king of terrors. The long and sinewy arm, marked by a deep sword-cut, lay naked across the bed; and the hand was clenched, as if it still grasped the sabre. The dead man's hair and mustachios were thick and bushy, and had been once black as the raven's wing; but they were now lightly tinged with grey, probably the effects of hardship rather than the approach of age. Several old scars, visible on the breast and limbs, told that Waterloo had not been the first field on which the veteran soldier had fought; the body was covered with recent wounds; Kennedy reckoned nine.

There is not in the world a more imposing and affecting spectacle than the funeral of a soldier. The military forms observed in committing the remains of fallen bravery to their parent earth are grand and solemn. The death-like character of the funeral music; the slow and measured steps of the firing party who precede the corps; the melancholy air which the dead man's charger exhibits when accoutred in his mournful trappings; the sword which shall never be grasped in

that hand which once could wield it gallantly; the helmet, which shall never again press the temples of the chivalrous soldier—all are calculated for mournful effect, from the first blast of the crape-covered trumpet, which announces the movement of the sad procession, until the triple roll of musketry peals above the grave, and tells that a gallant warrior there sleeps

“The sleep that knows not breaking.”

Could anything add to the effect of a military interment, it is when those honours are performed by an enemy. Such was the case when the colonel of cuirassiers was borne on the shoulders of a part of the garrison of Brussels to the cemetery of the chapel of the Reformers. British officers held the pall; and among the mourners were some who had witnessed his undaunted bravery in battle. His grave was filled by the hands of foemen; and “the soldier’s requiem,” the last salute, was fired by a company of English grenadiers.

When the funeral was over, and Kennedy had returned to his hotel, he proceeded to examine the packet of the dead dragoon. Besides the papers, which were neatly and closely written, there were several medals, and a cross of the Legion of Honour. These memorials of his fame appeared to have been carefully cherished by the colonel of cuirassiers; and from the circumstance of his having them concealed upon his person, he must have determined that the proud trophies of his gallant deeds should be on his person when he fell.

The papers contained a brief memoir of his life; and from those interesting documents Frank Kennedy extracted the following story.

STEPHEN PURCELL.

What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come.

Antony and Cleopatra.

IN the spring of 1796, Stephen Purcell was entered a fellow-commoner in the Dublin university. He was just eighteen—a fine strapping lad, with an athletic frame, a black eye, hair dark as ebony, and a rich flush of health and vigour colouring a cheek brown as a gipsy’s. He was then five feet eleven inches “without his shoes;” and his foster-brother, who accompanied him as valet, boasted “that his master had an inch or two to grow before his height would be upon his head!”

Purcell would have been popular in any college; but he was the man particularly adapted for that of “the holy and undivided Trinity.” The heir presumptive to a rich uncle, his allowance was most liberal.

His rooms, on the first floor of a best building, were comfortably furnished; his servants wore handsome liveries; he kept two horses and a buggy; and, after commons, gave the best wine procurable in the city of Dublin.

Thus far circumstances, rather than character, might have gone to secure Purcell the popularity he enjoyed; but Stephen was calculated by nature to be distinguished. He was a spirited and generous youth, well tempered in his cups;—and in a row, which was then the common event of every evening, he was brave as a lion; and, as his best man, Jack Dillon added, "mighty handy with fist or cudgel." Purcell kicked football, wrestled well, jumped the hahs, and hurled, as if he had been born south of the Shannon. No wonder if, in a year's residence, he became the pet of the university. He was even respected by the republicans, and tolerated by the few Romanists he knew, who, on divers occasions, from personal regard to the host, had actually submitted to drink "the glorious memory" in his apartments.

In one thing Stephen Purcell was remarkable. He was a zealot in politics, a devoted supporter of king and constitution, an uncompromising Orangeman, and the favourite leader of all those who professed ultra loyalty.

The rebellion was on the eve of breaking out, and the classic courts of Alma Mater rather bore the appearance of a military post than the chosen retreat of those gentle goddesses who are supposed to preside over science and the belles lettres. The college corps was in its zenith,—and for strength, dress, and discipline, held a proud place among the numerous armed associations which the exigency of the times had called into existence. In this honourable body, exclusively composed of gentlemen, Purcell bore the rank of serjeant. The King, no doubt, possessed many a more experienced defender of his crown and dignity; but a more devoted soldier and servant than Stephen Purcell never wore a shoulder-knot.

The times had become awfully interesting: the conspiracy was matured, and the government were prepared for an immediate explosion. It was ascertained that the arrival of a celebrated leader in the metropolis was momentarily expected, and that event would be the signal for the insurgents to rise and take the field. Fresh proofs of imminent and deadly treason were hourly discovered. It was disclosed by a treacherous leader of the rebels, that the day for a simultaneous insurrection throughout the kingdom had been appointed, and that many infernal plans of private assassination were on the tapis. The mail-coaches were to be intercepted after they had quitted the metropolis, and their non-arrival was to be a signal that the rising had commenced, and that the remoter districts should take the field. In the city, the lamplighters were corrupted: the public lamps were to be extinguished by the traitors; and while universal darkness overspread the streets, and favoured the plans of the insurgents, the rebel drums were to beat, and the yeomanry, as they hurried to their alarm-posts, were to be cut off in detail before they could unite with

their comrades. Added to these reports, the frequent discovery of pikes and fire-arms proved that a deadly preparation was going forward; and the sun of each succeeding day was expected to rise upon a scene of slaughter.

While the disaffected impatiently awaited the arrival of the chief conspirator in the city, the government were employing every possible means to discover his retreat. In vain every engine in their power was set to work; public researches and secret espionage failed; and a reward of one thousand pounds, with assurances of unbounded patronage, were offered to the fortunate person who should denounce and apprehend the celebrated Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

The unfortunate nobleman we have named was a descendant of the Geraldines, and uncle to the present Duke of Leinster. From having borne arms with distinguished reputation in the British army, he became a dangerous and deadly enemy to the state. It was said that he was a disappointed man:—a professional slight had irritated him against the government beyond the possibility of being propitiated; another officer had been preferred for promotion to himself: he left the service in disgust, repaired to the French capital, where a close intimacy with the leading Jacobins, and a marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, confirmed his bad feelings towards the English government, and his dislike to monarchy in any form. His talents were considerable, his popularity unbounded. The dignity of his birth, joined to a just reputation for military skill, made him an idol with the republicans, who had unanimously appointed him their leader, and only waited his appearance in the metropolis, to direct the explosion of that extensive conspiracy which was to overturn the existing order of things.

Indeed, the city of Dublin presented a melancholy spectacle of fear and preparation. Had it been blockaded by a hostile force, there could not have been more anxious apprehension discernible in the capital than it everywhere presented. The entrances from the suburbs were barricaded, and night and day jealously guarded; the bridges had their respective pickets; the streets were regularly patrolled, and the doors of every house bore the names of the inhabitants on a placard; arrests of suspected persons occurred hourly; a discovery of concealed weapons became frequent; rumours of an intended descent from France added to the public alarm, while assassination on one side, and military executions on the other, rendered the internal state of the Irish capital frightful and portentous.

It was late in the evening of the 1st of March that Stephen Puroell, who had dined in Merrion Square, was returning to his chambers in the university. The peril of the times had superseded much of that attention usually paid to dress; and the costume of the young collegian, although several titled personages had been guests at the table where he dined, was the simple uniform of a non-commissioned officer. But the three chevrons on his arm, which denoted his subordinate rank, were dear to the youth, and regarded by him with as much pride as if they had been the aiguillettes of a staff-officer. His

uniform, made to fit his shape with studied accuracy, displayed a form moulded for activity and endurance. His light-infantry wings rested on a pair of broad and muscular shoulders; the sash bound a waist which required no assistance to compress it; a bayonet was suspended in his belt; and, reckless of danger, and confident in youthful strength and a bold heart, he sauntered leisurely down Grafton Street, humming an Orange ditty as he passed along.

It was a calm and lovely night. The drums had beat the tattoo, and the hour was past when any but the military and police were permitted to remain in the streets. A proclamation had been issued by the chief magistrate of the city, cautioning the citizens to keep within their houses after a stated hour, that the troops might be unimpeded in their operations, in the event of the expected insurrection occurring during the night. These orders were directed to be rigorously enforced; and, unprovided with the pass-word and counter-sign, few would venture to traverse the streets after the evening drum had beaten.

The gallant sergeant had passed the provost's house when, at a short distance from him, a woman's scream was heard. Concluding that the cry was from one of those wretched outcasts whose drunken quarrels so frequently disturbed the town, it passed unnoticed; but again the scream was repeated, and Purcell hurried to the centre of the street, before the college-gate, where a woman struggled in the grasp of several watchmen, who insisted on removing her to their guard-house. The fellows who held the female were intoxicated; and the young collegian would have avoided what appeared a common street brawl, had not the tone of the female's voice, and the language uttered in her alarm, appeared at variance with her appearance, as well as inconsistent with her being, at this late and unsafe hour, a wanderer in the public streets.

"For the sake of Heaven, let me pass! You mistake me—indeed you do—will you injure an unprotected woman?"

"How tinder she is, Barney! grab the bundle; we'll try if there's anything inder the cloak;" and as he spoke he laid hold of a small parcel, which the prisoner appeared most anxious to retain.

"Hold!" said Purcell. "What is the matter? Who is this you have stopped?"

"Who the devil are you?" was the reply. "Come, pump it, young man, or, by the crass of Christ, we'll stick ye in the crib along wid the lady."

But, neither intimidated by threats or numbers, the student threw the fellow aside, while the poor girl sprang forward, and clinging wildly to his arm, exclaimed,—"Stranger, God bless you! Will you save me from these savage men? Can you—will you protect me?"

There was no time allowed for reply; the watchmen, who were numerous, hemmed in the solitary stranger, who seemed, on his part, determined upon fierce resistance, as he drew his bayonet, and with a deep imprecation warned them to keep off. At the moment two men

in uniform came up; and one of them, exclaiming in mock heroics, "My comrade's voice! I can protect thee still!" unsheathed his weapon, and calling on his companion to draw, sprang into the crowd, and ranged himself beside the protector of the alarmed female. "Stephen, I knew thy voice," continued the new ally. "How now? whose mare's dead?—what's the matter?"

"The matter, a simple cause of quarrel enough—watchmen and a woman." Without stopping to comprehend anything farther, the friend of Purcell, whose brain appeared wonderfully confused with Shakspeare and arrack punch, called to his companion—"Out with thy rapier, boy; away, varlets! 'Draw, Bardolph, cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.'"

"Stop, Jack, let's avoid a row, if possible;" and the guardians of the night having fallen back, seemed far from anxious to commence hostilities.

"Who is the gentle Desdemona?"—(hiccup). "'Is she a spirit of health, or goblin damned?'—I beg her pardon; 'be her intents wicked or charitable'—for, by the bye, Stephen, we cannot be too particular—(hiccup). Let's overhaul Rosalind in the guard-room. Treason is abroad in linsey-woolsey, and treachery meets you (hiccup) under the cover of a callimanco petticoat"—(hiccup).

"Ha! ha! ha!" returned the first speaker; "what a pass are we not come to! Has this poor girl a double-barrelled blunderbuss in her pocket, with a plan to surprise the castle in the paper cases of her housewife? For shame, Jack; let me speak with her apart."

"Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel?"

exclaimed the corporal, for such rank Jack Middleton bore. "But (hiccup) thou art 'mine antient'—I mean sergeant, (hiccup)—and I obey thee."

"Will you protect me?" said the poor girl, in tones of agonizing distress. "Oh! yes, yes; you will—you can."

The deep pathos of her voice, and her evident agitation, assured Purcell that the young woman was very different from that which the late hour and strange circumstances of their meeting had first led him to imagine.

They had now removed some distance from the watchmen, who still lingered near the place, as if irresolute as to what future course of proceeding they should adopt. The young protector addressed his companion—"Lady, what tempted you to venture through the city at this dangerous and unseasonable hour of the night? Surely the business must have been urgent. Speak fearlessly, our conference is on honour; speak—was it love? I cannot believe Jack Middleton's suspicions, that your wild excursion has treason for its object."

"Neither suspicion is true, stranger. I rest my hopes on you; you must, for you can, save me. Your influence over these fearful

men was paramount, and the others obey you as a leader; your acts and words are those of a high-minded and honourable soldier. Look at me beneath yon lamp, and say whether my appearance warrants the imputations of the savage persons from whom you have delivered me. I have been imprudent—mad—but, God knows, I am not the guilty thing they have insinuated.”

Stephen Purcell's curiosity was excited: they approached the light, and throwing aside the coarse grey cloak which concealed her person, features of striking beauty, and a figure of sylph-like elegance, were presented to his view. The dress beneath the homely disguise she had assumed was both rich and fashionable; and Purcell was thoroughly persuaded that she was far removed from that class of life and society which the extraordinary time and place of their meeting had originally led him to infer.

“You say truly, lady; I can liberate you from your present danger, certainly; but I free you from one difficulty only to expose you to others equally imminent—that is, unless your home be in the immediate vicinity of this place. If I ventured to a distance, I should be detained by the guards and pickets, who suffer none to pass their posts without the countersign.”

“Then I am lost, indeed!” she murmured in a voice of hopeless anguish. “My home is in a remote part of the city. Oh, stranger, *can you not save?*—*can you not protect me?* What would bribe you? Your dress and manners make a pecuniary offer an insult; yet what can secure your protection?”

Stephen Purcell was but twenty. He was alone with a woman, young, beautiful, and perfectly in his power, and was commencing that jargon of love which men will sometimes use, when an appeal from his lovely suppliant arrested it.

“Stranger, I am at your mercy. I cast myself on you for protection. Save me from insult by others, and spare me from it in yourself.”

Purcell hesitated. Again he led her to the light—again he removed the hood which concealed her features, and gazed upon her beautiful countenance; her bright blue eyes were filled with tears, her lips trembled with apprehension; and terror, far from dimming her surpassing beauty, had made her loveliness more exquisite and irresistible. She did not oppose his scrutiny. The effect upon him and his course of conduct was immediate: he replaced the cloak and hood respectfully. “How beautiful!” he murmured. “Lady, fear nothing; with my life I will guarantee your safety.” Then calling to his companion, who was standing at some distance, he whispered to him for an instant, and left the unknown female in his custody.

This movement was far from satisfactory to the lady: she would have followed him, had not the gallant corporal peremptorily, but gently, opposed it. Although tolerably drunk, he was perfectly alive to the charge he had undertaken of being her protector. “Cheer up!” he muttered, while a frequent hiccup impeded his speech

deplorably. "Fear nothing, Dulcinea del Toboso! Courage, most incomparable princess!—thou lady of the bleeding heart! Jack Middleton, an unworthy corporal of the third company, is 'your own true knight, by day or night, or any light,' as the bard of Avon has it. Stephen Purcell is thy Magnus Apollo, and Stephen Purcell is my approved friend—ergo, sun, moon, or star, shall not get a glimpse of thy charms till Stephano returns. He's as true game as ever man relied upon. On Sunday fortnight I was caught alone by half a score of cuckoldy citizens, who had just been *lalloped* within an inch of their lives, by a few of our lads who were on the ramble. Gad; they twigged me, and had commenced prompt payment, for past civilities, upon my poor carcase, when honest Stephen flew to my relief, and bestrode me like a Colossus; and there I lay, safe on my mother earth, till the boys came to the rescue. Purcell's skull was laid open by a paving-stone, and from heel to head he was as black as your own eye. Keep off!" he exclaimed, fiercely, to a watchman who had approached nearer than Middleton considered prudent—"Keep off! or, by the foot of Phaeton, I'll put four inches of as bright steel in your bread-basket as ever came from a cutler's;" and a flourish of his naked weapon in the twilight proved that in act and word he was equally decisive.

After a painful absence of some minutes Purcell returned. He removed the grey mantle from the shoulders of his fair *protégée*, and replaced it with a light military cloak; then exchanging her hood for a velvet foraging-cap, he gave those discarded articles of dress into the charge of Jack Middleton, who, with a long extract from Cymbeline, took his leave, and left them together.

"Lady, we are alone. Whither shall I conduct you? I have got the necessary pass and countersign."

"Heaven be praised!" she gratefully replied; "I live near Thomas Street. Will your pass-word bring us thither?"

"We'll try it;" and he continued with a smile,—*"The reputation of the Liberty is anything but complimentary to its loyalty. On any other night I could have conducted you without delay to your destination, for I am tolerably well known to the police and military; but the information of this evening is such as called for double vigilance; and no one, whether he be in uniform or not, will be permitted to keep the streets without the countersign. You of course, lady, are unacquainted with the cause of these additional precautions. It is known that the arch-traitor, Lord Edward, is actually within the city. One thousand pounds are on his head, and every effort of the government is strained to insure his arrest. By Heaven! I will give the reward, and this left arm from the shoulder, to him who will bring me *vis-à-vis* to this rebel peer!"* And the deep drawing of his breath showed how desperate was his hostility towards the devoted nobleman.

"Do you know his lordship personally?" said the female, in a timid voice, as they passed the equestrian statue of the third William, which stands in College Green.

"No, I never saw him; but I have every mark of his person so deeply registered in my memory, that if I met him in Kamschatka I could challenge the traitor, and tax him with his double perfidy, as a soldier and a subject."

While he spoke, the fierce and vindictive feelings which blazed forth alarmed his companion, who trembled as she clung to him for protection. He remarked it, and continued—"Fear nothing, my fair friend. I trust his presence in the city will but hurry on events. Let the traitors rise—we shall crush them! If they hesitate, ere a week passes, their leader's head shall top some pinnacle, and lesser villains in hundreds shall dangle from the lamp-posts!"

The female shuddered. "Who goes there?" cried a sentinel in advance of the Castle-gate. "A friend," was the reply. "Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

Purcell dropped the lady's arm for an instant, and communicated with the sentinel in a whisper. "Pass on," said the soldier; "all's well." In the middle of High Street a cavalry patrol approached them. The officer rode out and challenged them. "Halt! who goes there?" Purcell left the flags and conversed in an under tone with the dragoon. "Good night!" he said: "you dine with us on Friday, Stephen:—forward!" and the party rode off. They crossed the corn-market, and after repeated interruptions from the sentries, at length reached Thomas Street in safety.

"We part, my kind and generous protector; how shall I prove my gratitude?"

"Let me conduct you home."

"Impossible!"

"Tell me, then, your name, your residence, and suffer me to inquire for you in the morning."

"Alas! I cannot. I have not the power; and, believe me, the knowledge would not serve you."

"Let the proof be with me," said the youth passionately.

"It cannot be," she answered, with some emotion. "In better times we may renew our acquaintance; but now, fortune and circumstances beyond control alike forbid it. Give me your address: the name of my preserver shall never fade from the recollection of her who is bound for life to bless him."

Purcell gave his card.

"And now," continued the unknown, "as there is danger in even a momentary delay, ask me for any proof of my gratitude, and it shall be freely, heartily given."

"It is hard, lady, to part with you thus," said the student with considerable warmth; "but I submit. Let me conduct you, for your own safety's sake, to your home, and I shall not, unauthorizedly, repeat my visit."

"No, no, no; I am on the very point of leaving you."

"Then be it so, lady; I shall not urge my request. I have been serviceable to you, but I shall not be importunate. Farewell! one kiss, and probably we part for ever!"

As he spoke he passed his arm round the waist of the unknown female; but, starting from him, she exclaimed, "Ask it not," and pressed a ring upon his finger.

The student drew himself up to his full height, and carelessly returning the gem, while he coldly remarked,—“You mistake me, lady; I am no mercenary. Keep your ring: farewell! God bless you!”

The unknown one paused; she seemed to be irresolute. Next moment, in a tone half reproachful and half jestingly, she added,—

“Foolish boy! Must you then have a choice? Be it so; the kiss or the ring is yours; but be advised, and choose the latter.”

“Forgive me, lady, if I reject your counsel;” and placing the ring gently in her hand, he bent his lips to hers, which were not withdrawn from his salute.

“Are you in perfect security? Do not dismiss your guard rashly.”

“*I am now in perfect safety*; for my sake, keep this ring; but as you value me, follow me not. Assuredly we shall meet again, and I may yet render good service for the debt I owe you,” she said, and sprang from his side into a deep and covered alley. No lamp was there to light it, and, dark and narrow as it was, in a moment no trace of his companion was visible. Purcell lingered for a time about the place. He carefully observed the opening of the alley, and having noted the numbers of the houses at either side, determined, happen what would, to visit the spot again: and with this resolve, he slowly retraced his steps towards the university.

When he reached his chambers, his servant was gone to bed, and the fire extinguished. He struck a light, and, for the first time, remarked the extraordinary beauty of the ring, which the unknown one had placed upon his finger. It was a brilliant of large size and exquisite lustre. From it his eye turned to the bonnet and cloak, which Jack Middleton had left upon his table. The one was coarse and considerably worn; the other of common materials and vulgar fashion. How inexplicable! the value of the gem so much at variance with the coarseness of the dress. A strange mystery involved this unknown female. Stephen mentally retraced the night's adventure from its commencement to its close, summed it all up in one deep sigh, undressed, went to bed, was restless, and dreamed of diamond rings, straw bonnets, and the incognita of Thomas Street.

He slept longer than usual; and when his servant awoke him, he produced a sealed parcel, which had been left early that morning in the rooms by a porter. Purcell impatiently opened it. He found his cloak and foraging-cap, neatly folded up; and a little billet, in beautiful Italian characters, returned him thanks for his protection on the preceding night, and expressed a hope that he had found no difficulty in getting home, as the streets had been unusually disturbed. The note was written on embossed paper: the language, the folding, the seal, were all expressive of good taste and elegance; but the billet bore neither address nor signature. His eager inquiries were unattended with any information. The old college-woman knew nothing,

“she had received it from a man, who delivered it and went

away. She asked no questions: why should she? she had other things to mind, God help her!" &c. &c.

Purcell had indulged in the hope that the return of his cloak might lead him to some knowledge of the fair one who had worn it the preceding night; but now, that chance of discovering her had failed. He sat down, professedly to breakfast, but soon lost himself in a reverie over the tea-cup. After an hour's rumination, he sprang up, fidgeted about the room, took half a round of the park, came back, dressed, ordered his horse, and rode off towards the Liberty.

No one knew the city better than Stephen Purcell; there was not a division of the town which had not been the scene of some odd adventure or wild exploit. For two long hours he traversed every street adjacent to the place where the fair one vanished. He pushed through courts and alleys, where a horseman had seldom ventured, discovered lanes only known to washerwomen, back passages to breweries, tan-yards, dyeing-houses, and the endless variety of appurtenances belonging to the busy multitude who inhabit the mixed abode of penury and opulence; and, after a tiresome research, returned, "a sadder," but not "a wiser man."

Evening came. For a wonder, the student was alone; and seated at a window which overlooked the college-park, he drank his wine in unsocial solitude. The daily papers were on the table, but their alarming columns were disregarded, and one fair object excluded all other thoughts. After mature deliberation, Stephen at last concluded that he was in love! and what the devil else could ail him? He kissed the ring, re-read the billet, examined the bonnet, and, for the first time, detected the name of "Ann Brady," badly written in the lining.

Had he now discovered the unknown one? "Ann Brady!" Pshaw! the letters were like hedge stakes; and could that beautiful hand, which he had pressed last night at parting, indite villanous characters like those? No, no; she was as much Ann Brady as he was Prester John! He sprang from the table in a frenzy, strode for five minutes up and down the room, and, unable to control his impatience, determined once more to visit the place where, under such mysterious circumstances, he had lost sight of his handsome incognita.

As a preparatory step, Purcell laid aside his uniform, and assumed the jacket, trowsers, and straw hat of a sailor. Doubtless, he chose these habiliments for disguise; but nevertheless he selected a most becoming one. No dress shows a well-made man to more advantage. Stephen had probably ascertained the fact; and, in his frequent rambles, he adopted this as a favourite costume. Perilous as the times were, he carried no secret weapon on his person: a well-tried black thorn, a vigorous arm, and a stout heart, were his protectors; all else he left to fortune; and having obtained the pass-word for the night, he bent his course towards the Liberty.

It was now dark, and the night threatened to be inclement: the wind was rising, the dust whirled round in eddies; presently large drops of rain fell, and the appearances of a coming storm increased.

Purcell walked quickly forward. The sign-boards creaked, the windows rattled, the sentries kept within their boxes, the lamps gave an unsteady and flickering light; and when the young college-man reached the alley in Thomas Street, the rain fell in torrents, and the storm raged violently.

The entrance of the alley was covered over, and there the student paused to consider what course he should pursue. The severity of the night, and the peril of the times, had cleared the streets of passengers, and no one was abroad but the pickets. No hour could be more favourable to examine the place without observation, and Stephen Purcell went carefully on.

The alley was extremely narrow; some wretched houses rose at either side, and their ruinous exterior, and the poles and cords suspended from the upper windows for drying linen, showed that their occupants were of the meanest order of the community. At the bottom of this passage there was a wall of extraordinary height, with a small wicket-door. Judging from appearances, the space within was a garden, for the tops of trees were visible: a brass plate was on the door; but the dim light prevented him from reading the name engraven on it.

A passage running parallel with the wall extended to the left, and in that direction several large-sized and lofty chimneys rose above the other buildings. From these appearances, Purcell concluded that an extensive brewery, or some such building, was contiguous.

Except that the rain splashed heavily from the housetops, and the wind came roaring in hollow gusts through the confined passages, there reigned around a death-like stillness. The public lamps had not then been extended as far as this remote and cheerless district; a solitary light emitted its feeble rays at a considerable distance, and, directed by its irregular flashes, which scarcely pierced the dense atmosphere, the collegian approached the spot from which its intermitting sparkle came.

He reached, with some difficulty, a lone and ruinous dwelling. The light which guided him shone through the crevices of the window-shutters; and Purcell ascertained that the house was a tavern of the lowest kind; or, as was more probable from its loneliness, a flash receptacle for vagabonds and stolen property. Here, however, he might glean some information: the severity of the night made any shelter desirable; and, after a moment's irresolution, he struck the door, and boldly demanded admittance.

His knock was thrice repeated before any one noticed it from within. At last a coarse voice demanded his name and business. "He was a stranger, and wanted some refreshment." After much whispering, and a considerable delay, the door was cautiously opened.

Nothing could be more wretched than the interior of the mansion. A filthy counter was covered with pewter measures and foul dram-glasses; and the atrocious smells, combined of spilt liquors and the smoke of bad tobacco, were overwhelming to any organs but those of

the *night-birds* who infested this infernal *cabaret*. Purcell was conducted by the host into an inner apartment, where, in a boxed recess, sat four men of very villanous presence.

Bold and reckless as the student was, he would have retreated had escape been practicable; but the outer door had been jealously closed the very moment that he passed it. No choice remained, but to wait patiently for a favourable opportunity to retire. The host, in any thing but an encouraging tone, demanded what he would please to drink, and the college-man, assuming as much indifference as he could, in a rough voice asked for a pot of porter.

Every eye was bent upon the stranger by the ruffian group in the remote box; and their conversation was indistinct, and confined to cant and whispers. The pseudo-sailor, to all appearance, discussed his porter at his ease; but he was very far from being comfortable; and as he stole a side-glance at his companions in the corner, he clenched his black-thorn stick beneath the table, and collected his strength and courage for the struggle which he concluded would be inevitable. Meantime two of the party left the room; not, however, without bestowing, as they passed, a most ominous side-glance on the unsuspecting sailor—as he seemed to be. They whispered earnestly for a few minutes with the landlord, then leaving the house, the door was carefully locked after they departed.

Purcell, after some little delay, resolved to ascertain whether he would be permitted to leave the house without opposition. He suspected that he should be waylaid by the villains who had left the room; but they were but two, and, without, he thought his chances of escape were better than if he waited an attack within. Purcell in resolve and action was equally prompt: seizing the pewter measure, whose contents were but lightly diminished, he struck upon the table, demanded what the reckoning was, and flung a shilling to the host. The landlord lifted the silver, and with a meaning look observed, as he handed the change, that "porter had but one price—he was in an honest house—did he mean any offence?"

Purcell easily perceived his object, but determined to leave him no excuse to commence a quarrel. He suited his answer accordingly, and rising from the table, made a step or two towards the door; but the landlord manifested decided reluctance to lose his guest. "What hurry was he in? He knocked loud enough to get in; nobody wanted him; if people had pains, people should have profit. Was he to be disturbed for a shabby pint of porter? Not he. The night, too, was as bad as ever: the rain was falling in bucketfuls, and there was a *fresh hand at the bellows*," as he expressed the increasing storm, which came moaning through the broken windows and shattered doors.

The student had anticipated the result, and determined to force an egress before the return of the absent ruffians, whom he naturally suspected to have left the house on no good errand. The fellows in the corner arose while the landlord was speaking; but at the instant a knock was heard at the door, followed by a low and peculiar whistle,

"All's right, boys," said the host to the "ruffians twain;" and leaving the room, Purcell heard the front door open.

"Now or never!" the student muttered between his teeth, and springing into the tap-room, attempted to rush into the lane. The landlord immediately threw himself across, but with his left hand Purcell knocked him down, and unhurt by a blow levelled at him with a bludgeon by a ruffian without, he leaped over the prostrate host, and followed by the remainder of the gang, fled towards the narrow alley which had conducted him to this villanous den.

Of escape he now had little doubt: the first movement was the perilous part of the attempt, and it had succeeded. Once in the narrow alley, he might bid defiance to his pursuers; and if he gained Thomas Street, he should be within call of the picket. One of the party gained upon him: Purcell slackened his pace, allowed the villain to come up, then turning with amazing quickness, felled him to the earth; and rushing forward with increased speed, left his pursuers easily. His escape was gallantly managed, and the alley was beside him. Proud of his bold adventure, he sprang into the dark entrance, and found himself in the grasp of several men, who disarmed him in a twinkling, bound his arms with a cord, and his eyes with a handkerchief, and in a deep determined whisper told him to be silent, or his life should be the penalty.

Daring as Purcell's spirit was, his heart throbbed almost to bursting, and he gave himself up as a lost man. Doubtless he had fallen into the hands of the same gang, of whom the villains in the flash-house were a part. Irritated by his escape, the blows they had received would be fearfully revenged, and his murder was inevitable. Could he make any effort at a fresh escape? Alas! no. His hands were pinioned, and he could not even see the number of his enemies. Could he but loose the ligature that bound his arms, he would attempt to rescue himself: if he failed, he might as well perish here as be slaughtered in that haunt of murder from which he had but just escaped. He strove to free his hands: the effort partially succeeded, the bandage slackened sensibly, when one of his captors perceived his design. "By the God of Heaven!" said a voice in a deep and fearful whisper, "if you but move tongue or limb, a dozen daggers shall meet in your heart!" And as he spoke, a smart prick of a keen weapon made the student wince. "Ha! hast thou feeling, fellow? Be still, or —"

While this passed, others of the party held a hurried kind of consultation. "Bring me the lantern," said the voice of one who appeared to influence the rest. The order was obeyed, the prisoner found the heat upon his face, and the stream of light penetrated through the folds of the bandage. They were scrutinizing his countenance, for next moment the leader muttered, "By — he is a spy! his face and dress are not in character; and see—a military stock is on his neck. Harken!" and a strong arm shook Purcell's shoulder; "you have not two minutes' life if you palter with us for a moment. Who—what are you? What brought you hither? Speak."

The prisoner paused: to conceal his name was useless, and he avowed it.

"A college-man here, and at midnight! Your errand?"

"A woman."

"A woman! Pish! you are a spy."

"I am not, by Heaven!"

"The proof."

"Should I be here unarmed, and alone?"

"Who was the person you came here to meet?"

"Excuse me, I cannot tell, for I really don't know her name. If I did, I would not tell you."

"Fair enough. Do you know S——, and F——, and B——?" and he mentioned several college-men.

"I do."

"Describe them." The prisoner did so accurately.

"How are we to know that you are Mr. Purcell?"

"Look at my watch: my crest and cipher are engraven on the cases."

The watch was examined, and its value added an additional evidence as to the veracity of the captive.

"You must be removed for a short time from this place; and further, you must remain a close and silent prisoner. Do you agree?"

"I have no other choice. Give me my black-thorn, five paces' law, and you shall have a different answer."

"This confirms his identity," said another voice; "Purcell, I have heard, is brave and daring; and this proposal is a bold one."

"Remove him," said the first speaker. "If he submits, use him like a gentleman: if not, you have efficient means to silence the loudest tongue. Don't spare them."

Instantly Purcell was lifted from the ground: a door opened—he believed it was the small one in the wall; he was carried inside, and then desired to walk between his conductors. The smooth gravel beneath his feet, and the smell of the plants and flowers, rendered more powerful by the evening's rain, confirmed his suspicions. Finding he was not returned to the infamous den from which he had escaped, the captive's *hardiesses* revived. He was brought into a house, unbound, unhooded, carefully locked up, and left in total darkness to "commune with his own thoughts."

An hour passed: the rain ceased, the wind died away, and, with the suddenness of a summer tempest, the fury of the elements subsided as rapidly as it had been raised. The moon shone out, the sky resumed its placid blue, not a cloud remained, and, putting on a treacherous serenity, it looked as calm and holy as if it had never been vexed by a storm.

Purcell profited by the light to examine the place of his confinement, and from implements in the corner and a quantity of earthen flower-pots on the benches, he conjectured that the place of his confinement was a gardener's house. His next thoughts were turned

upon escape. The window was but indifferently secured by iron stanchions, and with a spade which he found among the tools he commenced his operations silently. In a few minutes a bar fell from the window, and proved the success of his exertions. He worked with redoubled energy: a second one yielded, and the opening would soon be sufficiently wide to allow him to force his person through it, when a noise interrupted him, a door jarred at a little distance, a light glimmered, footsteps approached, the key turned, and a stranger stood before him.

If Purcell had formed an idea of encountering the rigid features of a stern gaoler in those of his new visitor, he was wrong. The person was a steady sober-looking citizen, advanced beyond the meridian of life, and perfectly opposite to anything the captive expected to have seen. His dress was plain, but respectable, and being unattended, and without weapons, to guess at his "intentions" from his looks, they were most "charitable." The fallen bars and broken casement did not escape his observation, and he smiled as he viewed the prisoner's handiwork.

"Upon my word, Mr. Purcell, you have not been unemployed. Had I delayed my visit, I should have been minus a window and a prisoner. Come, sir, your captivity is at an end; and I hope you will forgive an infringement on the liberty of the subject, as perpetrated this night upon your person. Your incarceration, sir, originated in a ridiculous, but, you will probably confess, a natural mistake. The fact is simply this. I am a trader, and must acknowledge that occasionally I admit and dispose of certain commodities which may not have contributed their regulated quota to the king's exchequer. Such was the case to-night. You were unluckily in the way, and your disguise, the very strange place you chose to visit, on such a night, and at such an hour, caused you to be suspected by some wild hands, which this dangerous traffic makes necessary, and your detention was the consequence. Had I been there, the thing could not have occurred; your parole of honour would have been a sufficient guarantee. Am I pardoned for having been, though inadvertently, a party to your arrest?"

Purcell looked grave as he thought on the peril his wild visit had exposed him to; but it was over, and it was just the kind of adventure he loved to recollect. He took the citizen's extended hand.

"Really, Mr. Downing," for as such the visitor had announced himself, "the fault was all my own. I came here on an errand as wild as bootless; and if I have paid the penalty of my indiscretion, my punishment was trifling, being limited to an hour's meditation in a garden-house. There was one gentleman who appeared to me the principal performer: he was not only liberal in threats, but thought it advisable to give me a foretaste of the pleasure of being poniarded. I certainly hold myself his debtor to the amount of a broken head. However, the account must stand over for the present. By Saint George, if we ever clear scores he shall have the principal with honest interest. But I fear I have done some damage."

"Never mind, Mr. Purcell, never mind; we shall easily repair the window. Your exercise must have given you an appetite: supper is ready, and I will introduce you to my wife and a few friends. But, if my question be not impertinent, might I inquire what brought you to the extraordinary place where my people met you?"

The student had predetermined to keep the secret of his midnight ramble to himself. He hoped to establish himself in the citizen's good graces: an acquaintance with his family would be locally important, and might facilitate his discovering the name and residence of that mysterious fair one, whose beauty had so nearly proved disastrous to him. "And was there, then, anything singular in my being a wanderer in the place your friends found me?" said the college-man, with an inquisitive smile.

"Indeed there was. It is an outlet from the more populous parts of the town: its extreme loneliness, though contiguous to the busier streets, renders the few dilapidated dwellings it contains a favourite and secure receptacle for thieves and vagabonds. In daylight it is unsafe for a well-dressed passenger to be seen there; and at night none but felons or the police would venture within its infamous precincts. You were apparently pursued, they told me, when your flight was so unexpectedly interrupted."

"I was;" and Purcell related the particulars of his escape. The citizen shuddered. "Your life, had you failed, was not worth a farthing's purchase. My blood runs cold when I think of the danger you were exposed to. Good God, sir, what brought you there?"

The question was a shrewd one. Purcell hesitated; but, considering the latitude allowed in love and war, he determined not to stick too closely to the truth. "He shall know," thought the college-man, "the true cause of many of my adventures, and a multitude of my mishaps; but as to facts I shall not be over accurate:" and accordingly he gave Mr. Downing a most confused narrative of an appointment at the theatre, and a very minute description of a short woman with black eyes, white teeth, and a chinchilla muff and tippet; gravely concluding with an inquiry from the citizen, whether he had the pleasure of an acquaintance with any lady whose dress and charms were similar?

"Not I, truly," said Mr. Downing, with a good-natured smile. "Not I: some abominable courtesan. Women of depraved habits, they tell me, are often seen there. There is a flash house in that haunt of infamy, a place where robberies are planned, and where thieves meet to divide or dispose of plunder. Good God! what an escape! Come along, sir. My concerns here are very extensive. The back of my garden opens by a wicket-door into this hopeful labyrinth, for its lanes and passages are most intricate. Preserve us! what an escape!"

So saying, he led Purcell through the garden: they entered a neat shrubbery and flower-knot, then passing into a conservatory, the citizen introduced his new acquaintance to a large and comfortable dwelling.

Within, there was an appearance of wealth and display, with a total absence of anything bearing an air of fashion. Mr. Downing led the way to a spacious eating-room. There a table was laid with eight or ten covers, and several of the guests were assembled round the fire. They were all plain, inelegant, business-looking personages; and when the student was presented to them by the host, a smile of peculiar meaning was visible on the countenances of part of the company. Whatever caused the circumstance, it did not escape the observation of the pseudo-sailor.

Between the feelings and characters of the members of the Irish university as they existed thirty years ago, and as they appear at present, there is a striking difference. Then, the alumni of "the undivided Trinity" were chiefly sons of the nobility, members of the House of Commons, country gentlemen of estate, and men of liberal professions: few of those of the mercantile classes were found. Now, the case is reversed. At the former period, with a very few exceptions, the students had arrived at manhood before their college course had closed. At the present day, from the extreme youth of the members, the university assumes the appearance of an overgrown school. Previous to the rebellion, the students of Trinity College were proud, overbearing, and aristocratic. They looked down upon the citizens as persons of inferior birth and ungentelemanly tastes and habits; and, accordingly, many a *raid* was made from the college upon the city; and, in return, when belated or distant from their hive, the students received personal mementos from the hands of the irritated burghers.

Purcell's was a noted name as a leader of those dreaded and desperate youths. Many an assault and battery had he inflicted and endured; and now, smarting from a recollection of his imprisonment, in perpetrating which he suspected the group round the fire to have been principals, his pride took fire at the imaginary insult which their meaning look conveyed; and determined to seize the earliest opportunity to resent it, he turned his back contemptuously upon the company, and employed himself in examining certain portraits of Washington, Lucas, and Dean Swift, which, in gloriously-gilt frames, hung from the walls of the apartment.

From those similitudes of patriotism, the student's eye wandered round the room. It was well lighted, the furniture expensive rather than well chosen, the carpet rich, the sideboard loaded with plate, and all that he saw attested the wealth of the proprietor.

His further observations were interrupted: a door opened, and some one came in, whose entrance caused a sensation among the company. "Mrs. Downing," was repeated in different keys from the fire-place. "It's the old boy's helpmate," said Purcell: "some awful antiquity in brown bombasin and laced furbelows;" and, with affected ignorance of the lady of the house being present, he continued, with studied indifference, to admire the patriots upon the wall, and occupy himself with an accurate survey of the dull features of the once celebrated Doctor Lucas. There was a whispering at the fire: a

light step crossed the room. "Here comes old bombasin," muttered the student; and turning slowly round, with determined nonchalance, within two paces his eyes encountered those of a young and beautiful woman. Heavens and earth! there stood the cause of all his anxiety and danger—there stood the unknown one!

If the student's astonishment was great at this unexpected meeting, the effect upon his fair incognita was positively electric. The blood rushed to the surface, and one deep blush covered her from the brow to the bosom; for a moment she did not raise her eyes, and when she did, it appeared she had resolved to reject all previous acquaintance with her visitor. She returned his confused compliments with a low and formal courtesy, and muttered some disjointed excuses for the unavoidable absence of her husband.

Her husband! Gracious Heaven! Was she then married? and by that solitary word the student's air-built castle was overthrown. The pang of deep disappointment gave way to pique. Had she really forgotten him? Her blush said "No." Then she was ungrateful; and in one short day his services were forgotten. Purcell's pride was wounded. In a low voice he apologized for his dress: "Had he anticipated the honour so unexpectedly conferred upon him, the honour of being presented to Mrs. Downing, he should have been more suitably attired; but people would occasionally be found in dishabille. Till to-night he had never known its advantages, for he observed that the memory was discarded with the dress."

While he spoke, the lady's varying colour showed that she was not insensible to his reproaches. She raised her eyes—they met the student's; and in a moment he could have knelt at her feet, and supplicated pardon for harbouring a thought, or expressing a word, that could disquiet her. Suddenly she exclaimed,—“You are hurt, sir; there is blood upon your breast.” Purcell turned his eyes carelessly to the spot. His shirt was slightly spotted. He smiled. “The wound is not incurable, I trust: as a worthy friend of mine would express it, ‘Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door.’”

“Let me recommend you to have it examined. Allow me to show you to a dressing-room;” and, with a look which bade him follow her, she took a taper from the side-board and left the supper-room.

As they ascended the stairs, the lady of the house looked cautiously round. No one was visible. She pointed to a chamber, and in a rapid whisper said,—

“What madness have you not been guilty of? Good God! Downing told me your escape from murder was nearly a miracle. Ah! Mr. Purcell, why did you come here? But fate, which threw you so opportunely in my way, seems determined that our acquaintance, so singular in its origin, shall continue. My husband knows the particulars of my late adventure, but is ignorant of my preserver's name. Let it remain so: we never met before, remember that. I see you have not displayed the token of my gratitude: never let that ring be seen. Be guarded, be silent, have eyes and ears; but affect to have

neither. I must leave you. Ring the bell, and anything you require will be brought to you." She pressed her fingers to her lip, smiled, and next moment he heard her return to the chamber where the guests were assembled.

When the student entered the chamber to which his hostess had conducted him, he was surprised at the very elegant arrangement of the room. It was a lady's boudoir; and the pure and classic taste evinced in its furniture and decoration formed a striking contrast to the wealthy, but vulgar, display so apparent in the rest of the mansion. There was a harp, a piano, and other musical instruments; and a large collection of written and printed music filled the stands. Books, magnificently bound, were disposed in rosewood cabinets; and several fine specimens of sculpture adorned the mantelpiece.

Among some paintings of exquisite beauty, one little portrait attracted the student's undivided admiration: it was a likeness of the lovely occupant of the chamber. Purcell gazed upon it with rapture. There was the deep blue eye—that bright, that speaking eye: there, too, was the rich profusion of chestnut ringlets; the Grecian nose; the full red lip, that concealed teeth of pearl-like whiteness—and he had pressed that lip! And with that thought came the maddening recollection that she was *another's*. Good Heaven! could that lovely girl have wedded the elderly and homely person he had seen? Did that young beauty bloom for one whose years and habits rendered the existence of mutual attachment an impossibility? What could have caused this sacrifice? There was some hidden secret involving this ill-assorted union which it was difficult to comprehend. His musing was interrupted: a heavy step approached, and Mr. Downing entered.

"I ask your pardon, Mr. Purcell: my neglect must appear unpardonable. Madeline tells me you are wounded; let me look at it."

"A scratch, sir,—a mere scratch!" and baring his breast, the student discovered that the skin had been slightly punctured. "Pshaw! sir," he continued, "your lady's bodkin would make a deadlier wound;" and, taking some sticking-plaster from his host, he covered the scar, and buttoning his jacket so as to conceal the stain upon his shirt, followed Mr. Downing to the supper-room.

Purcell was placed beside the lady of the house. Opposite to him a man was seated whom he had not previously observed: he was introduced as Monsieur de Chattelain. His dress and demeanour were grave, and from his general look the student concluded that he was some priest or physician. But his manners were very different from those of the other guests; his address was courtly and commanding; his conversation lively and intelligent. Before the meal was over, Purcell felt himself irresistibly impelled towards the agreeable foreigner; and forgetting the remainder of the company, his whole attention was engrossed by Madeline and the intelligent person beside her. At a late hour he took a reluctant leave, and with unfeigned delight accepted Mr. Downing's warm invitation to visit

his house frequently, with an assurance that a cover at his table should be always reserved for his young friend, the student.

Love had already made wild work in Purcell's heart. Madeline, the beautiful Madeline, occupied his thoughts and haunted his dreams. A colder character might have taken timely alarm, and avoided the danger of encouraging a growing passion for one whom fortune had placed beyond the possibility of his possessing. But the student's ardent disposition was insensible to the peril of his situation; and leaving the result to fate, he continued visiting the person whom prudence would have warned him to avoid. Accordingly, each day produced some apology for repairing to Downing's house; and as the mercantile avocations of the host occupied his time with little intermission, unfortunately for Stephen Purcell, his interviews with Madeline were long, and generally uncontrolled by the presence of another.

Madeline was the orphan daughter of an officer in the Irish brigade. She was educated at an English convent in Normandy, and after the revolution had broken out, had the misfortune to lose her father, who fell in the battle of Arcola. The temper of the times made the existence of any religious community in France impossible. That of Saint Geneviève was dispersed, and the inmates obliged to seek a shelter in another kingdom. Madeline's father had once been in the Duke of Orleans' household, and in her distress she applied for protection to the daughter of that prince, who had lately married the gallant and unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Madeline was an inmate of Lord Edward's family when Mr. Downing, with others of the Irish delegates, had an interview with the French authorities at Hamburg. There Madeline and he accidentally met. Downing was opulent and respectable, an enthusiast in politics, and one for whom Lord Edward had a high personal regard. Struck with the charms of the beautiful and unprotected orphan, the trader forgot the disparity of years; and conceiving that wealth would atone for other disadvantages, he declared his admiration to its object, and pressed his suit with ardour. Seconded by the powerful interference of his noble friend, Madeline's objections to a union in which her heart was perfectly unconcerned were removed, and Downing returned to Ireland the husband of the beautiful boarder of Saint Geneviève.

A year passed over, and Downing's thoughts became absorbed in the ruinous politics of the times. His vanity might have been gratified by being the husband of one so lovely and accomplished as Madeline: but love was not a leading passion; and those hours which a younger husband would have allotted to domestic enjoyment, were consumed in prosecuting a conspiracy to overthrow the Irish government. Madeline felt no disappointment at the change; in fact, it was rather a relief. No pledge of love had blessed her heartless marriage; and too young to feel anything but friendship for one so much beyond her in years and so opposite in taste and habits, she employed her uninterrupted leisure in the exercise of those elegant

arts she had acquired from the sisterhood of Saint Geneviève. Music and painting were her resources; and as the trader furnished her with unbounded means for collecting all that was rare and expensive, Madeline's boudoir and drawing-room became repositories for every elegance in the arts. With such opposite pursuits, Downing and his wife seldom met but in society. Their apartments were separate, and their intercourse rather resembled that of a child and parent than the warmer intimacy of wedded life.

Gratitude and affection towards her quondam protector, Lord Edward, continued unabated in Madeline's breast. The delicate and generous attention she had experienced in her destitution, and the frequent opportunities which, while a member of his family, she had possessed of seeing and estimating the chivalrous traits of character of that gifted but unhappy nobleman, had made a lasting impression. She, too, had imbibed much of the enthusiasm of the day; and the wild and delusive romance of liberty had seized upon a young and fervid imagination. Her protector was coming to Ireland, the hero and liberator of his country. Ardently, then, did the beautiful enthusiast enter into her husband's plans for sheltering the noble leader of the conspiracy; and by frequent instances of firmness in danger, with the ready resources of a woman's wit, she proved that the secret of Lord Edward's concealment had been intrusted to one well worthy of this proud but dangerous confidence.

On the night of Lord Edward's arrival in the city, Madeline had brought him the disguise he afterwards assumed. Many untoward circumstances delayed her, and she was returning, after executing her perilous errand, when her arrest before the college-gates occurred. Purcell's timely interference saved her from the consequences of detection, and formed the basis of a future intimacy which proved deeply disastrous to both.

Meanwhile the attempts of the executive to discover the retreat of the rebel leader were unsuccessful. Rewards and espionage produced no disclosures calculated to lead to his detection. De Chateelain sometimes joined the student during his constant visits at Downing's; and, delighted with his spirited and entertaining acquaintance, Purcell's admiration of his talents and information momentarily increased. The foreigner appeared singularly uninterested in the passing events which engrossed the thoughts of all save himself, but signified unfeigned astonishment at the success with which the chief conspirator evaded the incessant efforts of his enemies.

The result of Purcell's daily interviews with the beautiful Madeline may be easily conjectured. He became the victim of a deep and devouring love; an unaccountable change in habits and disposition was remarked by his companions; the parade was deserted; in the commons-hall he was never seen; and he now avoided the nightly carousals of the wild youths of the university, where, but lately, he had been the presiding spirit. In his chambers he was seldom found, and his most intimate friends were totally astounded at the marvellous sudden change in Stephen Purcell.

With pain Madeline remarked the progress of the student's passion. She rightly judged that a character so ardent and impetuous was ill adapted to struggle against a growing attachment, which, if not subdued, would assuredly terminate in their mutual misery. She would have avoided him, but her husband, for political purposes, encouraged his visits; and Madeline was thus prevented from adopting the only salutary course of conduct she could pursue. Her suspicions were soon confirmed: an incident, at one of their private interviews, hurried the student's feelings beyond the power of control, as he flung himself at her feet, and in a wild and unconnected rhapsody owned how desperately and hopelessly he loved her.

She fled from him: he would have detained her; but she broke from him, and retired to her chamber to seek relief in solitude and tears. She wept for the frenzied passion of her unhappy lover; but, alas! Madeline might weep for herself! She, who had wedded without a sentiment beyond respect, had learned, too late, how dangerous it is to trifle with the heart. Hers had been hitherto untouched; but now, when to love was criminal, she, for the first time, felt there was a being for whom, had her will been free, she would have declined a diadem!

Purcell for a while remained powerless as a statue. Madeline was gone—gone for ever! His insane disclosure had insulted her beyond the chance of being appeased. All was over! He took a last look at the boudoir he should never again enter; and his eye resting on the likeness of the beautiful wife of Downing, he took it from the wall, placed it in his bosom, rushed down stairs, and left the house that held the woman whom he idolized.

Evening came; in a state of melancholy abstraction he paced his cheerless chamber; "he took no note of time;" his servant spoke to him, but he was unheard or unheeded. He put a note into his master's hand; but there it remained unopened. Casually, Purcell's eyes turned on the address; it was the handwriting of Madeline: he hastily broke the seal, and read the following words:—

"Purcell, farewell!—we meet no more! Your honour, and my peace of mind, require this from both of us. I alone am blameable. What I had reason to suspect, I should have prevented; and, by adopting a course now unavoidable, I should have spared some suffering to you, and much unavailing misery to myself. Break off all intimacy with Mr. Downing. Write to him—tax him with disloyalty—and make this, or any other plea, a pretext for declining his farther acquaintance. I would confess the truth to him, and save you the trouble I impose; but it is enough that I should suffer, without including him in a misfortune of which I have been the sole cause. Fare thee well! that blessings here and hereafter may attend you, is the prayer of

"MADELINE."

The student read the billet over and over, and then, with an effort of extraordinary self-possession, he calmly wrote the letter it demanded. He despatched it by his servant, and then, relapsing into his painful

reverie, remained with folded arms "gazing on vacancy." Night came on: a tap was heard at the outer door; a person entered, stood for a minute in silence at the student's side, then striking his absent friend upon the shoulder, Jack Middleton's well-known voice addressed him:—

"In the name of deep tragedy, I conjure thee. What, ho! Stephano! art thou alive, man? or has ought occurred to

*'Deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness?'*"

"Jack," said the student, mournfully, "leave me. I am company for none but a maniac. I am wretched, Jack—truly wretched."

"Pshaw! Stephen, nonsense; what the devil has happened?—some mishap; but surely we can remedy it. Have you been—" and looking earnestly at his friend, he mimicked the rattling of a dice-box.

"No, no, no; 'tis here and here;" and Purcell pressed his heart and head convulsively.

"In love, by the shade of Marc Antony! Ha! ha! ha! and is Stephen Purcell turned to a mewling school-boy? He cries because Chloe will not consent to drop into his arms like an over-ripe medlar. Would she not have thee without the parson's benison? 'Oh most pernicious woman!' Come, make me thy confidant, and, 'by the simplicity of Venus' doves,' we'll have her, though we commit a burglary."

"Ah, Jack, my case is desperate!"

"Then take the remedy that never failed, wine—wine—wine! You have deserted your friends; some say you are getting mad; others, that you are turning traitor. Come along, the lads are waiting. Without you there has been 'a gap in our great feast.' Where's that? Oh, Macbeth, 'a gap in our great feast;'" and Purcell allowing himself to be led off without resistance, Jack Middleton continued favouring him with excellent advice, and quotations from his darling Shakspeare, until they reached the guard-room, where his presence was hailed by a cheer of welcome.

Purcell had eaten nothing since morning; and he drank with avidity the wine pressed upon him by his friends. The fever of his mind rendered him unable to endure a debauch; his vision failed; his brain burned; and, to the surprise of his companions, directly after the cloth was removed he fell upon the floor insensible.

His fall was ascribed to intoxication; but fortunately a medical student present, attributing Purcell's supposed inebriety to a different cause, had him carried to his chambers, and remained during the night beside his bed. His ravings confirmed the student's suspicions; and the morning found him feverish and exhausted. Farther assistance was promptly administered; and, after a confinement of a few days, Purcell recovered sufficiently to enable him to move about the park.

No tidings of Madeline reached him since they parted. Indeed, that silence was natural: her letter prepared him for a separation; and, doubtless, she had striven, and perhaps succeeded in forgetting him. His spirits left him; his once rude hue of health faded from his

cheek; he became nervous and wretched; but, the while, the traces of mental anguish on his countenance were supposed to proceed from bodily indisposition, and none but Jack Middleton and his medical attendant guessed that his ailment was "a mind diseased."

The former seldom left his friend alone; and on the night of the 17th of May he entered Purcell's rooms so closely muffled up, as for a time rendered his recognition difficult. "Are we alone, Stephano?"

"We are. My servant is gone for a book to Harlow's library."

"Lend me your ear," Stephen: we leave this ere midnight, on a secret expedition—Lord Edward is betrayed!"

"Betrayed! is it possible?"

"True; we are certain of success; and before the clock strikes one, the traitor will be a prisoner, or dead. You must come with us. Half a dozen of the lads are selected for the work, and, good Stephano, thou art one."

"I?"

"Yes, *you*; are you unwilling? Oh, we can fill your place readily."

The student's face reddened.

"Nay, Stephen, I but jested. Come, arm yourself; we go disguised; pistols are the thing; a great coat conceals them."

"Where is the place, Jack?"

"Some nook off Thomas Street; but we have a guide." Purcell's nerves jarred as Middleton named the street; but an irresistible impulse urged him to visit again the neighbourhood which had proved so fatal to his peace. Taking a case of pistols from a drawer, he examined their flints and primings; and having secured them in a waist-belt, put on a watch-coat, and accompanied his companion.

It was striking ten o'clock. Middleton led the way to an apartment within the guard-room, where the party, consisting of four students and a civil officer, were already waiting for them. The plan they were to pursue was simple: a servant had disclosed Lord Edward's retreat, and would admit them privately into the premises by a back entrance; while, soon after, the house and neighbouring streets would be surrounded by a military force. The chosen few who were to arrest the rebel chief were to be admitted an hour before the larger body should appear, as troops moving at a late hour in that direction might cause an alarm, and frustrate the attempt. It was known that Lord Edward was desperate, and well armed. Aware of the certainty of his fate, should he fall into the hands of his enemies, his intention of never being taken alive was no secret. To arrest him, therefore, was a service of no small peril; and to a limited number of the college corps, men of active habits and established courage, the dangerous duty was assigned.

Two hackney-coaches conveyed the party to the end of Thomas Street; then, alighting, they followed the police officer in silence, and approached the spot, which to one of them had already been pregnant with adventure. At the entrance of the well-remembered alley the guide paused, looked anxiously round, and next moment plunged into the gloomy passage. Middleton and his companions followed, and,

with amazement, Purcell saw their leader tap at the little wicket, which instantly opened, and admitted them into Downing's garden.

He who had unclosed the door held a short parley with the officer, and immediately after retired through the garden. The guide briefly informed them that they were to remain in concealment, until he ascertained the proper time for conducting them into the house. He would communicate with one of the party, who should be posted near the dwelling. After a slight discussion, this duty was intrusted to Purcell; and, directly, the man returned, led the student through the flower-knot, and concealed him among some shrubs, beneath the windows of Madeline's boudoir.

While the student vainly strove to collect his wandering thoughts, a taper gleamed from the casement above. A figure crossed the stream of light—was it Madeline? A conservatory nearly reached the window, and by the aid of a flower-stand Purcell imagined he might gain the casement. What were his impulses for doing so he could not tell; but he made the attempt, and succeeded without noise or difficulty.

He would have scarcely recognised the apartment. The paintings were taken down, the instruments and book-cases removed, and any furniture that remained was apparently in great disorder. The whole had an air of neglect and desolation. Madeline was not alone, for De Chattelain stood beside her, and both were busy in tearing letters and destroying written papers. The task was soon over, and the foreigner left the chamber.

Madeline continued standing at the table. She appeared anxious and thoughtful: the light, as she moved aside, fell upon her face, and the cheek and lip, which so lately showed the flush of health, were now wan and colourless. Purcell's heart throbbed painfully. There she stood—the being whom he prized above all earthly things. There she stood, unconscious of impending danger. Could he know that peril was so near, nor warn her of the coming storm? would it be manly?—would it be honourable? Time pressed—he hesitated—the struggle was short—loyalty gave way to love, and he gently tapped upon the casement.

Light as the signal was, Madeline started. A human face, at that late hour, peeping at the casement, alarmed her. She was about to fly from the room, when her name murmured in a low but well-remembered voice, prevented it. She approached—threw the sash open, and Purcell sprang into the chamber, and threw himself at her feet.

Both were for a moment silent, till Madeline, bursting into tears, exclaimed—"Is this honourable?—is this generous?"

"Madeline," said the student, in deep emotion, "I come to save you—even now the house is being surrounded, and treachery has already admitted a part of your enemies to the garden."

"Their visit is too late, and my husband is far beyond pursuit. He sailed three days since for America."

"And left *you* behind him, unprotected, Madeline!"

She coloured deeply, as her eyes fell upon the carpet.

"The urgency of the case did not allow me time to accompany him. Your party came hither to arrest him?"

"No, Madeline; there is another——"

"Another!"—and her face grew red and pale in quick succession.

"There is——"

"Who?"

"Lord Edward."

"Merciful God! Am I betrayed?"

"You are. Phillips is a villain."

"I feared him. Purcell, will you save me a second time?"

"None shall harm thee, Madeline."

"For myself I have no fears. I am a woman; but my friend, Purcell, save him!—save him!"

"Alas! I cannot; escape is impossible, and resistance to my companions were worse than madness."

"Purcell—dear Stephen—on my knees I supplicate your mercy."

The student raised her gently. "Madeline," he said, in a voice of poignant agony, "if life would serve you, mine is freely at your disposal; but my honour and my allegiance alike prohibit me from abetting the unhappy man's escape."

But Madeline again was at his feet. "Purcell, you loved me; you swore it, and I believed you. *By that love* I conjure you——"

"Stop, Madeline, stop! I will be anything for you but a traitor."

"Purcell, I will never outlive the destruction of my benefactor—my more than father. I was desolate—I was homeless;—he saved—he sheltered me,—and if I cannot save him, I will die with him." Her eye lightened as she spoke, and Purcell trembled as he marked her resolution. Madeline observed his changing countenance—"Hear me, dear Purcell, hear me but one moment;" and again her soft voice burst forth in earnest and touching entreaty—"Save him—and I will be thy slave for ever!"

"Madeline, tempt me not."

She took his hand—she called on him by every term of endearment.

"Madeline," exclaimed the student, "I am nearly mad! Hear me;"—and the rest he whispered in her ear.

"*I will: so help me Heaven!*" was the reply.

Love succeeded over duty: Purcell seized a pen, wrote the parole and countersign, clasped her to his bosom convulsively, and as he pressed her lips, he muttered—"He is safe; but I am lost!"—then, leaping through the window, took his station where the false domestic had posted him, among the evergreens.

Directly the light vanished from the casement of the boudoir. "She is gone," said the student, "to complete the treachery I have commenced. Oh, Madeline, what have I not fallen to! who would believe that Stephen Purcell should sink into a felon, and his once-vaunted honour become a reproach to his family and name? Madeline, this I have done for thee. I have won thee, but fearful was the price thou cost me."

His soliloquy was interrupted, and the betrayer stood beside him.

"You are waiting," he said, in a low whisper: "all's right; Lord Edward, or, as they call him here, M. de Chattelain, has retired to his sleeping-room. He never undresses, but merely throws himself upon the bed; he will be asleep directly: move the party quietly hither, and I will come for you presently."

Purcell summoned his companions, and without noise they were posted in the appointed place, and Phillips was not long absent.

"He sleeps," said the traitor, in a deep low voice; "his taper is extinguished. I have listened at the door, and the chamber is as still as death. His pistols lie upon the dressing-table, and a double-bladed dagger is always beneath the pillow. I will lead you to the room: if the door is fastened, burst it open with this sledge; rush in, throw yourselves promptly upon him, and he will be unable to reach the pistols, or use the dagger."

In breathless silence the party were conducted through the hall: they ascended the stairs. Pointing to a door, the traitor whispered, "That is the room." The officer softly tried the lock: the bolt turned easily:—"Be sudden, boys!" Next moment the door flew open. Middleton and his companions sprang fearlessly in, and threw themselves across the bed:—"Lights!" cried several voices, and two dark lanterns were unclosed; the bed was encompassed by the party—but it was unoccupied!

"Hell and furies!" exclaimed the leader—"more light; search every spot, my lads; see—the bed-coverings are tossed; some one was lately here, and our man is not far off." The chamber was examined; it bore, indeed, evident signs of being but lately deserted; but of Lord Edward there was no trace whatever, although a silk nightcap was on the pillow, and a dressing-gown of foreign fashion proved that the chamber had been his.

The informer was astonished. A quarter of an hour had scarce elapsed since he lighted the rebel chief to this apartment: he saw him close the door: every spot, every article of furniture was minutely examined: Lord Edward was gone!

The party were bewildered, when the march of a military body was heard without, and the order to "Halt, and extend to the right and left," proved that they were the expected soldiery. Immediately the commanding officer entered, and demanded, "Where is the prisoner?"

"The prisoner?"

"Yes; is he not in custody?"

"In custody?"

"Why the devil do you bandy words with me? Is not Lord Edward arrested?"

"No; he is not here."

"Not here!"

"Tis true, colonel."

"The man you sent to bring up the detachment told me——"

"*We sent no man!*"

"What! sent no one? then is there treachery at work. A person

met us in Thomas Street, and stated that you had despatched him to bring us to your assistance."

"And did you let him pass?"

"Undoubtedly; he had both parole and countersign."

"Describe him."

"Low-sized, dark clothes, gentlemanly address."

"Lord Edward, by Heaven! There is a traitor amongst us; but let us lose no time, and we may yet trace him."

Instantly the house was abandoned; but rapidly as the pursuit was made, it was unavailing. The pickets and sentries were closely questioned, but no one answering the description given of the rebel chief had passed them. Deeply chagrined at their failure, the military retired to their barracks, and Purcell and his companions to the university.

A note from Madeline next day requested, that, to avoid suspicion, the student's visits for a time should cease, and prudence induced him to accede to the wish expressed in her letter. Two days passed; early on the third morning a message from Madeline came: on the preceding night Lord Edward had been arrested, and Downing's house and property set on fire by the military, and entirely consumed.

He found her at an obscure hotel, and there learned the particulars of Lord Edward's capture. He had been taken at a feather-dealer's in Thomas Street, in which, after a desperate resistance, the principal assailant was killed, and the second wounded beyond a hope of recovery. The rebel chief received a pistol-shot in the struggle, and expired in Newgate a few days afterwards.

Downing's house had been a second time visited by the military. In an adjacent timber-yard a large quantity of pikes were unfortunately discovered; the premises were instantly fired, and the whole burned to the ground.

Madeline was in the deepest distress; the destruction of property to an immense amount appeared a trifling loss, compared to the death of her friend and benefactor. She had narrowly escaped the fury of the excited soldiery; and a small box, containing cash and jewels, was with difficulty rescued from the destroyers of her home.

"I am now desolate, *truly desolate*," she said, as the student strove to comfort her: "deserted by a husband, bereaved of a dear and faithful friend,—oh, where shall I look for protection?"

"To *me*, Madeline; you are mine; you swore it, and misfortune unites us: henceforth our destinies shall be the same."

The interview was long and agonizing. Madeline at length consented to leave Ireland with her lover; and that evening, under the assumed name of Tennison, they took possession of apartments at an hotel in Dawson Street.

If ever excuse could be offered for a deliberate violation of conjugal faith, there might be some apology for Madeline's. She was a helpless and deserted stranger, alone in the world, and abandoned by him

whom the laws of God and man had constituted her protector. She was loved by a being young and ardent as herself. Under other circumstances she might have combated the temptation that assailed her; but a perilous series of calamities beset her: *she fell*—yet poor Madeline, while obnoxious to censure, was not undeserving of pity.

Jack Middleton, when acquainted with the fatal step taken by his imprudent friend, was at first overpowered with astonishment and dismay; but Madeline's exquisite beauty won upon his versatile imagination. He discovered that men were mad from the earliest times, and instanced the cases of Romeo, Marc Antony, and other very excellent personages, who had all fallen victims to "the witchery of woman." As the act was irrevocable, Jack urged the student to lose no time in leaving Ireland. Accordingly, Purcell wrote exculpatory letters to his family, arranged his pecuniary affairs, and having procured the necessary passports, prepared to leave the city for Belfast, whence he ascertained that he could obtain a passage to the Continent.

Travelling, owing to the disturbed state of the country, was necessarily insecure; but Purcell had little apprehension of the danger. Accompanied by the beautiful partner of his flight, he bade adieu to his faithful companion, and on the memorable evening of the 23rd of May left Dublin in the Belfast mail.

On that night the insurrection broke out; a simultaneous rising was expected to take place throughout the kingdom; and the signal to the remainder of the disaffected, to know when the capital was in arms, had been notified to the leaders of the malcontents.

The Belfast mail, protected by its customary guards, and an escort of a few dragoons, reached the domain of Santry, which at that time bounded the great north road with its lofty and ivy-covered wall.

There were no passengers that night excepting the student and his mistress. The latter was unusually dejected, and Purcell endeavoured to dissipate her melancholy. "Lean upon my bosom, Madeline; it is a faithful one," said the romantic youth. "There, my sweet one, thy image is enshrined. In another land, love and happiness shall be ours. Courage; danger is over; am *I not with thee?* and what can now be apprehended?"

"Stop!" cried a hundred voices; and instantly the carriage was checked, as the leaders' breasts came against a strong barrier which had been laid across the road. Madeline shrieked as Purcell threw down the glass, and called on the driver to proceed.

"It is impossible," was the reply; "the road is totally blocked up."

"Stop!" thundered a voice from the park-wall. "*Surrender! or every soul shall perish.*"

Purcell, brave as a lion, leaped from the coach, and rushed forward to remove the obstruction; the dragoons discharged their carbines, and the guards fired on the assailants. Instantly a stream of musketry

was returned from behind the wall. From the opposite ditch, the barrier, before, behind, shots were heard. The dragoons fell; the guards were disabled: still Purcell, regardless of the heavy fire that blazed around him, laboured with desperate intrepidity. A portion of the barricade gave way; he was calling to the guards to be steady, when his eyes turning upon the carriage, he saw Madeline in the act of springing out; that moment she gave a piercing shriek—"I am murdered!" she feebly uttered, and fell dead upon the road.

With a thrilling cry, Purcell bounded to the spot: he raised her in his arms; she was dead! the ball had passed through the heart. Next moment a blow from behind felled him to the earth, and laid him beside that beautiful being, who, but just now, had been all life and loveliness.

* * * * *

Five weeks elapsed before Purcell's memory returned. He awoke as if from a fearful dream. He found himself surrounded by his family; and his faithful friend, Middleton, had seldom left his side. His recovery was long doubtful; and when able to bear a journey, he was ordered to leave Ireland, to try the milder influence of a southern climate. He went; *but never returned!* Yearly, Jack Middleton received a letter from him; and he soon after mentioned that he had assumed another name, and joined the army of the Rhine.

By degrees, Purcell's story faded from the recollection of the world, and it was generally stated that he died broken-hearted, and in obscurity. None, save *one*, knew that the Count de Florival, the favourite aide-de-camp of Napoleon, a grand cross of the Legion of Honour, and colonel of the cavalry of the Guard, was the unhappy lover of *Madeline Downing*.

THE GAZETTE.

Six weeks passed away. The hospitals were untenanted; most of the wounded had recovered, and joined their respective regiments in France; and those whose injuries had been so severe as to render them unserviceable, were invalided, and sent home to England.

A cool and refreshing evening had succeeded a sultry day in August, and the park at Brussels was crowded with pedestrians. One military group were earnestly engaged in perusing an English newspaper: it was to them a most important document, as it contained the *Waterloo Gazette*; and yet its columns were a mingled source of pleasure and regret: it notified their own promotions, and recorded the death of many a valued friend.

"Denis, you have succeeded a gallant soldier," said our old acquaintance Frank Kennedy to the newly-appointed colonel of the 28th. "Poor Hilson! long will his loss be felt; so brave, and yet so gentle! The men almost adored him. When he fell, the groan of anguish that burst from our square will never leave my memory. At that moment the lancers assailed us in front and flank: but when our close and sustained fire dispersed them, during the temporary lull that succeeded, we laid our colonel's still warm body in the earth, and covered it with a few sods. He sleeps where he fell; and where could his gallant spirit find a meeter resting-place?"

"'Tis all the fate of war. Hilson's death gave me a regiment, and made you a major, Frank. It was a pity, too, that Mac Carthy did not survive to enjoy the reward of his heroism. His regiment speaks of his actions with enthusiasm."

"No wonder; his deeds were worthy of an age of chivalry. In every charge Mac Carthy was foremost, and how he escaped so long is astonishing. To him, Waterloo was a succession of personal encounters—numbers died by his sword; and where he perished the crowd of cuirassiers heaped around told how desperate his dying efforts had been."

"After all," said the little major, with a sigh, "war requires a set-off for the numerous calamities its inflicts on life and limb; for my part, I am ruined."

"Ruined! why, what the devil ruined you? There you are, fresh as a recruit; a lieutenant-colonel by brevet and senior major of the gallant 28th."

"Ah! Denis; this infernal scar upon my cheek; it quite disfigures me. You know one looks to a quiet retirement after a little more service, and is it not melancholy to think that my features and fortunes are both blemished?"

"Ha! ha! ha! and does a scratch upon the cheek render a man

not marketable? No, Jack, no; that very scar gives you a martial and distinguished air, that, if I be any judge of beauty, will render your natural charms irresistible."

"As Melcomb has alluded to 'quiet retirements' and future fortunes, I have made up my mind to ——"

"Do what?" exclaimed the lieutenant-colonels together.

"Marry!"

"Marry?"

"Ay, to-morrow morning; and I have to request that you will both honour my nuptials with your presence."

"Melcomb will, Frank; but I—I could not have assurance enough to meet the lady, after the pains I took to assure her you were the most profligate rascal in the service."

"All is forgotten, Denis. My dear Lucy unites her entreaties with mine."

"Well, if I could believe that my friendly efforts to ruin you were forgiven, I would go."

"I have not spirits," murmured the little major. "Curse upon all lancers; it is an atrocious weapon, and none but Turks and Calmucs should use it: it is a sinful and unchristian-like tool, for it disfigures a man unmercifully;" and a groan bespoke the grief this late spoliation of his beauty caused to the little warrior.

"Come, Jack, rouse thy courage; you shall see Frank noosed in the morning, and who can tell but that thyself, man, shall be the next adventurer in Hymen's lottery?"

Melcomb shook his head. Denis continued, "Is it because that Poonah painter at Canterbury gave thee the slip that Jack Melcomb should despair? Come to Ireland with me, and by the assistance of St. Patrick I'll marry you out of hand."

"Are the Irish ladies particularly humane?"

"They are, the darling creatures!" replied the lieutenant-colonel.

"Come with me, and beyond that blessed stream, the Shannon, I'll insure you an angel, with a name four syllables long, an excellent fortune, if it be only recoverable, and a pedigree commencing in the ark, and ending with the battle of Waterloo. Egad, I have known a man marry there with so little delay as prevented him obtaining his own consent. Did I ever tell you the hymeneal adventure of the redoubted Captain Plinlimmon?"

"Never," said the little major.

"Come to the hotel, and you shall hear it over a bottle, for it's but a dry story. Come away, Kennedy—this night thy freedom ends: Lord, that men, when they are well, cannot keep themselves so!" and Denis Mao Dermott led off his companions, singing the old ditty—

"A bachelor leads an easy life;

Few folks that are married live better:

'Tis a very good thing to have a good wife,

But the trouble is how to get her!"

CAPTAIN PLINLIMMON.

I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live, again, but in honest civil godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.—SHAKESPEARE.

They were wedded and bedded, och hone!

Irish Ballad.

It was on a cold afternoon in February that a short stout man, habited in a military roquelare, approached the grand entrance of Bally Kerrigan. The house had been visible to the horseman for miles, as it stood upon a conical hill of easy ascent, every way encompassed as far as the eye could reach by swamps and moorland. An extensive belt of firs and alders surrounded the site of the mansion, which, being a huge square edifice of three stories, and topped by a lofty grey-flagged roof, was, as may be imagined, the most distinguished feature in this unpromising landscape.

Captain Plinlimmon, for so the traveller was named, seemed little satisfied with the external appearance of Bally Kerrigan. Accustomed in his "ancient land" to nature in her rudest dress, the wildest of the Welsh hills was Eden itself, when contrasted with the monotonous desolation of the interminable morass around him. If man had ever attempted to reduce this wilderness to cultivation, he appeared to have abandoned the task in despair. The walls which had once protected the plantations were ruinous; and through a number of practicable breaches the cattle of the country had for years established a right of entry; and any stunted tree that had survived the deadly influence of an eternal west wind had fallen, root and branch, beneath the teeth and horns of the ill-conditioned kine. One gate was off its hinges, and stretched itself laterally across the entrance; for its fellow had disappeared, leaving to the remaining moiety a double duty. Even that prostrate gate bore a silent but melancholy evidence to the former consequence of Bally Kerrigan. Some armorial designs were rudely displayed in the iron-work, and the date, 1672, in obsolete figures, proved that more than a century had elapsed since this portion of the grand entrance had been fabricated.

With some difficulty Captain Plinlimmon effected an entrance by a crazy wicket; and over a grass-grown avenue leisurely advanced towards the mansion of Redmond O'Farrall.

Nor was the dwelling in better keeping than the park; green damp everywhere incrusting the walls, and the rough-cast had deserted in large flakes, leaving the blue limestone naked to the eye, and open to the weather. The windows were rickety and rotten, many panes were broken, many imperfectly repaired, and the decayed wood-work bore a self-evident testimony that for years it had remained unmolested by a painter's brush.

But while silence and neglect were observable in the park, there was no lack of human beings about the edifice. The hall-door was raised above the lawn by a score of broken steps, and on every step a peasant lounged in every variety of attitude. Each had, or believed he had, some important business with his honour. That man brought a broken head, and this one a pair of wild ducks. The black fellow wanted law; the red red one wanted money. He on the lower step had missed a ewe; and he on the top one had lost his daughter. They were all, if you credited their story, engaged in business of life and death, and had been occupying the steps for five mortal hours, and yet "his honour" had not blessed them with his presence. Various as were their respective affairs, on one point they appeared unanimous—in being furnished with a frieze great-coat, and armed with a trusty cudgel.

When Captain Plinlimmon stopped at the house of Bally Kerrigan, a struggle commenced among the crowd for the honour of assisting him to alight. Savage as the remote districts of Ireland may be, there is one point on which the Emerald Isle may claim an advantage over the sister kingdom,—your English boor holds himself doggedly back, and offers no assistance to the traveller, for by so doing he imagines he should demean himself. The Irish peasant springs forward with alacrity; and should there be a number of "the seven millions" present, a friendly contest ensues as to whose good offices shall be accepted. The English boor, who denies a stranger's claim to his civility, will fly before the blue baton of the head borough; the Irish peasant, who obsequiously holds your stirrup in one hand, and his own hat in the other, has probably at the last fair led on his faction against a rival mob, defied the police, withstood the riot act, and dared the military, until one volley of blank cartridge, and one ditto of *raal ball*, has proved sufficiently that a cudgel-proof carcass is not impervious to cold lead.

While the Captain was in the act of dismounting, the lord of the mansion made his long-expected appearance at the landing-place. Redmond, or, as he was familiarly called, Remmy O'Farrall, was hardly passed the middle age; but early and continued dissipation had lined a naturally handsome face with the certain traces of premature decay. His cheek was flushed, not with the glow of health and exercise, but the ruddy stain of inebriety; his lips were tremulous, and his limbs shook, while he hurried down the steps and welcomed his martial visitor. This ceremony over, he applied himself promptly to the affairs of his numerous clients; and the rapidity with which he despatched the multifarious concerns of the parties astonished the wondering Welshman.

"Hallo! Padreen, where are you bringing the Captain's horse to? You know Father Watt's mule is there, and he kicks like a born devil. Put him in the three-stalled stable.—Miley Dogherty, who broke your head this turn? You're always fighting, and be d—d to you.—Tim Bryan, Mr. Dempsey will take the *vestment* that he never laid eyes on Sibby since the fair-day of Donnamonga; try up the country;"

- and pointing over his left shoulder, he winked significantly at the complainant.—“So another ewe’s gone? We must hang some sheep-stealers next assizes, or the country will be ruined.—Philbin, where did you kill these ducks? take them to the cook, and make her give you a glass of whisky.—Morteen, that will be allowed you in the May rent; but you must clear up the last *gale*.—No turf, do you say?” to a *gassoon*, who whispered in his ear. “Off, you idle villains! every man of you bring in a *cleave* from the bog, or I’ll obliterate you!”

So saying, he waved his hand, thundered out a volley of imprecations; and, forgetting their relative misfortunes, the owners of stolen sheep, lost daughters, wild-ducks, and broken heads, scampered off to bring in fuel for the kitchen.

The symptoms of decay which Captain Plinlimmon had noticed on the exterior of Barry Kerrigan only kept pace with the dilapidation within. The hall was large and gloomy. The glasses of a once handsome lantern were shattered, and the billiard-table in the centre covered with broken cues, and its torn cloth discoloured with stains, and spotted with candle-grease. Nor was the drawing-room in better preservation; scarcely a chair was trustworthy; some light and expensive spider-tables were utterly destroyed, and a marble slab cracked across its centre. The colours of the carpet were faded for the want of sun-blinds, and the hearth-rug in many places burnt. Before the fender lay a huge one-eyed water-spaniel, bloated to an enormous bulk; age and indulgence had made him surly and disagreeable, while, from over-feeding, he had become a positive nuisance.

It was now twilight, and the remains of breakfast still remained upon the table; and a second or third peal, rang by the host with a huge hand-bell, was necessary, before a bleared and sottish-looking servant answered the summons, and removed the relics of the morning meal.

Apologizing to his guest for a short absence, “to breathe,” as he expressed it, “a mouthful of fresh air,” O’Farrall left Captain Plinlimmon to amuse himself as he best could.

“Your honour’s welcome to the country,” said Denis Philbin, the chief butler of Bally Kerrigan, as he swept the egg-shells into the ashes. “Mighty plisant house, whin your honour’s acquainted with it. My master’s a fine man, and great company. Sorrow one of him cares he nivir striched upon a bed. The piper lives in the house, and they’ll dance and drink betimes for a week together.”

Here Captain Plinlimmon, who had wandered to the window, observed a shabby-looking personage, in a dark frieze wrapping-coat, perambulating backwards and forwards like a sentinel. He seemed deeply intent on reading. “Your honour’s not acquaint with Father Watt—he that’s the blessed priest of Mullacrew; that’s him, and he’s readin’ his office. Oh, he’s a wonderful man! He has the worst curse in Connaught, and can lay the divil—Lord be between us and evil!” and he crossed himself at this ejaculation—“when it has failed the rest of the clargy. He’s just come home from Crehanbuy; and it’s well but Peter Dirver was driven clane out of house and

home. No pace day or night. The devil—Christ pardon us!—one time meawing like a cat, and the next playing on the fiddle. Father Patt Lavery thought to compis him, but it's well he didn't murder him, for he bate him to a mummy. Well, when all failed, Dirver sent for Father Watt, and he settled him."

After this flattering commendation, it was with great surprise the captain learned that this gifted divine was held in small honour by his brother churchmen. Whether it arose from envy at his extraordinary success, when personally *pitted* against his satanic majesty, or that there was something irregular in his life or orders, certain it was that the "blessed priest of Mullacrew" was suffered to expend his theology upon the inmates of Bally Kerrigan; and, excepting while on a periodical excursion throughout the province, when he cursed the congregation, and afterwards made a collection for himself, Father Watt was never called upon but in cases of urgent necessity. He had lately been summoned to the assistance of the old priest of Kilmearney, whose flock had broken out into open rebellion; but the "blessed man of Mullacrew" fulminated such a torrent of eternal misfortune against these unhappy sinners, that the most insubordinate, who, for months past, had done little else but "play cards, eat meat, and commit murder," were brought into submission, and transmitted, like a flock of wild geese, to the summit of the *reek*,* there to expiate their offences, by operating for the benefit of their own souls, and the full satisfaction of mother church. More Plinlimmon might have learned, had not Denis's details been interrupted by a shrill whistle. "It's Mr. Finnucane," he said, "returning from the fair of Boyle; beggin your honour's pardon for laving you," and off he went.

The Welshman, after the chief butler had departed, endeavoured to kill the weary hours by examining sundry portraits of the progenitors of the present lord, which were suspended, and many of them only half-suspended, from the walls of the apartment. A newspaper would have been invaluable; but none could be discovered but a Dublin Gazette, torn away to the half-sheet of advertisements. The windows afforded no variety to the Captain's observations, for the evening had set in. Father Watt and his office had disappeared, and the prospect was limited to a few yards of wretched brushwood; for into such, that which had once been a shrubbery had degenerated.

On wore the evening, and still there was no appearance of dinner. The Captain was a man of orderly habits, and in nothing more so than in the hours of his refreshment. The regular and clock-like punctuality with which the dinner drum called him to his comfortable mess was now bitterly remembered; and deep was his regret that he had ever been induced to leave his quiet barrack-room to visit Bally Kerrigan. Another half-hour passed, and he became more nervous and unhappy. His patience had attained the utmost stretch of endurance,

* Literally, the catalogue of crime charged upon his flock by a Connemara friar.

when the door of the drawing-room opened, and, rustling "in silk attire," there glided in a portly-looking gentlewoman.

Captain Plinlimmon was astounded. Mr. O'Farrall, as he had been informed, kept a bachelor's house in its strictest sense, and consequently the appearance of one of the softer sex was a subject of surprise. The captain had passed the age of romance, if my Lord Byron says right, when he places it at "thirty-five;" but still Plinlimmon was a professed admirer of the ladies, and a very punctilious personage in all attentions appertaining to the same. A most ceremonious bow from the soldier was returned by a profound courtesy; and a rickety chair having been duly presented, the lady, from past experience of the danger of precipitation in trusting to fragile cane-work, first ascertained its ability to bear her weight, and then quietly deposited her person beside the polite commander.

Miss Blake—for she was one of that eternal tribe—was the kinswoman of Remmy O'Farrall. Her fortune, being a claim of some hundreds on the estate of Bally Kerrigan, not having been conveniently forthcoming, she had for some years taken up her abode in the mansion of the creditor. This arrangement appeared satisfactory to Remmy and Miss Blake. To discharge her claim was as far from his intentions and ability as to liquidate the debt of the nation; and to enforce it by law, had Miss Blake even contemplated that unchristian-like alternative, would have been totally impracticable; for, it being a genuine Galway property, double the amount would be incurred in recovering the principal. Hence Miss Blake peaceably took up her quarters at Bally Kerrigan, and Remmy tolerated her presence, until by death or marriage he could satisfactorily rid himself of her company. Biddy Blake was no chicken. The law declared her of an age capable of the management of her effects when she first selected Bally Kerrigan for her residence; and twelve years had elapsed, and still she remained unwedded.

Miss Blake was a bouncing fresh-looking woman—tall, well-made, and inclined to corpulency. That she still remained unwedded was allowed by all the county to have arisen from no disinclination on her part to approach the altar of Hymen. Her kinsman declared her to be a person of great good-temper and excellent discretion; and the family confessor, Father Watt, offered his sacred assurance that her match could not be found from Athlone to Atheney. In short, she was a most praiseworthy gentlewoman. Yet there were persons who hinted that Bally Kerrigan was not precisely the place from which they would select a helpmate; and an unfortunate excursion which Miss Biddy, in the innocence of her heart, had made into the realms of Dick Martin, for the benefit of the "salt say," was tortured by the censorious of the neighbourhood into a temporary retreat from the world, for unmentionable reasons, as delicate as prudential.

The rapid progress made by the gallant captain in establishing himself in the good graces of Biddy Blake was astonishing even to himself. When he retired to perform his customary ablutions before dinner, in person she lighted him to his chamber. The room had a rackety and

forlorn appearance, for which she duly apologized; but then it was well aired, that she could answer for; it was next her own apartment, and no civility in her power was omitted. If he, the captain, wanted anything, he had but to knock upon the wall, she would hear it: the bell was unluckily broken down, and Denis, God pity him! was *bothered*, which, in English, meaneth that Denis was deaf.

Captain Plinlimmon had frequently remarked the singular facility with which he ingratiated himself into the favour of the fair sex, but never had his success been so decisive as in the present instance. There was so much anxious attention bestowed upon his comfort and convenience, that he was perfectly overwhelmed. No wonder, then, that when he returned to the drawing-room, he took up a position on a three-legged sofa beside Miss Biddy Blake, and that when dinner was announced by the *bothered* butler, that he escorted the lady with due form to the eating-room.

To give the devil his due, Remmy O'Farrall lived well, and so Captain Plinlimmon acknowledged, qualifying his praise, however, with a hint that an earlier hour would have been an improvement. Hares were plenty, and the soup was consequently excellent. There was a turbot fresh landed from Galway; the mutton was five years old; the woodcocks were fat as capons; and the wild ducks in prime condition, and "done to a turn." Among all these good things the captain played his part gallantly, and it was not until the dessert (and we will say nothing about it) appeared, that the commander had leisure to examine the company.

The guests were few. On the right of Remmy O'Farrall sat the gallant captain, and Miss Biddy Blake, to use a military phrase, flanked him. At the foot of the table the kinsman of the host was placed. He, too, was an O'Farrall, and his appearance arrested the attention of Plinlimmon. There was that in his air which bespoke the gentleman and soldier; but, alas! like his cousin, his face and figure betrayed symptoms of habitual inebriety. It was a pity, but Fergus O'Farrall was more unfortunate than vicious. In the morning of his life he had started a cadet in a foreign service, and circumstances almost beyond his control suddenly dimmed the prospects of a gallant soldier. After signalizing himself in the field, he was obliged to leave the service he was attached to, for fighting an imprudent duel. He returned to Ireland, a needy, broken-hearted man; and, without another asylum to shelter him, was forced to take up his residence at Bally Kerrigan. For a time, systematic debauch was irksome. He would have fled from the contamination of depraved society, had he possessed the power. Use and example gradually accustomed him to the endless riot of the house. "His poverty, and not his will, consented." At last he fell a victim; and he who had once been loved by woman and admired by men, lapsed into a solitary, broken-spirited drunkard.

Still his better feelings, at times, would show themselves. He perceived that Plinlimmon was a simple-minded, unsuspicious sort of original; but he was a soldier, and poor Fergus's heart warmed to the

profession of which he had long been an honourable member. Although his clothes were soiled and threadbare, their military cut and faded braiding told of past days of brighter fortune; his linen was clean and orderly; the once black hair, now grizzled by sorrow and excesses, was plaited in a queue, and tied behind him with a riband. His manners were polished; and, in spite of poverty and dissipation, he looked like a gentleman, even though it was a fallen one.

Not so his next neighbour, Mr. Tony Finnucane. His dress and appearance were in perfect unison, and no one could mistake his character and calling. Mr. Finnucane was a gentleman jockey: he was attired in a short-skirted, single-breasted green *coatée*, ornamented with large gilt buttons, on which a fox was engraven, and a scroll above it bearing the word "Tallyho!"—leather smallclothes, long boots, and a red plush vest completed his costume. His jests were coarse—his conversation confined to the stable and the field—his laugh loud, and his brogue insufferable.

The family confessor, "the blessed priest of Mullacrew," was the last of this "faire companie." If the gallant captain had indulged in high expectation of seeing a personage of grave and austere sanctity, and a solemn and monastic deportment, the appearance of the worthy churchman must have occasioned a grievous disappointment. He was a punchy, unhealthy-looking man, of vulgar habits, and a most unpropitious address. His dress, a sort of rustic and sacerdotal medley, consisted of a seedy coat of faded black, grey corduroy *tights*, with plated studs, and pepper-and-salt leggings. The fatal spot of deep crimson on the cheek, which is stated to be the certain index of determined drunkenness, was visible on the confessor's; but indeed his constitutional infirmity was quite apparent: he declined drinking wine, as being "too cold for his stomach," and fortified the water he liberally used at dinner, with an awful quantity of pure alcohol.

Fergus was the only tolerable being at table. He spoke well, and his anecdotes were amusing. Remmy lost himself in local conversations with the priest and horse-dealer. To Plinlimmon their discourse was nearly unintelligible: horses' pedigrees, sessions' decrees, fairs, fightings, &c. &c. &c. Thus two hours passed; the bottle had quickly circulated; and soon after Mr. Finnucane proposed a game of cards.

Captain Plinlimmon plumed himself no little on his accurate knowledge of whist and cribbage, and willingly would he have brought his skill to a trial. He was about to second the proposition of him of the green jacket and jockey boots, when, catching the eye of Fergus, he received a warning look which could not be mistaken. Great as was the Welshman's vanity, and highly as he valued his profound acquaintance with the arcana of play as set forth by the immortal Hoyle, yet he was no fool. He declined play accordingly; and again the wine went merrily round.

The bottle did its duty. Fergus became silent and sleepy, while the captain commenced an interminable argument with the "blessed man of Mullacrew," into which Mr. Tony Finnucane adroitly managed to intrude. The horse-dealer was vulgar in his remarks, and coarse

in his contradictions, while Plinlimmon was irritable and positive. The Welshman assigned to Lichfield the honour of giving birth to Doctor Johnson, and the horse-dealer as obstinately placed that interesting event "within a short mile of Ballintubber." Words waxed high—the dispute hurried to an awkward climax, as Mr. Finnucane requested "gentlemanly satisfaction;" and Mr. Remmy O'Farrall humanely intimated that the sooner a friendly difference was brought to a conclusion, the better for all parties. To Father Watt he issued his orders in a whisper, and producing some keys, selected one, and the confessor departed with alacrity.

Great was Captain Plinlimmon's surprise when he found himself on the very point of fighting a duel with a horse-dealer. Remmy had actively commenced clearing away the chairs and removing the decanters; and the unhappy Welshman perceived, that with but a few feet of mahogany between them, he should be promptly paraded before his truculent opponent. No delay was probable:—*hazy* as the "blessed man of Mullacrew" certainly was, the celerity with which he executed his commission was marvellous. To the dismay of the ill-fated admirer of Doctor Johnson, Father Watt returned with a pair of pistols, of inordinate length, which Remmy announced as nonpareils, by the title of the "angels of Dunsaney."

Before the holy man, however, could reach the table, and render up his charge to their humane owner, his foot luckily caught the carpet:—down he went, and one of the "angels" exploded with a tremendous report. That accident probably saved Captain Plinlimmon. Roused by the discharge of the pistol, and the cries of Father Watt, who in an agony of terror affirmed that he was mortally wounded, Fergus shook off his drunken lethargy, and comprehended the transaction in an instant; which, indeed, at Bally Kerrigan, was one of no uncommon occurrence. Turning wrathfully to his kinsman, he demanded the reason why loaded pistols were produced—listened to a confused statement of the quarrel with contempt, and stopped the further explanations of the worthy churchman with most irreligious brevity: then lifting the second pistol from the floor, he discharged it at a plate-warmer in the corner, and a fearful crash of broken china, and the fall of a large flake of plaster from the wall behind, proved that his aim was true, and the "angel" well loaded.

The company having resumed their chairs, harmony was speedily restored. Remmy uncorked a fresh magnum in honour of the renewed amity of the parties. Plinlimmon, with a lightened heart, filled a bumper; which example was duly imitated by Mr. Tony Finnucane. "The angels of Dunsaney" were discarded from the apartment; and Fergus explained, to the full satisfaction of all concerned, that his gallant friend, the captain, alluded to the celebrated lexicographer; while his less erudite opponent, the gentleman in the green jacket, imagined the person in question was the assistant-surgeon of the Roscommon militia.

No wonder that Fergus drank deep, and Plinlimmon got glorious; and a bagpipe having been heard in the hall, the captain staggered out to exhibit his accomplishments in the polite art of dancing, by "treading a measure" with Miss Biddy Blake: meanwhile, poor Fergus fell from his chair, and was stretched by Finnucane on the carpet in a corner.

"What a rum chap that Welshman is!" said Tony to the host.

"I differ with you," replied Remmy: "he appears a very soft one—a regular spoon: look out, Finn, and see what he's doing."

Tony opened the door—"Dancing for the bare life with Bridecin, and getting as drunk as an owl!"

"Biddy, by the bye, is a d—d bore: here she is," said the host, "and here she may remain till doomsday; for I could no more raise her five hundred than make her Queen of Sheba!"

"I wish she was well married," hiccupped the confessor, whose articulation had become awfully irregular.

"Married!" exclaimed Remmy with an oath—"Ah! that's over. That cursed blast she got when she ran off with Tom Nolan, and returned after a week's trial, no better than she went away! Zounds! between that and her Connemara expedition, she's blown far and near. I wish she was at the devil! Honor Darcy would have taken me, if Biddy, had luck to her! was provided for."

"A thought strikes me," said the horse-dealer; "what, if we could marry her to Plinlimmon?"

O'Farrall shook his head. "No, no, Finn; the Welshman's too sharp for that."

"It's only making the trial," continued Finnucane. "If we succeed, Bridecin will be a captain's lady; and if we fail, it's only a d—d good joke."

"Trial's all," said Remmy. "Call in Denis, till we find out how the fool is getting on."

Nothing could be more favourable than the report of the deaf butler. Between Irish jigs and poteen punch, compounded by his fair partner, and earnestly recommended as a necessary refreshment, the commander's brain was in such absolute confusion as rendered him a proper object for the attempt. The priest, too, was in a happy state of drunkenness; and had that holy man been ever visited by qualms of conscience, now any apprehension on that score was at an end.

When Remmy and his confederate adjourned to the hall, Plinlimmon was finishing a reel with Biddy Blake, and that reel finished him. He staggered to a seat; tossed off a tumbler of stiff punch, opportunely presented to him by Tony Finnucane; and being supported to the dining-room, the priest, held up by the piper's sister, who being "booked against everything but beer," had contrived to remain comparatively sober, hiccupped a portion of a penitential psalm and part of an office for the dead; and concluding the whole with a charm to remove corns, Remmy O'Farrall declared that the solemnity was complete.

It was all over with Plinlimmon: he was asleep, "fast as a watch-man;" and, with some difficulty, was carried to bed by the host and horse-dealer. How the bride disposed of herself I never could learn. The servants were unanimous in getting drunk. The piper was laid out upon the billiard-table. Remmy and Finnucane disappeared; and Fergus and the "holy man of Mullacrew" remained where they fell, upon the carpet.

Some hours elapsed, and Bally Kerrigan was buried in deep and drunken repose. Crime, they say, brings its own punishment; and Captain Plinlimmon awoke, tortured with fever and parched with thirst. By one or two rotary movements he disencumbered himself of the bed-coverings, and with a tongue of leather-like consistency, and furred to the stiffness of a deal board, muttered an ejaculation for "Water! water! water!"

"There's a bowl of whey beside you, my love!" murmured a voice at his elbow soft as the lyre of Æolus.

"Holy St. David!" exclaimed the astounded Welshman, "where am I? am I bewitched?"

"No, darling, you're only married," responded the same gentle tones.

"Married!" roared the captain. "In the name of everything damnable, who are you?"

"Your own affectionate and lawful wife, Bridget Plinlimmon, otherwise Blake," replied the voice in tender accents.

"Married!"

"Yes, love, last night, by the 'blessed priest of Mullacrew!'"

"The blessed priest—last night!" muttered the terror-stricken commander, as he slipped out of bed, and began to collect his scattered habiliments.

"Guard yourself, love, against the cold," continued the tender accents of the anxious fair one; "and above all things, mind you don't tumble over the servants, who are drunk upon the staircase."

Whether Captain Plinlimmon duly attended to the latter instructions we cannot say, but sure it is that he reached the hall in safety. Bally Kerrigan was an open house, and of course there was no lock to impede him. He staggered to the ruined offices, and fortunately found his horse saddled and bridled precisely as he had dismounted from his back the preceding afternoon. If the captain had been feasted to excess, the steed had not suffered from repletion: this his racer-like condition proved, as he stood before a crazy rack, from which he occasionally drew forth a limited supply of rushes. Without a moment's delay the Welshman led out his half-starved charger, and waving the ceremony of taking leave, cantered off from the house of Bally Kerrigan.

Into the extent of Biddy Blake's sufferings, when deserted by her wedded lord, we cannot be expected to enter. Next day Captain Plinlimmon left the country, never to return; and his regimental cloak, faced with scarlet plush, and lined with red shalloon, remained at Bally Kerrigan, a forfeiture for broken vows.

As the false commander had levanted, and as Welsh estates, like Connemara securities, are somewhat difficult of recovery, it was deemed prudent by Remmy and his associates to pass over the Captain's marriage as a joke. Biddy Blake, however, falsified the predictions of O'Farrall, for in course of time she espoused a *strong* (wealthy) shopkeeper in Loughrea, who, to use the words of Denis, "was in no way particular about trifles;" and the concluding blow which annihilated the property of Bally Kerrigan originated in law proceedings for the recovery of Biddy's claim upon the estate.

The Cornwall militia remained in the town of Tuam for eight months after Captain Plinlimmon retired from the service. They were reputed to be as gallant a corps as ever marched "to tuck of drum!" but, brave as they were, not a man during their sojourn in the country ventured to dine with the lord of Bally Kerrigan.

Of all the dramatis personæ, the principal actors, to wit, Captain Plinlimmon and Mrs. Cooney of Loughrea, are sole survivors, Fergus drank himself to death; Mr. Finnucane was killed by the kick of a horse while jockeying a dragoon in Ballinrobe, and pledging his honour the colt in question was quiet as a lapdog; Father Watt was suffocated in a bog-hole, returning *heartily* from a christening, and a blue flag built on the road-side enumerates his virtues, and requests a few prayers for his soul. Miss Biddy Blake furnished Mr. Cooney with an heir four months after she became his "by the consent of the clergy," and thus abridged that period of suspense to which husbands are generally subjected; and Captain Plinlimmon, although remarkable for a strict taciturnity on Irish affairs in general, has been heard to hint, "that for any man solicitous to get drunk, shot, or married with the least possible delay, there is no spot on the habitable globe like Bally Kerrigan!"

CONCLUSION.

HERE end the *Stories of Waterloo*; and as the surviving narrators may, and we hope have, established a sufficient interest with the reader to make their future fortunes a subject of curiosity, we shall briefly notice them.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mac Dermott, C.B., remained for several years in command of that distinguished corps with which he served at Quatre-Bras. He was as popular as brave; and when, by the death of a distant relative, he gained a large addition to his fortune, he discovered about the same time that his liver was equally on the increase, from the effects of long residence in a tropical climate. With reluctance he retired from the regiment of which he was so proud, and carried with him the regret of his companions, and a splendid present of plate, voted to him as a mark of their esteem. He spends his winters in Bath, and his summers in Connemara. In

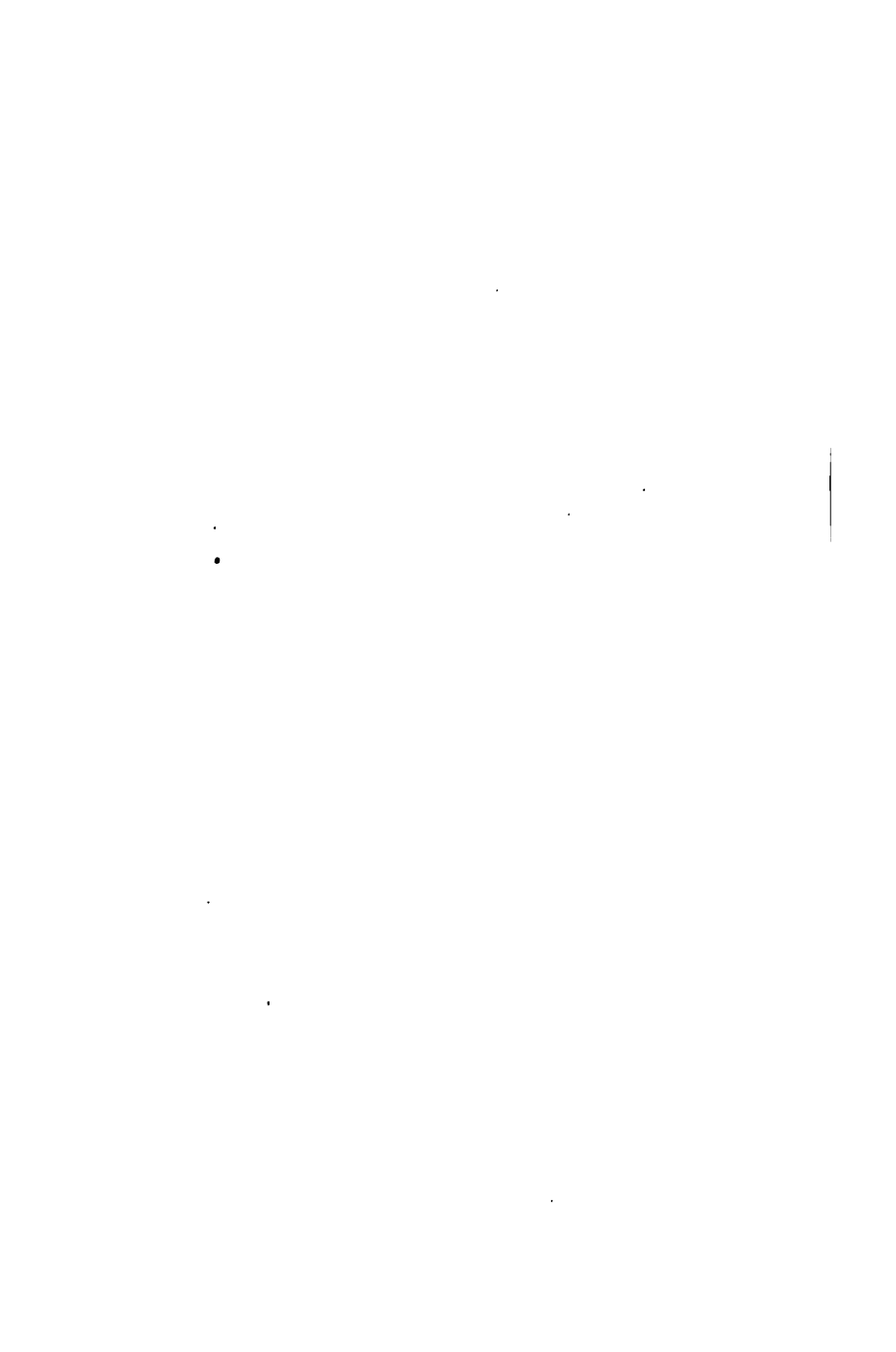
the country he arranges affairs of honour, and in the city determines disputes at whist; delights to meet an old comrade; talks over "foughten fields;" eschews matrimony; and gets gloriously drunk on the anniversary of Quatre-Bras.

Jack Melcomb has also turned his sword into a ploughshare; and notwithstanding the injury sustained by his features at Waterloo, he found favour in the sight of a respectable gentlewoman who rivalled the inconstant Harriette in accomplishments, and far exceeded her in worth. He resides on his paternal property in England; and a periodical exchange of civilities marks the existence of an unabated friendship between himself and Frank Kennedy. Pheasants from Norfolk appear upon the table at Killnacoppal; and in return Colonel Melcomb exhibits woodcocks and smoked salmon, which had actually crossed the bridge of Athlone.

And how fared Frank Kennedy? Happily as a happy union could make him. He has added to his estate the celebrated villages of Cushna-Mac-Cumisky and Carrickna-Spiddiogh, with two other un-euphonious denominations, which would be as impossible for us to write as for an English reader to pronounce.

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